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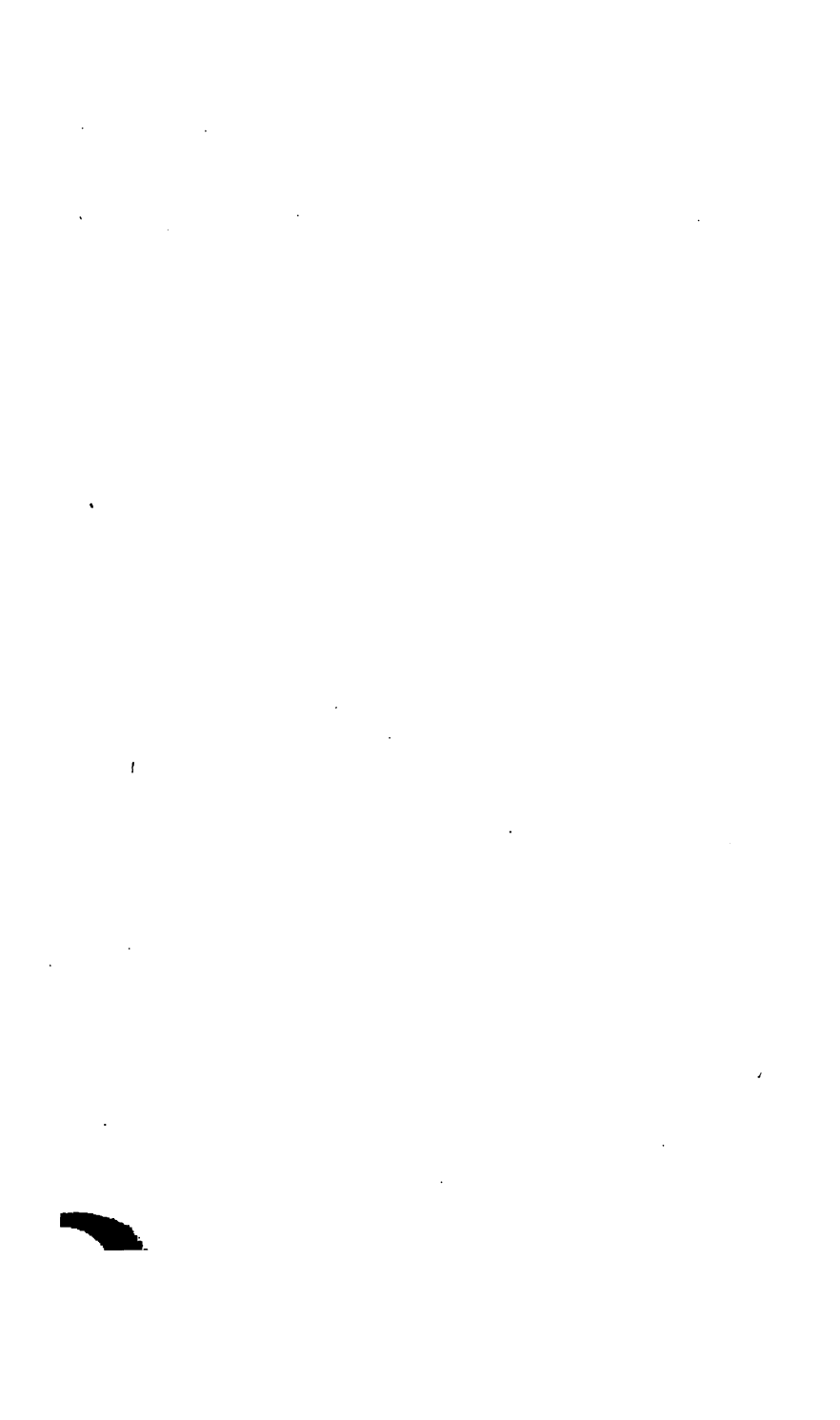
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LECTURES AND SERMONS,

ETC.



LECTURES AND SERMONS,

ETC.

BY THE LATE

REV. JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH OWEN, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA;

FORMERLY VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, BILSTON;

TOGETHER WITH

A Brief Memoir of his Life,

BY HIS SON,

EDWARD ANNESLEY OWEN, M.A.,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.



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PREFACE.

IN offering this short biographical notice of a father to his friends—for it is for them only that this sketch is published—the writer feels that diffidence which a delicate sensibility should always suggest, in his fear lest the dear memory of the dead, or the fortunes of this little history, should suffer from an over-eulogistic treatment. Wherefore, his only preface is an appeal to the reader for his indulgence towards blemishes which the natural abundance of filial veneration must excuse.

“ Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpurios spargam flores, animamque parentis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.”



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A Memoir.

JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH OWEN was born at Portsmouth, on the 22nd of July, 1809. He was the fifth son of Jacob Owen, Esquire, for many years architect and surveyor to the Board of Works, Dublin, a man (himself the son of a civil engineer) of a firm and vigorous character, endowed with great natural abilities, and indefatigable industry, who raised himself by a life of active integrity to the chief place in his profession, and enjoyed the intimate friendship of the late Field Marshal Burgoyne, and the respect and attachment of all who knew him.

Old Jacob Owen was one of the best known men in Dublin; his venerable appearance assorting with his whole character,—which was upright, unbending, and sincere. Every one at the Levees of the Lord's Lieutenant respected the fine hearty old man, and none grudged him the familiarity and confidence which his great age and honoured reputation won for him from all the heads of departments in Ireland.

Inheriting little or no patrimony himself, he gave

hostages to fortune by begetting no less than seventeen children, of whom thirteen lived to be married; all of whom he gave a generous and substantial education, and lived to see several of them fulfilling valuable and important professional appointments.

In the year 1857 he retired from his post, (which he had held since its establishment in the year 1832), and the Government of that day signified their sense of his long public service by allowing him the full pay of his office as a pension, and after some alterations in the duties of the department, appointed his son James Higgins Owen to be his successor. The old man lived to enjoy this well-earned repose for many years, and died in the autumn of 1870 in his ninety-third year, hale and hearty to the last; having outlived all his children but three daughters and two sons, one of whom I have already mentioned, and the other is the subject of this memoir.

My father, who from his earliest years expressed a desire to take holy orders, received his first education at St. Paul's Grammar School, near Portsmouth, where he was born; and always entertained very great respect for Dr. Foster, the head master of the school, who appears to have been an honest though severe Scotchman, and is the subject of a story of his early schooldays in a book called "Old Friends, and what became of them," published by Messrs. Nisbet in 1861.

He was an industrious well-behaved boy, found

no difficulty in the learning laid before him, and was remarkably popular with all his schoolfellows, to the younger and weaker always a staunch and brotherly protector, and never unemployed on any occasion when a bully was to be restrained, or a counsellor required. At this early season there were manifold evidences which I could repeat here, if I thought it likely to interest the reader, of that manly self-sacrificing spirit of justice to the injured, and succour to the distressed, which has been noticed by those who knew him best, as being the chief and most amiable feature of his character. Hence, after a short interval when he read mathematics with his eldest brother, Jeremiah, in London, he went in October 1829 to Cambridge, and was entered as a pensioner at St. John's College.

And here let it be said—for it is but true, and I say it with great reluctance, and in order that my account of my father may neither by assertion nor suppression be wanting in truth—the university career was one which disappointed the high expectations of his family, and was a frequent source of regret to himself. I would not be misunderstood as hinting at any lapse of academical duty, or any moral or social obliquity on his part; it was no such deficiency to which I allude: his obedience to rule, his steady devout and correct behaviour, and uniform studiousness in subjects extraneous to the examination curriculum being well-known to his college friends, and forming a sound example for the best to follow;

but he failed to apply himself to the course of special reading necessary to be waded through in order to an honour proficiency in mathematics, indeed had little or no taste for so cramped and crabbed a study, and was content to graduate without appearing in the Tripos Lists of 1833. Always acceptable and welcome for the fresh originality and humour of his conversation, his company was much sought after by friends less studious than himself, who may have done much by the importunacy of their hospitalities to increase his distaste for his unrelished Tripos subjects : besides which, his attention was distracted by other allurements of a more palatable nature than mathematics, such as philosophical and other conversaciones among his undergraduate friends, which laid the foundations of friendships which he cherished throughout life. One of the most intimate and excellent of all these last-mentioned was one, of whom as my still living kinsman I refrain now to write at length, my honoured uncle, the Venerable Archdeacon Allen, whom my father introduced to the family into which he was destined to marry, and for whom we all, in common with all who have watched his singular devotion to the duties of his holy calling, entertain the deepest reverence and affection. It was in a long vacation, when they, that is my Father and my now uncle, John Allen, were reading in the same party, that Joseph Owen presented his college friend to the sister of the young lady whom he had long loved himself, and ere long—how long the

reader will not care to know—both linked themselves to each other by a bond closer than that of friendship, by marrying those two sisters.

I now approach the time of his first coming to Staffordshire, and will give a short account of the circumstances which determined his appointments there. He was on a visit to his mother's sister, the wife of Dr. Thomas Underhill at Great Bridge, and accompanied the family to a religious meeting at Walsall; and, there being a paucity of speakers, was requested to address the meeting. With what success I know not; but one of the topics discussed there, and frequently mentioned during his stay at Great Bridge, was the spiritual destitution of Walsall Wood. This was a small outlying suburb of the township of Walsall, some three miles distant from the town, without church, or minister, or flock; then a very bare waste place, inhabited almost entirely by colliers and nail makers, who suffered much from the want of a resident minister, and needed one specially adapted to their peculiar habits and idiosyncracies, to instruct and assist them at their work. To this wild heath he volunteered to go, without any provision being made for house or stipend; and to this curacy he was accordingly ordained in 1835 by Bishop Ryder, then Bishop of Lichfield. An unpromising, uninviting locality some would think, but not so he; the rough homely honesty of the rude nailmakers had a peculiar charm for him; and he was most popular with the hardy congregation, who used to

attend the schoolroom which had been built by the trustees of the Walsall Grammar School, for the celebration of the services of the Church.

My father had a peculiar faculty for ingratiating himself with working men ; his manner was easy and familiar with them ; he paid an observant attention to their conversation, and shewed an interest in their heavy toil, which soon made them willing to tell " Parson Owen " of all their troubles and grievances, and caused him to be the accepted depositary of many a domestic confidence. By this means he was often enabled to help and comfort the cottagers in their difficulties. Then he was always remarkable for his fondness and gentleness with children,—there was no shy slinking away at the parson's approach ; but the little creatures would toddle up to him as he came near their cottages, and insist on his notice, as though with an instinctive knowledge that there would be nothing unpleasant in his visit : and he would sit down and have three or four of the young urchins playing about his knees, as he spoke to their sick mothers or fathers, who, as a rule, were as glad to have his cheering call as the little innocents were themselves. He would get them at their forges to explain their work to him ; start a conversation upon some subject which he imagined pleasing to his humble hosts ; enter into anything which might interest them as though it were his own affair ; and practise a hundred other arts to attract the sympathy of the people there, whose open natures he was wise enough to know

would be won by the kindly offices of human sympathy.

Such being "his way" in the parish, with the children and with the men in their cottages and at their work, I may add that, notwithstanding this careful systematised household service, he from the first period of his ordination spent infinite pains and study over the preparation of his sermons, which his object was to render acceptable to the special conditions of his hearers, and within the compass of their limited capabilities. In order to effect which, he would invite the attention of his lowly auditory by the introduction of mining metaphors; he would ransack his memory, always strong and accurate in Bible citation, in order to clothe the doctrines which he taught in forms of language appropriate to their craft, and so rivet the interest of the nailmen; now citing from Scripture a phrase in miners' use, now an expression which was common in the nailmen's glossary, and nailman and collier would watch each other, to see how "it took" with them, and nod their dutiful endorsement of the words of the preacher, as though it were but fair to listen to him, as he spoke in a way that they could understand. One can readily imagine how encouraging a sight it must have been to a young clergyman to see these strong sturdy worthies at his services leaning over on their thick sticks, paying, by an attitude of attention which their rude natures had not the guile to simulate, their tribute of respect to the young minister who had won

their favour in the week by some mark of domestic courtesy or sympathy ; making the narrow walls of the little school house echo again to their ponderous voices, and testifying by every external exercise their desire to "stand by" the parson. Perhaps it was the necessity to which I have adverted, of suiting his phraseology to his people, and the successful effect which he noticed it had upon them, that made this art one of the most peculiar characteristics of his sermon style, one moreover which his writings both theological and social exhibit in remarkable perfection.

Again, it would get about the village that he was to be in so-and-so's cottage at such and such a time, and would be glad to meet some of his friends there ; often a good number of them would "turn in" for a "*wee while*" just to show him that it was "*all right between us, like*" and without any reserve or affectation he would say something to everyone that each would find some interest in, and rarely left these little conventicles without carrying with him some parish proselyte ; and probably it was because of his first clerical duties lying amongst these children of the mine, that he always retained so warm and profound an affection for their class. They grew very fond of him, and, reciprocity being a natural if not inevitable consequence, he returned their regard ; my father's nature was open and impulsive, so was theirs ; in danger, whether in the presence of disease, as the Bilston Cholera sufferers in 1849 can witness, or

confronted with angry opposition, or even personal violence, he was fearless, so were they at any crisis; he was easily moved by the sight or story of distress, having, in an extraordinary, indeed almost painful degree, what is called a melting heart, so had the colliers; he loved children, so did they; of these robust souls it may be truly said:—

“ He is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.”

In a work which my father wrote in 1856, entitled “Thorneycroft’s Memoir”—being a Life of the distinguished ironmaster and princely benefactor of Wolverhampton,—the following passage occurs, showing his judgment concerning this class:—

“ With much to deplore, there are some things to admire in the moral average of the population. Their courage in danger, endurance of toil, mechanical and manufacturing skill, vague reverence for religion, in spite of their neglect of its ordinances; their kindness and self-sacrifice for each other on the occurrence of accident or calamity, and rough liberality in contributions of money or personal service to the pleas of religion or charity, are among their bright spots. The obverse presents scenes of waste of time and of their large earnings in feasting and drinking, playing and low sporting, general improvidence, ill-clad families, untidy homes, addiction to quarrelling and “justicing,” disregard of the Sabbath and the means of grace, and

a loose standard of chastity and domestic decencies. Still the writer has known among the colliers many a bright sample of earnest, simple piety and virtue : and it is not a bad sign in favour of the latent impressions in favour of something better in the district, that such characters are generally respected and even influential among their neighbours."

The regretful terms in which he alludes to the imperfections of his labouring friends, is ample evidence of his admiration of their character and his abiding interest in their welfare.

I was very young when the memory of his first cure was fresh and frequent in his mind, and my memory was tender; consequently early impressions, scarcely designed to mark, have left a deep and clear engraving on my recollection; and I can recall with ease his constant mention of Walsall Wood, his almost brotherly interest in its inhabitants, and the fast hold upon his affections which many a rough parishioner had fixed. It is to be remembered, besides what I have already informed the reader, that it was not only his first cure, but that it was a cure over which he—the young, just ordained deacon—was sole head : no senior, no vicar to advise or assist him in the solemn responsibilities of his position; no elders to tender the result of their experience; few of any advanced education in the place, to whom he could resort; and his parish indeed "a wilderness and a solitary place."

But another feature of my father's character was

independence and self-reliance. He was never daunted at the prospect of what he undertook; so with a courageous determination and—we may be well assured—with a loyal faith in the co-operation of the Master whose ambassador he was, he unhesitatingly started on his difficult mission. Unsuspicious himself, he counted not the risk—did not even forecast the possibility of failure; hearty himself, he determined to win their souls by winning first their hearts;—and I do not exceed if I say that a rapid and sustained popularity was an ally that materially promoted the success and endeared to him the fruits of his earnest diplomacy.

There may be many old friends at Walsall Wood who still sometimes repeat a hymn which was one of many which he wrote for his humble parishioners—which I venture to introduce here as possessing, in my perhaps partial judgment, great poetical beauty.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

“ When the day of labour’s o’er,
 Twilight dozing o’er the moor,
 Closes every cabin door,
 Dear Lord, remember me !

“ When the morning stars grow dim,
 Daylight rising like a hymn,
 Whisper’d soft by seraphim,
 May I remember Thee !

“ Hard and homely though our fare,
 Garb and lodging scant and bare,
 We have all, if Thou be there,—
 Our all-in-all in Thee.

“ Thou, the lowly joiner’s son,
 Toiling till the setting sun,
 Feelest for the weary one ;
 Vouchsafe to feel for me !

“ In Thy sight a valley clod,
 Shed in my poor heart abroad,
 Son of Mary, Son of God,
 The love that yearns for Thee

“ From the mine depth will I cry,
 Cloud and smoke obscure the sky ;
 Still by faith I’ll see Thee nigh,—
 Dear Saviour, near to me ! ”

He remained here for close upon two years ; and on his leaving, amongst other tokens of regard which he received was a gift of a very handsome silver salver and other articles of plate. Some years after this a church was erected here, during the ministry of his successor. His connexion with this sphere of duty was destined to bring him back to the neighbourhood ; but in the meanwhile the rector of Farthingstone (a village in Northamptonshire)—who was an aged man, and unable to undertake the duties of his cure—invited him to take his place in his parish ;—and again in sole charge he went to Farthingstone, where he officiated in the rector’s room. He was only a short while here,

though long enough to make many friends, and to gain, even in his short sojourn there, a testimony of grateful appreciation for faithful service, in the shape of a very handsome presentation Bible, in memory of his industrious endeavours. I must not omit to mention here that he cleansed and painted the little church at Farthingstone with his own hands.

He left Farthingstone in 1838, and came to Bilston, under the following circumstances:—Some gentlemen named Fletcher in business at Walsall, hearing that by the election of their brother the late Rev. Samuel Horatio Fletcher to the elective vicarage of St. Leonard's, Bilston, the living of St. Mary's in that town was vacated by his election, and in his gift, procured the reverend gentleman to nominate my father in his stead. The value of the living was nearly £300 a year; though party spirit, and angry resentments, kindled by the unusually riotous scenes attending the recent election to St. Leonard's, ran high and fierce, and—extending not only to the successful candidate, but to his nominee at St. Mary's—rendered the prospect of ministration there not altogether free from anxiety. Nevertheless he accepted Mr. Fletcher's invitation, and immediately commenced his employment in the town which, as being the scene of his most active labours and the birthplace of all his children, will ever be associated by us all with grateful and affectionate memories.

In the year after his removal to the perpetual curacy of St. Mary's, Bilston, he married my

mother, Louisa Higgins, who was third and youngest daughter of James White Higgins, Esq., of Hornead, Herts. My grandfather was for many years architect and surveyor to the Department of Woods and Forests, and was specially appointed by the late Duke of Newcastle (then Earl of Lincoln)—on account of his acknowledged judgment and extensive experience in government arbitrations concerning the purchase of land for metropolitan improvements—official referee under the Metropolitan Buildings Act, 1844. This is not the place to present his pedigree, or a catalogue of his virtues; suffice it to say that a more detailed account of his life and merits may be found in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of July, 1854; that he was an honourable, upright man, occupying the first place in his own branch of the profession, and widely and worthily respected for the integrity of his character, and the sagacity of his judgment. He died in the year 1854, leaving three daughters surviving him; two of whom were married, severally—Louisa to my father, and Katharine to his brother, Thomas Ellis Owen, of Dover Court, Southsea; Harriet as already intimated, to the Venerable Archdeacon Allen, Vicar of Prees, in the county of Salop; all three inheriting handsome and ample patrimonies under his will.

How happy and auspicious this union of my two parents has been—how united they were in their love for each other and for the six children who are the pledges of their marriage—a son can hardly describe;

those only who knew his happy, cheerful disposition at home can gauge the depth of the regrets with which we followed him to the grave.

But I must return to Bilston : and here a difficulty occurs to me : with what shall I start my account ? It may seem strange, benevolent reader, for a son to experience such a feeling—but you will kindly remember that though many events took place on his arrival at Bilston, few only have been reported to the writer, and still fewer are in his judgment of interest to the reader. I do not intend to prolong to a given number of paper sheets a series of statements concerning my father which may or may not be attractive ; but to offer a simple portraiture of his life, and sketches of such episodes therein as his friends would be likely to care to peruse. It is also to be remembered—if the seeming paradox may be excused—that an eventful life such as my father's was, is not necessarily full of events. Always industrious ; constantly employed in numerous and diversified engagements ; preaching in two or more towns for two or more different objects on the same Sunday, and lecturing here and there in the week ; passing rapidly from one duty to another with a restless activity that chafed at vacation—his days and nights were inevitably eventful, seeing that his hands always found something to do,—which (I may add) was always done with his might ; still, events of a nature worth chronicling even for friends to read are few and (except in the cases of the most prominent public servants) far between : and accord-

ingly I hesitate here what to present to the reader's notice.

Let me assume then that a general survey of "the old Bilston times" as we used to call them, is the best course to adopt.

Does the reader know what Bilston is? Such as know the place need not pause for my information; but for the behoof of such as know it not, it may be described as then a coal-black unclean town; then, I believe, somewhat fallen from a somewhat more favourable estate; a town, consisting chiefly of two straggling streets, one leading to Birmingham, the other to Ettingshall, in one of which, that is to say, the former, St. Mary's Church was situate—a town whose inhabitants dress largely in thick white flannel coats; the colour selected as most suitable for contact with black coal!—a town whose atmosphere is pitchy and sooty, charged with smoke from a thousand chimneys darkening and infecting the air, which is unfastidiously breathed by about twenty thousand souls. Many who would never have been likely in former days to go near this dark centre of black country industry, have now-a-days dashed through these parts in the train, and wondered—possibly feared—especially if their flight was in the night, at the sight of the "darkness which might be felt," its frowning horrors here and there intensified and exposed by the garish light of opaque flames, coursing upwards from the lips of multitudinous stacks, literally vomiting unceasing spouts of fire, with no other

illuminating effect than to advertise the smoke and blackness around. Curling, snake-shaped wreaths of smoke hover in threatening volumes in the air, their lowering crests now and then shot with stray sparks from the roaring furnaces, whose flames never cease their passionate soughing, while the whole firmament looks like

“A looming bastion fringed with fire.”

The aspect, suddenly presenting itself to the traveller rapidly rushing through its midst, is sublime and awful; and to my mind has often had a dejecting overwhelming effect. For the thought perforce suggests itself, the night-time here is very savage and gloomy, what is the day like? Well, the days are overshadowed with the almost Cimmerian clouds from the lofty chimneys, the heights above would seem to be angry at the spoil perpetually exhumed from the depths below; the sun does shine, but his welcome disc is usually more like a sulky lamp in a fog than the beaming orb which should “rule the day;” the fair bosom of mother earth gapes still incontinently with still open pit-shafts, and here breaks asunder and there subsides, daily despoiled of some of her hidden buttresses. Bilston was a village once, but it is long since it was green. The intervals between shaft and shaft, sometimes let out in a lease at will (matured by lapse of time and lessors’ inattention into an insecure but almost immoveable title) to collier cottiers, exhibit occasional

signs of successful husbandry in a few scant rows of potatoes, or some shabby patches of dusky wheat, or a few turnips and carrots, whose infrequent appearance and niggard crop seems to infer earth's protest against further drains from her resources; but the greater part of the undulating surface is covered with a vesture of black clunch; and dwarf hills of scoria and slate coloured clay are the inequalities which form, with the ascending pile of blast furnace chimney, the commanding features of "the varied landscape."

Such is the description of Bilston, and the same may be said of many adjoining towns and villages in the same district: though I must not omit to state that within a mile of these black parts, clear skies and green fields and sunny open landscapes make one forget that the mines are so near.

A singular peculiarity, not necessarily resulting from, but indubitably inherent in, these "dark corners of the earth" is an almost universal fondness for music; and not only so, but an intelligent and apt cultivation of it as an art. One reads of the gay mountaineer of the Tyrol carolling blithe songs, and of the musical voice of the Swiss boatmen, and forest woodcutter; and some from associating the graces of song with sunny climes and happy open scenes, hastily referring effect to cause, consider scene the author and parent of sound; indeed writers like the author of the History of Civilisation, who generalise with the glibness of machine rotation, will

explain such predilections only and solely by reference to geographical and other material phenomena.

Let these causatory sages go down a pit, let them watch the solitary half nude miner with his pick timing his lonely work in some arching coal niche to the measure of some familiar song, and they will sometimes hear round ripe full-toned notes, which could win the worker his bread elsewhere than under the groins of a pit: or let them listen at a gang of four or six digging together in a row, and harmony and vocalisation of a kind that has already produced a Sims Reeves may be heard all day, voices from choirs unseen, "songs in the night."

From the mine depth will I cry,
Cloud and smoke obscure the sky,
Still by faith I'll see thee nigh,
Dear Saviour, near to me.

I dare venture the opinion, as the result of my own personal experience, that there is a more general and more cultivated taste for and proficiency in music in the mining and manufacturing districts of South Staffordshire, than in any other part of any other country which I have visited. The choirs of the churches are numerous, and the individual voices powerful, practised and correct; and in many parishes that I know of, the psalmody of the congregation is admirably and attractively conducted by an organist who is down the pit or at the forge nearly all the week, and makes on the Sunday this gratuitous dedication of his talents to the service of the Church.

Take this, good reader, *obiter dictum* as a sample of the generosity of Staffordshire people. I have elsewhere endeavoured faintly to depict the idiosyncrasy of the mining population, their rude yet delicate frankness, the sympathy of their nature, the loyalty of their gratitude for little courtlinesses and slender favours, their mental docility, and affectionate disposition. These then were the sheep to whom my father, a still young and in point of years an inexperienced clergyman, was the appointed pastor, and these were the men into whose rugged hearty love he wound himself,—whose clumsy testimonials of awkward respect pleased him more than the set polish of conventional routine; and whose interests, social, religious and political, he never ceased to assert. They are a class of men who see through a sham as readily as more professional detectives, and soon saw that his desire to serve them was real, and his regard for them unaffected. Hence a fellow-feeling struck up between my father and his poor a note of harmonious concord, which, by deepening the unison between priest and parishioner, served to cover the difference between himself and “those of the contrary part.” He was so loyal a Churchman, and so facile a speaker, and so often enlisted unexpectedly to speak without any opportunity for previous preparation, that in his sturdy advocacy of Mother Church he was sometimes in the heat of applauded oratory led to exhibit an ardour which subsequent reflection would remind

him to be unfriendly to those who differed with him, and he would blame himself bitterly for some excess of zeal which might seem acrimonious or unkind. But when opportunity offered, he never failed in the *amende honourable*, which was usually so handsomely repaid that he gained more friends than he made foes by his speech; and was not less popular with his own people, than he was with those who dissented from the Church.

Soon after his assumption of duty at St. Mary's he commenced to deliver to the congregation in a regular systematised form of doctrinal education, a series of Sermons on the teaching and government of the Church, as enunciated by the Thirty-nine Articles, together with a course on Baptism and Confirmation. And these writings, still extant and in my possession, evince a laborious expenditure of care and preparation.

St. Mary's was never attended by a really large congregation. I have already adverted to the existence of factions in the place, which impaired alike the unity of the people and the usefulness of the preacher; over and above which, in those days, as I am told, people went to church less regularly than now. St. Mary's then could hold out no attractions in the shape of pleasing music,—the church having been but recently built, and insufficiently endowed, and the humbler masses of the population dull to the invitation of Sunday duties. Still for those who did come, and I do

not wish to represent them as by any means a contemptible few, the evening numbers being usually very large, he took infinite pains to provide palatable preaching; and the best proof of his faithful endeavours in that respect is the large crowds which assembled to hear him in the evening services, and in other neighbouring parishes whenever the pleas of poverty or charity caused him to preach in other places. Four days in the week he held cottage services at seven o'clock in the morning for the benefit of working families at their own home; one week at one house, another at another. I have often been with him to them, and there was always a goodly sprinkling of honest fellows, who perhaps never darkened the church-doors at the regular Sunday services, but nevertheless thought it decent to meet "the parson, as he'n made a purpose o' making a visit upon we;" and he would offer a short prayer, and read some portion of the Bible suited to their case, and expound it in language intelligible to them; and, as I have before mentioned, with metaphors studied to maintain their attention. We used to have a handsome Great St. Bernard's dog, called Roco, who accompanied my father on these occasions; and often his well-known form would be the church-bell, as it were, to aware the neighbours that father was at hand: and the dog would lie down on the sanded brick floor perfectly quiet during the prayer and reading, till that was over; and then, when all rose to kneel

down for the Lord's Prayer, he knew the end was at hand, and would jump up and make for the door, which was gravely opened by those who knew Roco's habit, to let him out, and the exodus of the little congregation might always be heard announced by Roco's relieved bark. The kindness which all shewed my father was always extended to Roco, who, if ever he was lost or missed, would be brought back by some good fellow out of the adjoining parishes who recognised the big brute, and fed and tended him and brought him back in right good fettle. It was not unusual for Roco to lose us again in such quarters.

Not long after his coming to Bilston my father was appointed Friday and Sunday evening preacher at St. George's Church, Wolverhampton. He performed the duties of the post with great regularity, and spared no outlay either of time or trouble to make his addresses both useful and popular with his listeners; but he was not fully satisfied with the number that attended his discourses, which though occasionally great, was not sufficiently regular to meet his expectations to the full. Those who heard him there frequently expressed themselves pleased and grateful for what they had heard; but it is, or was the case, whether it should be so or not, that many go to hear a lecture, when fewer go to a sermon: whence it occurred to my father that he might enlarge his sphere of usefulness, and reach more with an address in the form of a lecture; and

I may say that it was this conviction, coupled with his taste and gift for that form of public service, which induced him to enter the path in which he walked with such conspicuous energy, and in which he was as well-known perhaps throughout the towns of Staffordshire, and the Midland Counties, as any other clergyman.

It has been said without any ill-nature, and without any intended reflection on my father's duty or motives, that had he by lecturing less spent within the boundaries of his cure that time which was employed in such addresses, he would have fulfilled more appropriately the mission of a parish priest, and have received richer preferment from the patrons of the Church. This is a consideration which I am neither competent nor willing to discuss; but I may hereupon, without immodesty or contentiousness, quote a passage directed to the above suggestion in the affectionate sermon preached by the venerable rector of Penn Fields, the Rev. W. Dalton, in my father's memory, in St. Jude's, Chelsea, wherein he said:—"As a lecturer to young men, he went through different parts of the country, bringing before them, at their various institutions, very important subjects in his own peculiar manner, and at the same time impressing upon their minds principles such as few others could have done. And here again, perhaps the very largeness of his heart and his affectionate feeling exposed him to the temptation of being called away too often to such work: for he felt it difficult to

refuse, difficult to deny any such request; and many of his friends both here and there pressed upon him the necessity of condensing his labours rather than extending them. But this was a gift peculiarly bestowed upon him, and he endeavoured to use that gift for men, especially for the young." It was because, in the nature of things, the scenes of his lectures were so widespread, that as a lecturer on moral and religious and social subjects he was brought into such wide prominence, and gained so favourable audience among the associations; and those who composed his numerous auditors on such occasions, and those who may read the themes selected in this volume, can judge for themselves if I exaggerate when I say that they present a combination of judgment, imagination, memory, and humour well calculated to recommend instruction. Enforcing a moral by an anecdote, illustrating a sentiment by a gesture, or a fable by a glance, challenging by his own earnest intonation the sympathies of assentors, and the attention of opponents, where he failed to convince, he succeeded in engaging the respect of his listeners; and though more copious and more daring in his resort to the weapon of satire than most public speakers, never incurred lasting displeasure by its ill-natured or disingenuous use. Dissenters knew that though an outspoken adversary to schism, they could rely on his cordial co-operation in charitable exercises, and social amenity, and so remembered not against him

many trenchant sallies which they were just enough to recognise as being directed against the body, not the individual; and shewed by their conduct on his leaving Bilston, their favour towards one who could insist on his own without invading another's susceptibility.

My father was most immoveably fixed in his adherence to the distinctive articles of the Established Church; but most sincere in his hearty attachment to many non-conforming brethren, of whose learning and virtue I have often heard him speak in terms of ardent admiration. Scarcely a week before his fatal seizure I accompanied him to a conversazione at the house of an old friend, Mr. Bunting, the son of the distinguished Wesleyan, and had the privilege of being introduced by my father to Dr. Guthrie, and shall not readily forget the pleasure my father felt in the cordial reception given him by the gifted Presbyterian divine. The doctor's noble and venerable mien, his marvellous attractiveness in conversation, and the singular courtesy and gentle suavity of his manner to my father will always endear his great name to my memory. Dr. Guthrie gravely cautioned my father by the example of his own failing health to slacken his work, and I did hope that his solemn admonition might have had some effect. Hearing of my father's attacks, the doctor expressed surprise at his imprudence in continuing all his engagements, with what effect, alas! the reader shall ere long see.

The welfare of the neighbouring poor, and the

management of poorhouses, in all their social and sanitary purview, was a subject very much studied and watched by my father. From the first he was always elected every year one of the guardians of the poor, and scarcely ever was absent from the deliberations of the Board, and almost immediately was nominated chairman of the Wolverhampton Poor Law Board Union.

At about the same time he was placed on the recommendation of Lord Hatherton, then lord lieutenant of the county, upon the commission of the peace for Staffordshire; an office, which though accepted by him, with a due acknowledgment of the compliment involved in the offer, he undertook only on the distinct understanding that he should not be called upon habitually to enforce any of its primitive functions, his opinion being that a clergyman might endanger his spiritual usefulness by sharing in the daily administration of criminal jurisdiction. The only result therefore of this elevation, if so it may be termed, was that which was his chief object in accepting it, namely, to avoid the necessity of an annual election to the Board of Guardians. He was continually elected Chairman of the body during the fifteen years, in which he held his incumbency at Bilston.

The manner in which he discharged the functions of his post, and the sense which the district entertained of his labours therein, will be more properly recorded by an account which I shall

hereafter introduce, of the votes of the meeting which assembled on the occasion of his retirement from St. Mary's.

In 1849 the Cholera broke out with savage virulence over the operative districts of South Staffordshire. Bilston especially suffered from the deadly intensity of the plague. There is published herewith "some sketches and incidents" of this appalling season of national visitation, which depict in detail the terrors and miseries of the time; here it will be enough to remind the reader of the following shocking statistics. "We lost in little more than seven weeks 700 souls; one in every thirty-two of our population (now amounting to 22,000), fell a victim; that is, the average mortality of twelve-months was condensed into two, and our ratio of fatality, being three per cent. upon the population, has exceeded that of London, which was only two-thirds per cent., and even that of Paris, hitherto the worst in Europe, which was only two and a-half."

This dread relation bears upon its face sad evidence as a whole, of which individual instances present harrowing examples, of the destroying pestilence which at this period stalked furiously through the town. That I may not sicken anyone by the unnecessary recapitulation of sorrowful tales, nor appear to magnify my father's performance of his dangerous duties above that of his brother clergy in the district, suffice it to say that throughout the course of this malignant epidemic he failed not in watching the

sick, ministering to the dying, and burying the dead, the hideous necessity of whose hastening decomposition huddled together in one common sepulture a score or more of hapless corpses, struck down by the same scourge, and crowded piteously together into the same grave.

In this year in the month of February, on the occasion of the election of a Knight of the Shire, my father, usually averse to appear in any political colour, was prevailed upon to appear at the nomination of Lord Lewisham, the conservative candidate for the county. He was no political parson; I publish his speech on the occasion of the election—and remember, gentle reader, that it was made in reply to calls for bishop and clergy, not on behalf of any purely political motion; and it may be seen from his own averment therein, that, so far from having previously assisted or shared in political manœuvres, he had never before even exercised his electoral right of voting, a statement which he would not have made had he not felt that some apology was due from a minister of the Church for allowing his voice to be heard on a husting. The fact is, and herein I refuse to be contradicted, for I have it from his own information, that steadfast and consistent as he was throughout a length of years in which many professing Tories varied in their political adhesion, in his attachment to conservative principles, my father never allowed his political leanings to be known; nor would have then, but that he had reason to believe

that Lord Lewisham's opponent on this occasion claimed the suffrages of the electors as an adversary of Mother Church. Whether this supposition was correct or no, I do not now discuss; nor whether he acted wisely in being tempted to appear; I only think it due to his memory in recording his part at this meeting at Lichfield, to explain the inducement which led him to vary what was otherwise a set rule of his conduct, namely, to keep aloof from political manifestations. His reply on the occasion of this election to the call for the bishop and clergy was certainly a ready and characteristic address, and was considered at any rate sufficiently useful to the cause to be published in a separate form, and circulated amongst the noble Lord's constituents throughout the Shire. I do not hesitate on any grounds to submit it with other speeches herein contained to the reader's indulgent consideration.

There was a company of clergy from the neighbourhood of Bilston and Wolverhampton who were in the habit of meeting on the first Monday of every month at the house of the Rector of Penn Fields, the Rev. W. Dalton, M.A., to discuss the interpretation of Scripture, and the doctrines of the Reformed Church. It was called the Lloyd Clerical Meeting, and I believe I am right in stating that it was so-called from the residence of its founder Mr. Dalton. Of this association my father acted for twelve years as Honorary Secretary, and a singularly beautiful drawing-room time-piece is the much-prized memento of

his intimate relations with the members of this Society.

In 1847 Wolverhampton was incorporated into a municipal borough by Royal Charter, under the provisions of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835; and George Benjamin Thorneycroft, the generous and public-spirited proprietor of the Shrubbery Iron Works, was unanimously elected first Mayor.

My father some years ago wrote a memoir of this distinguished man, whose influence and popularity with all the masters and workmen of South Staffordshire gave him to his death the most enviable position in the country; and it is not too much to say of him, that his upright integrity, his shrewd intelligence, and unostentatious munificence, single him out as one of those social giants whose greatness not only makes their own figures prominent, but elevates the whole moral stature of their class.

Bilston, together with Willenhall, Wednesfield and Sedgley, is included in the parliamentary borough: so I do not deviate from the due course of my narration. The first mayor's inaugural dinner was quite a historical banquet: 170 invitations were accepted; and all, with the exception of one who was detained by illness, assembled to do personal homage to the honoured chief of the Corporation. Peers of parliament, owners of land, and proprietors of the mines, justices of the peace, representatives of every branch of trade and industry with the newly-elected aldermen of the borough, sat down to celebrate the

coming of age of Wolverhampton. In the unavoidable absence of Lord Hatherton, my father was specially requested to undertake the office of proposing the health of the mayor: a task which his deep respect for Mr. Thorneycroft made especially pleasing to him; and which he accomplished in the manner reported in the *Chronicle* of the following day, an extract of which will be found in this publication.

Three years later, when in the early commencement of an active old age, to the grief of all who knew him, the first mayor died, my father preached his funeral sermon before the mayor and corporation in the Collegiate Church. The text suggested by the motto of his coat of arms, "Fortis qui se vincit" was, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." (Rev. iii. 5.) The spacious antique church, restored and embellished during his wardenship, was filled with "the master's" mourners; the whole town closed its windows, and ceased its trade for the day; and a thousand workmen in their decent black convoyed his body to its grave. So honour, fairly won, was duly paid to the municipal father of Wolverhampton: the son, who inherits alike the father's name and popularity, placed a tasteful mural tablet in the old church; and the family generally perpetuated the memory of their chief by a colossal statue executed in marble by their gifted namesake, the eminent sculptor, which hitherto stood

in the cemetery, but has been removed into the central hall of the newly completed Town Hall. The most affecting memorial of all, however, and the most appropriate is a noble bronzed cast-iron monument, a master-piece by the famous Coalbrookdale Company, erected over their master's remains by the subscriptions of his own workmen. They invited my father to write the epitaph-inscription for them, so I introduce it here.

“ERECTED,

by the grateful offerings of nearly a thousand workmen,
to the memory of their old employer

GEORGE BENJAMIN THORNEYCROFT, ESQUIRE,

Late of Chapel Ash, in this County,

and of Hadley Park, in the county of Salop.

The contributors to this memorial

Record with mournful pride the high position which the
Divine blessing on a life of uniform industry and uprightness,

Permitted the deceased to obtain,

In public estimation no less than in their own ;

A position alike honourable in the individual instance,

And beneficial to posterity as a social precedent.

His commercial enterprise

multiplied the means of employment,

and developed the resources of a trade that rose,

in graceful reciprocity, like his own fortunes,

from obscurity to importance.

He was chosen,

By the universal suffrages of the Municipal Council,

The first Mayor of Wolverhampton ;

The poor of which borough deplore in him

a patron, whose living benevolence

Reflects its posthumous image in the benefaction

To future generations of honest indigence,
 Of a thousand pounds,
 As the inaugural oblation
 That enshrines in the memory of its clients
 The epoch of his mayoralty and of the Civic Charter.
 In the commission of the Peace
 For the counties of Stafford and Salop,
 He administered Justice with Impartiality ;
 Illustrating on the Bench, that Patience, Judgment, and
 Integrity,
 Which had raised himself there.
 As the Warden of the Collegiate Church,
 He made its ancient walls enclose
 A monument to his own years in office :
 When, finding
 Its interior appointments inadequate and crumbling to decay,
 He left them enlarged, beautified, and in efficient repair.
 Death bereaved
 His connexions of a kind, considerate, and paternal Principal,
 And society of a generous supporter of its charities,
 And of an exemplary discharger of its duties.
 His lamented decease
 Struck a note of general sorrow throughout the great Iron-trade,
 For a master of the craft had fallen !
 The sympathies of thousands
 Drew them to his funeral obsequies, and
 The Mayor and Corporation,
 The resident County Magistracy, the High Sheriff of the County,
 And other public functionaries of the province,
 Accompanied by all his workmen,
 Together with a vast concourse of all classes of the inhabitants,
 Bare him, with spontaneous honour, to the grave.
 In humble Christian faith,
 Commending his soul to the covenant mercies of God,
 In his Son Jesus Christ, and looking only to Him,

He slept in peace,
 April 28, Anno Domini 1851,
 Aged 60 years.

'A merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who, when
 He had found one pearl of great price,
 Went.'

Matthew chap. xiii. ver. 45, 46."

In the meanwhile the lectures continued yearly more popular, and attracting large and flattering audiences; and preaching throughout the year for many churches in many parishes, he constantly enlarged his sphere of action, and multiplied the number of his engagements.

The warmth and depth of his large-hearted sympathies with the toiling operatives, his interest in the fortunes of the mechanic, his admiration for the intrepid daring of the miner, his affection for the sons and daughters of the poor in every path of labour, in every condition of life, and every development of their several peculiarities, were by this time facts of public notoriety, and enhanced the favour with which the people viewed his pretensions.

Between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, when he was not holding a cottage lecture, he held a levee of all who were in need of advice or alms, and the study door was for the while the rendezvous of all in difficulty. As he had been appointed a surrogate in the diocese of Lichfield, he studied Law enough to enable him to fulfil the duties of the office to his own satisfaction and others'

convenience, and many of his poor parishioners looked upon him as an infallible oracle on the Law of Wills and Bequests. Many persons who were either already involved in a suit, or intended or threatened to "take the law" of each other, would be satisfied to refer the matter in dispute to the vicar, and cheerfully abided by an arbitrement which, without exact professional knowledge, and with a sole eye to the rights of the litigants, and the equity of the case, he would readily and authoritatively pronounce. On one occasion within my own memory he was summoned by the entreaties of the neighbours to interfere on behalf of a feeble long suffering wife, whose cowardly sot of a husband after a drinking bout habitually beat and bullied her. He was near at the time, and his presence as a justice of the peace presumably was likely to cow the violence of the brute, so my father started for the house. But on the way, the recollection of the patient inoffensiveness of the miserable woman, who had often discovered to his private ear her trouble before, aroused a passion of vehement indignation within him as he walked; the magistrate was forgotten in the man, and entering the house, he seized the savage drunken churl who was a much more powerful man than himself, and pinned him to the wall. The man, had he chosen to resist, might have overpowered my father; but whether from shame or fear, he stood motionless, in dogged staring silence, while the magistrate gave him a vigorous extempore homily, and a solemn promise

of a sound thrashing if he ever laid violent hands on his wife again. What it was that armed my father with such awe in this burly fellow's eyes, whether it was the shame which his denunciations excited, or the surprise caused by the parson, a justice too, appearing in such a novel capacity, I know not, but this I do know, that his wife and he lived peacefully ever afterwards, and never again disturbed the peace of the court.

I now come to the year 1854, when my grandfather died, and the incumbency of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, was offered to and accepted by my father. He had spent nearly twenty of the best and freshest years of his life in and out among the people of Bilston. He found his church without an organ and without decent school accommodation; and by his exertions the services were improved by the erection of an organ, the institution of a good choir, and the construction of commodious parish school buildings—not only for his own parish, but for the districts of Bradley and Moorcroft. By his active energy and countenance and own personal subscription, baths and washhouses were built, and many young men's associations and athenæums constituted throughout the county. Chairman for so long of the board of guardians, he had studied the interests and earned the warm favour of the poor; ready and industrious with speech and counsel on behalf of every public undertaking and every private project, he gained the esteem and affection of the rich. Valuable time, already fully occupied with clerical

duty and extended social concerns, was never denied to any tale of domestic heaviness : no appeal for assistance or advice from the old in difficulty or the young in doubt was ever refused an audience. Family differences were saved the exacerbation and shame of forensic exposure by the address of his pacific mediation—the pleas of public necessities and private distress invigorated and enforced by his importunate advocacy : professional men and traders submitted their chances of success and their troubles in adversity to the opinion of his judgment and the commiseration of his sympathy : and opponents forebore to censure the means in their respect for the motives and the man.

Bishop Ken enumerates the qualities of the perfect priest :—

“ Give me the priest whose graces shall possess
Of an ambassador the just address ;
A father's tenderness ; a shepherd's care ;
A leader's courage which the cross can bear ;
A ruler's awe ; a watchman's wakeful eye ;
A pilot's skill the helm in storms to ply ;
A fisher's patience and a labourer's toil ;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil ;
A prophet's inspiration from above ;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.”

Which, if any, of these difficult attributes my father possessed it is for the reader—whose judgment may, I fear, be warped by the son's too partial history—to decide. And here it might be asked—With such influence and popularity at his country cure, why did he

relinquish it?—"Quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?" As with Tityrus, though in a somewhat different sense, the reply is:—"Libertas"—opportunity for larger usefulness, and a wider range. Some corroboration to the account I offer of my father's laboriousness and zeal may be gathered from the gifts and presents, the good wishes and regrets, with which he departed from Staffordshire.

The munificent inhabitants of Bilston and the surrounding district, on being acquainted with my father's determination to leave St. Mary's, called a meeting together to consider the means of presenting him with a testimonial. I have before me, and shall always preserve as heirloom memorials of the affection and generosity of his friends, the newspaper slips containing the reports of the speeches made on this occasion—the flattering, impulsive language in which proposers of motions alluded to their vicar's works, their esteem for his character, and their attachment to his person: but lest I should weary the reader with excessive detail, premising that every speaker, both Dissenter and Churchman, bore commendatory testimony to his praise, I here give a mere *précis* of the proceedings:—Mr. Philip Harper in the chair.—Mr. John Bowen proposed—seconded by Mr. E. Pugh—That the meeting should express their feelings on losing Mr. Owen; and Mr. J. William Hall proposed—seconded by Mr. William Hatton—the presentation of a testimonial to be raised by general subscription. Amongst other gentlemen, the Mayor of Wolverhampton (T. Neve,

Esq.), James Loxdale, Esq., F. C. Perry, Esq., J. Nock Bagnall, Esq., E. Best, Esq., John and Thomas Bowen, Esqs., Thomas Lewis, Esq., with Edwin Lewis, Esq., as Honorary Secretary, and Edward Pugh, Esq., as Treasurer, formed a Committee.

If we had but the memory of constant attention and never-varying courtesy to associate with thoughts of Staffordshire, we should be rich and loyal on his behalf in many grateful reminiscences: but how may I characterise the extraordinary and prodigal magnificence of their farewell tribute? They gave him a service of plate of the value of £1000; the chief object a massive, chaste silver centre-piece resting on three elegant scrolled feet, containing on the three panels of the base the following engraved inscription:—

“The Service of Plate of which this centre-piece forms a portion, together with various other articles, to the value of £1000, was presented to the Rev. J. B. OWEN, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and J.P. for the county of Stafford, on his resigning the vicarage of St. Mary's, Bilston.

“The subscription originated with the members of his congregation, but was made general in order to meet the wishes of his many admirers in the Midland Counties, who desired to avail themselves of the opportunity of expressing their high admiration of the unwearied industry with which, for a period of nearly twenty years, he devoted his great talents to the advancement of religion, education, and morality. Fervent and eloquent in the pulpit—fluent and instructive in the lecture-room—kind and benevolent as chairman of the Board of Guardians—ever ready with his advice and assistance to

all who sought it—his removal to another sphere of labour was a source of deep regret to all who knew him either in public or private capacity.

“BILSTON : *May*, 1855.”

I forbear to enumerate the different parts which composed the whole of this sumptuous gift. The names of the donors of this memorable testimonial are enrolled in a richly-bound volume which accompanied the present, and remain for ever enshrined in the deep places of our family gratitude. Hereafter it will not be matter of surprise, in view of his early connection with the mining district and of the above right royal recognition of his residence there, that the writer of this memoir should have dwelt at a length exceeding, perhaps, the due proportion of the essay on the scene of his father's Staffordshire incumbency. Kindness and hospitality lavished upon the father nearly twenty years ago have been extended after this long interval to the son, whenever circuit or quarter-sessions give him the welcome opportunity of revisiting Bilston, and consecrate afresh and with influences now doubly precious the home of his earliest recollections.

In a letter from the late venerable bishop of the diocese to Mr. Fletcher (then rector of St. Leonard's) in my possession, and dated 17th August, 1854, he writes:—"I regard the prospect of Mr. Owen's removal from Bilston with anything but satisfaction. He has been an instrument of good to a great amount and in many ways there. It will be no easy matter

to fill his place with a worthy successor." And from the following letter from the right reverend prelate to my father, dated 21st Oct., 1854, it will be seen how the very great compliment was paid to my father by his diocesan of being permitted to recommend the person in his judgment fitted to succeed him in his cure :—

"You still are (as I suppose you will be) decidedly of opinion that Mr. Lee is the man to succeed you at St. Mary's, Bilston : you are quite at liberty to let him know that I am ready to appoint him, as recommended to me by you—who appear to me to have so strong a claim to nominate, or at least to recommend, your successor. I am unwilling to give up the hope of seeing you and Mrs. Owen here before you leave us. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and part of Friday in next week I shall be occupied with Church work in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Shropshire ; but I shall be truly glad if you and Mrs. Owen can do us the kindness to dine and sleep here on Friday next, the 27th.

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. LICHFIELD.

"The Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A."

In the end of the year 1854 we came up to London, and my father was installed at St. John's, Bedford Row. It was an old proprietary chapel, honourably distinguished by the celebrity and piety of its ministers. Here Richard Cecil had long and successfully laboured ; here large numbers had crowded together to hear Daniel Wilson—then and since famous as Bishop of Calcutta ; and Baptist Noel had engaged the love and reverence of an exceptionally

cultivated congregation. To follow such respectable names was indeed a responsible undertaking. From his appointment hereto resulted his connexion with the Royal Free Hospital, in Gray's Inn Road: he was elected chaplain to this institution, and soon made chairman of its weekly board of management; and fulfilled to the day of his death the duties of his joint offices. He held this chapel for three years, and his sermons attracted numerous and intelligent audiences; but his labours here and his engagement with the locality were terminated in a sudden and most disappointing manner by the collapse of the ancient edifice. One day the chapel bell refused to ring; and on examination it was found that the tower was gradually subsiding; and shortly afterwards the fall of a large centre-beam upon the holy table proclaimed the danger and instability of the building. The services were finally closed; and after various communications with the Rugby trustees—who were the freeholders—the historical old chapel was gently demolished, its materials sold by public auction, and my father, as tenant to the Trust, left to recoup as best he could the loss of chapel and employment out of the sale of the consecrated rubbish. Thus ended old St. John's. Many of his parishioners rallied round their vicar, and hired for him the Store Street Music Hall, wherein for some months he held the services of the church. At about the same time he undertook for a while, at the invitation of the Rev. Michael Gibbs, the post of Sunday evening preacher at the

fine church of Christ Church, Newgate Street; and subsequently, at the invitation of Mr. Blunt, the rector, similar duty at St. Andrew's, Holborn—where also for some while he held Friday lectures to the firemen of the city. At the same time, or a little before the unfortunate destruction of his church—that is to say, in the year 1856—he was elected alternate preacher with the Rev. Mr. Cadman at the early morning Sunday lecture at St. Swithin's, Cannon Street. This interesting service, endowed by a trust-fund, the annual proceeds to be divided between the two alternate preachers, was held at half-past six in the mornings of the Sundays during the six summer months of the year; and was intended for the benefit of milkmen, and cabmen, and watchmen in city offices, and such as were unable from their employments to attend St. Swithin's at the usual time. My father enjoyed his early ministration there very much, although it entailed no small inconvenience to get there at so early an hour; indeed he rose at five in the morning, and sometimes walked nearly all the way—nearly five miles—in order to be there in time. He was always accompanied in his journey by a valued friend, Mr. J. S. Phenè, an accomplished antiquarian residing in Chelsea, who attended St. Jude's Church, and assisted him in the long full morning service at St. Swithin's by reading the lessons. He would go from this with "Father Phenè"—as he jocularly called his coadjutor—to the Royal Free Hospital, and hold short services to the sick and dying in the wards; thence to St. Jude's—

arriving only just in time for the eleven o'clock service at his own parish, in which he read the Communion and preached. And now, while I am describing his various clerical engagements—all of which he fulfilled punctually to the last,—I may add, that up to within the last year, when his strength was on the decline and his breathing exceedingly impaired and enfeebled, he always preached in the evening also, and frequently for some brother clergy in the afternoon as well, besides schoolroom addresses to the children. The restless performance of these multifarious burdens which I here recount will well be considered as disclosing a habit of startling and exhausting activity. Latterly after a serious apoplectic seizure, which two years ago followed a period of constant nervous tension and assiduity, (and from which nothing but the blessing of Providence and the tender, unremitting nursing of a dear friend at Goldthorn Hill, in whose house he was taken, restored him) his friends and family entreated him to slacken work and resign the more arduous of his engagements. I have described how struck Dr. Guthrie was at his imprudence in continuing his brain-application after such a distinct and dangerous premonition; his medical advisers, moreover, all agreed in admonishing him of the results which would surely follow a recurrence of the previous symptoms: he accordingly desisted of late preaching regularly thrice on Sunday, but relinquished none of his other appointments, unless I should record some diminution in the number of his provincial lectures.

"The fiery spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

The Royal Polytechnic Institution (established under Royal patronage for the instruction and amusement of the metropolis) has handsomely and feelingly owned large obligations to my father's personal interest and supervision. One of the shareholders of the former company (which was pressed to destruction by the unhappy accident which involved it in so much litigation and expense), he heard with indignation that a well-known theatrical *impresario* proposed to buy it up and convert it into a Regent Street restaurant and music saloon. Rapid in decision and of a firm determination, my father promptly took a sturdy resolve that the ambitious speculator should be foiled. Accordingly he cast about amongst friends and patrons of the institution; explained in his own trenchant, spirited way the utility of the Polytechnic, and the disgrace of debasing a scientific association into an Alhambra pleasure palace; inspired others with his own defiant courage; threatened to run the risk of taking all the shares himself rather than see it dishonoured by such ignoble uses; procured support abundantly sufficient to tide over the misfortune; and a new company—fortified by the unlucky experiences of the old—invigorated and reinforced by fresh patronage and new management—rose like a Phoenix out of the ashes of its predecessor, and has continued ever since—as I trust it ever will—to merit the confidence of its

proprietors and the public by the vigilance of its management, the substantial success of its dividends, and, above all, the healthy, manly tone of its scientific entertainments. Of the directors of this admirable institution my father was for fifteen years the chairman; every Saturday throughout the year he presided over their deliberations, and continuously and with unwavering loyalty watched and worked for its interests. Entertaining a deep conviction of the usefulness of the form of diversion and knowledge provided there, he widely advocated its claims, and assisted it (unknown to any but the board) by composing now and then librettos for the lectures delivered there; and the last act of his last afternoon was the discharge of his duty at the Polytechnic. At his funeral every servant in connexion with the institution appeared in deep mourning, to demonstrate their respect for his memory; and I do not know that any mark of posthumous honour gave me greater satisfaction than the assurance of one of the *employés* :—"Ah! we've all lost a friend, I know." The graceful motion of the Board was couched in the following sympathetic terms :—

"ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

"7 June, 1872.

"That remembering his great talents, his ready eloquence, his amiable disposition, his professional character, and his personal friendship, the Board desire to express how deeply they deplore the loss they have sustained in the lamentable death of the Rev. J. B. OWEN. To this Institution he has been a constant and consistent friend, and in his position as

Chairman won the respect and affection of all connected with the building."

To return to the destruction of St. John's Bedford Row.—That severe and sudden calamity, befalling him so soon after his migration to London, was a subject of sore disappointment, and the cause of his remaining for eighteen months without a benefice. Not that he was without duty in the interval; for besides the lectureships which he undertook (as I have already noted) and the term at Store Street, he was always occupying some pulpit, pleading for some charity, and never spent a Sunday without delivering a sermon.

The Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics was the society for which he most frequently and readily preached. As honorary secretary for the south of England for sixteen years he took a lively interest in its welfare, and delivered numerous sermons and lectures on its behalf. The controversial system which distinguished it from all kindred societies was in his judgment the most efficient means towards the conversion of Irish Papists to the Established Church, and always met with his cordial approval. *The Banner of the Truth in Ireland* for July 1, 1872, in their obituary notice paid the following glowing tribute to my father's efforts in the cause of the mission :—

" We record with feelings of deep sorrow the loss which the Society for Irish Church Missions has sustained by the death of the late Rev. J. B. OWEN—for upwards of sixteen years one

of its Honorary Secretaries, and whose rare gifts and hearty efforts were in large measure consecrated to its service.

"Among the many objects, religious and philanthropic, which engaged Mr. OWEN's care, none held a higher place in his esteem than this Society; and it is noteworthy that the Sunday which terminated his ministry upon earth found him preaching in its behalf. The Committee will long miss from their midst the gifted, diligent, and genial friend and colleague whom they have lost. His voice was never heard in harsh accents. Of him we may truly say: 'He opened his mouth in wisdom, and in his tongue was the law of kindness.'"

After a "guerilla" ministry (as he termed it) of nearly eighteen months, the Rev. Richard Burgess—for so many years the honoured rector of Upper Chelsea—offered the little church of St. Jude's, in his gift, to my father, who willingly accepted the charge, preferring the lowly church in Turk's Row to unattached service without a fixed cure. The same year (1858) he was nominated Friday evening lecturer under the Whettenhall Trust at the parish church of Wapping—an appointment which he held till his death, and which was the commencement of his deep personal regard for our very worthy friend the Rev. T. Nowell—now rector of Poplar, then rector of the parish of Wapping.

Every Monday morning my father presided at a meeting of the directors of the Mutual Provident Alliance, in Chatham Place, Blackfriars; an association with which he was connected from the first year of his arrival in London. The Mutual Provident Alliance is a society established many years ago for

insuring the families of working-men and mechanics and others against losses by sickness and death; it accredits agencies throughout the three kingdoms, and from the fairness and generosity of its administration, and its large accumulations of funded capital, possesses a great and increasing share of public confidence.

There were other societies with which he was associated—such as the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (at whose 1871 anniversary he was invited to preside), and divers others having for their object the amelioration of human society; but those which I have more prominently described occupied most of his interest and attention. None failed in tendering to his family the graceful and welcome assurances of their regret. Many who read this will know that he was a frequent contributor to “The Quiver,” and “Our Own Fireside,” where many of his sermons and writings appear.

Before I close these scanty annals I must pass in review the charge which is the last my father fulfilled and the freshest in the recollections of the writer.

But let not the reader anticipate a tedious prolongation of the narrative by unimportant detail; my biography draws to its close, and I am well aware that a minute accumulation of circumstances must destroy the light and effect of the general picture which it is the intention of this memoir to portray. His numerous and diversified engagements and opera-

tions have been described with the mention of the societies on whose behalf they were undertaken. His habitual Sunday work was likewise related when I noted his appointment to St. Jude's.

What remains for me to report ?

Still loyal and unswerving in the discharge of the duties of his holy office, still fortunate in the respect and affection of his congregation, another and the last fourteen years of his life were spent among his parishioners in Chelsea.

The reader's curiosity will not here require what friendships and links of union have been cemented, nor what changes and chances occurred during this period. Such information is more properly confined to the domain of a family diary, and is therefore not intruded into the pages of this sketch.

Be it enough to say, that in this parish the afternoon of his days was passed peacefully away ; here the mature fruit of mellow experience was gathered, ripening to its fall ; the efforts of a prime intelligence were delivered in the rare plethora of accomplished development ; and the devotion of attached disciples exaggerated the services, and dissembled the infirmity of declining strength.

The unvarying consistency of the preacher, his assured convincing advocacy, his copious facility of language, and feeling persuasiveness of speech, and, may a son be permitted to add, his handsome venerable presence

" Let old experience attain
To something like prophetic strain,"

and enhanced the power and effect of his addresses. Rarely has so dread an apoplectic attack as that with which he was seized two years before the end, passed off with such slight damage to its victim ; seldom has so rude a warning been so lamentably disregarded. The elasticity and capacity of the brain was left most mercifully unimpaired, though we were sometimes pained to observe the difficulty which the artificial labour of utterance opposed to his enunciation. The body, loth as both he and we were to acknowledge any change, was enfeebled throughout its frame by the violence of the assault, and it was at times distressing to observe how disease which had left the reason intact, impeded the full display of its faculty, by embarrassing and shackling articulation.

Having regard to the intimacy and cordiality of his relations with many medical men at the hospital and elsewhere, and the hearty enjoyment with which he entered upon every project and every pleasure, his neglect of the threats of sickness, and the admonitions of physicians and friends, amounting in effect to a positive contempt of life, present a problem of confidence or mistrust most difficult to explain. The laws of health at length in certain course will overtake the disobedience of their transgressors, and the body worn and enervated by the fretful activity of the mind, was destined not much longer to lodge its restless guest.

I forbear to pain the reader or myself by retraversing the sorrowful scene of my father's final attack.

On Saturday the 18th of May last, he had presided

at the Polytechnic, and completed as heretofore the series of engagements already enumerated.

With the end of the week, the Being who disposes according to His own good pleasure of human events, had determined that my father's span should terminate; and he returned home to die.

Mercifully spared till he had reached the threshold of his own house, "among his own people," he was again struck at the very doorpost by the hand of death, and, laid by familiar hands in the little camp-bed in the study bed-room, lingered on in impassive unconsciousness for six days, till Friday, when human skill and care unavailing,

"He gave his blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

On Wednesday the 24th of May, he was buried in Brompton Cemetery, where numerous friends and kinsmen, many members of the congregation of St. Jude's, little deputies from all the parish schools, together with all the clergy of all denominations in Chelsea, and representatives from all the societies which he had served, assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the dead. Scarcely two months before my father had read the burial service in the same cemetery over our veteran neighbour Mr. John Howell, who died at the advanced age of 96 years, and had bequeathed to my father as one of his executors and residuary legatees, a handsome share of his large estate, besides a further mark

of confidence reposed in him, in empowering him to select ten needy clergymen of the Church of England to be the recipients of a sum of £2000. My father lived just long enough to appoint the distribution of this bounty, and might interpret the rich munificence of his venerable neighbour, as increasing alike the reason and opportunity for a well-earned repose. But the designs of heaven are inscrutable, and

“The fair guerdon when we hope to find,
Comes the Blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life,”

and my father's body lies interred in death as it had lodged in life, next the body of his aged friend.

At the conclusion of this memoir, it will be expected that I should present a programme of my father's faults and virtues, that I should tabulate in formal category the salient features of his character. The considerate reader will not expect an impartial delineation, nor forget that, while infirmities are observed at home, which are unnoticed abroad, many failings are, in the natural order of reason, not tempted to disclose themselves to the face of the family.

His heart was tender and impressionable, his spirits buoyant and cheerful, his temper human and forgiving. Essentially natural and unaffected himself, he scorned affectation and disguise; “from the abundance of the heart, the mouth spoke.”

Possessing in a remarkable degree the faculty of enjoyment, he saw pleasure in everything intended to amuse, and harmlessness in everything that was innocent.

Consistent in his adhesion to political conviction, loyal and faithful to the distinctive doctrine of the Protestant faith, clear and unhesitating in its masterly exposition, his sermons increased the lustre, though his merits were left un-rewarded by the prizes of the Established Church.

More willing to palliate than to condemn, to shield rather than expose the first offence, many a young defaulter's return to honesty, many a forfeited character recovered, justified and approved his habitual proneness to forbearing clemency.

His memory was capacious and retentive, his humour easy and sympathetic, his imagination ready and copious, his courage active and assured.

As a preacher, he possessed in a rare degree those arts of manner and graces of intonation which are the postulates of effective oratory: accommodating the modulations of voice to the varieties of metaphor and mood, the eye depicting every expression of the voice, the gesture enforcing and allegorising in open type each sensation of the heart.

In public lectures, his admirable choice of subject, and tasteful orderly treatment, displaying humour and gravity in just and proportionate combination, roused the attention of the young, and charmed the sympathies of the old.

Eschewing alike the regular level of unvaried monotony, and the noisiness of passionate declamation, his style was

“Tho’ deep yet pure, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full.”

Finally; his home life was in truthful harmonious accord with official teaching, and public profession, and in his irreparable loss, his widow mourns a fond indulgent husband, and his children, an affectionate father, whose beloved and venerated memory this memoir is intended to preserve.

“HOME.”*

THE object of these Lectures is to raise the moral and intellectual tone of our neighbours; and when, with this end in view, I was looking about for a subject, the line of the old song struck upon my memory—“*There’s no place like Home;*” “No, there isn’t!” I mentally answered myself, and there’s no subject more worthy of a lecture, and of an infinitely better one than I could write; but it’s a favourite subject with me, and ought to be with every man, so I thought I’d do my best, and then the old line would be at once my motto and apology—“Be it ever so homely, there’s no place like Home.”

As a proof of this, strange places try to imitate home, when they want to seduce us from the real one; the bar or the tap of the publican pretends a kind of domesticity to make the customers “feel at home;” if we want a guest to be comfortable, we tell him to “make himself at home;” if an impression on the heart or mind is to be fixed and abiding, it is said “to be driven home;” if we would picture an extremity of desolation, it is of the man who “has no home;” if anything deeply touches and affects us, it is said to

* A Lecture, delivered in 1852.

“come home to us.” If the trader would recommend his wares as genuine, and wholesome, and free from artifice and adulteration, the notice that is meant to be attractive is—“*It is home-brewed ale, his home-baked bread, his home-spun hose ;*” and finally, would we divest the grave of its chilling terrors, we speak—aye and God’s speaks of it—as of a “man going to his long home ;” the very glory of the church is “likened to a woman dwelling at home”—and heaven itself is our “Father’s house, where are many mansions,” and there is the home of souls.

It is clear, then, home has a talismanic hold upon our sympathies, and as such, exercises a most powerful influence on men, for good or evil. It is the magic circle in which the heart is spell-bound for life. Home is the FIRST influence, and in its effects upon the individual most commonly the last ; the natural yearning that leads us back in fond attachment to the place of our nativity, has its moral analogy in the other influences, derived from home-associations, which cling to us throughout life.

Hence the intense importance of a *good* home. I don’t mean good in the cupboard sense in which a parasite would use the phrase, nor in which a heartless lady would marry “to secure an establishment,” as it is called (the secret of many a bad home) ; but good in a moral and religious sense—good in respect of its mutual sympathies, charities, and duties—good as a normal school for *men*, as citizens, patriots, and christians.

I want you to think more highly of home. I am

anxious to prove to you what a moral factory it is, whose merchandise is better than the merchandise of silver and gold. Aye, home is the real mother-of-pearl—the prolific parent of the precious and the brilliant things that here and there adorn the great hall of human society! What a calendar of the world's saints and heroes might be filled with the names of those who were indebted to their mothers for the first principle that made them illustrious.

Oh! who is to wonder at that great incommunicable honor which God has put upon motherhood, that the Divine Messiah himself should have been more indebted perhaps than we are aware of, to the love and tenderness of a virgin mother; and in a high moral sense, every loyal and devoted matron is a virgin mother, a virgin spirit breathing her hallowing and benignant influence on her children and their happy sire! She makes a home of that which made Paradise no home without her—*she* makes it, and man mars it—sometimes they both mar it—and then where no home is, there are no home-relations—there is neither wife nor husband—father nor mother—parents nor children—there are inmates, not helpmates—it is not a home, but a sty, where the whole litter, dam and all, wallow in the mire! For their children's sake, if not for their own, parents should be jealous of the condition of their home. The family likeness is not confined to the face—there is a moral likeness equally hereditary, and this is beautiful or repulsive, according to the domestic model—each separate twig

is not more a miniature of the tree, than the child is an antitype of the parents. Our children realise the metempsychosis of Pythagoras—for if our souls don't transmigrate and live again with them, our spirits do—our tastes and tempers do—and when these are objectionable, the punitive dispensation God not unfrequently extends to the third and fourth generation. Witness the decrepit and diseased posterity of a vicious and sensual ancestor—how often has the scrofula, or mental alienation, descended as a penal heirloom, quartered like the bar-sinister in heraldy, on even the remote offspring of the profligate, or of the demented drunkard.

But let us be practical. *Tempers* are home-born, and according to their quality they are the curse or comfort of a home. Peevish or passionate tempers are like the mildew or the storm, of which the one withers, and the other desolates, the domestic asylum. In man and wife, their miserable coincidence often illustrates the law of “action and reäction being equal, and in opposite directions;” they are the battledores, and their ill-fated family the shuttlecock which is kept tossed to and fro, till something breaks—the fury of the players, or the fabric they played with. Many a broken head has sworn the peace upon its domestic tyrant, but many more broken hearts have found no peace but under their tombstones!

Take a character, alas! too common to be thought a caricature:—the peevish wife and mother—she thinks it a kind of duty she owes herself to owe nothing

to anybody else ; there is nothing proposed that does not suggest an objection, nothing done one way that is not preferred in another. Despotie, lest she should be thought to have no will of her own, she contradicts everybody's else ; sometimes under specious pretences of economy, refusing the family some reasonable gratification, she thinks it a sufficient indemnification if she mortifies herself, as well as all around her, so that her very atonements are selfish. If she is sick—or, what is more frequently the fact, imagines she is, or ought to be—the demand for sympathy, like the decree of Cæsar, is, that “all the world should be taxed ;” and woe to the defaulter in a look or tone ; needles and pins have no prick so sharp as her tongue, and scarcely less annoying. Bed and board, parlour and kitchen, up stairs and down stairs are in an acetous fermentation—and alas ! for such a brewing, where the very sweet-wort is turned sour, because the hussy has dropped in her bitters instead of the hops. Ah ! the world outside may laugh, they generally do, but they ought not ; the neighbours may laugh, but the children are in tears within, and the enraged husband, worked up at last to a pitch of phrenzy, curses wife and home, and all that it contains ; the dirty drizzling rain of the connubial hypochondriac has burst into the colder fury of the husband, like a storm in winter, pelting poor innocent home with its “hail-stones of fire.”

Of course the weakest gets the worst of it, and real tears chase away the crocodile's. Yet the silly wife

learns no lesson from her experience; the same scene is repeated till the actors grow weary of their parts, and of each other; the peevish is wedded to the passionate, and they twain are one flesh, acting and re-acting on each other, "like as a moth fretting a garment," till the rent, past mending, can no longer hide their domestic nakedness from the indignant criticism of the neighbourhood.

What a precious pair they have made of one another! and what an advertisement to the public for their children, their new editions—bound in calf or sheepskin, stultified or dispirited, they will reach the shelf of society among the works that form indeed its library, but which no man cares to read. Ah! mother, you lost your husband and you ruined your children, when you spoiled their home; you made yourself a widow while yet a wife, and without the sanctity and sympathy of weeds—and you are virtually childless, like a stranger in a city, though surrounded with a miserable tiny mob of children. Oh! mother your suicidal selfishness deprived you of that holy title, and your retribution is the sacrifice of that social holocaust—your home. This portrait finds many a original that might have sat for it, if you could get her to sit for a fair likeness at all: in all classes of society—in upper and lower—they equally abound—the *Mrs. Contraries*, and how to mend them is the difficulty. The only hope is to persuade them to mend themselves, to make a conscience of their tempers; to appreciate the *sin*, as well as mischief of their course;

and thus be led to seek a higher and holier source of strength than their own, to achieve that victory which is the noblest conquest in its happy influences—the conquest of self. Women *can* do it if they are determined ; there is a passive power, beyond that of man, in the self-sacrifice and devotion of a true-hearted woman, which often puts male heroism to the blush ; and of all kinds of hero-craft there is none so noble as the daily, steadfast, self-subdued, and all-subduing heroine of home ! If I could persuade one to make the experiment—beginning from to-night—in the spirit of that high-minded charity that “ beareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things,” then, however dark the cloud that may be occasionally lowering from without, within she shall fare like the Israelites in Goshen, who, in the midst of Egypt’s darkness, had light in their dwellings.

Take the husband case. It is a physiological canon, that ascendancy generates tyranny, and hence the social position, and superior physical, and perhaps mental power of the husband inclines him to despotism. To speak the truth, it is to be feared that the huge majority of husbands are arbitrary ; it may be accounted for in some instances by the wear and tear to which they are subject from the daily world without, rendering them jealous of any appearance of a similar coincidence conspiring against them within ; or it may be vexation seeks a safety-valve in another victim (the heart’s homicidal sacrifice to its selfish sympathies) ; whatever the cause, misery—like the fallen spirit—

yearns to re-produce itself, and like sin, generates its own tormentors. A bad temper seeks its fiendish gratification in spoiling other tempers, and the opportunity is most easily presented in a family. No matter what the station in society, the family is dependent upon its head for support, and there are many men, mean and unmanly enough to take advantage of this. Nero had not been a tyrant if he had not been an emperor, and the ill-tempered man would often not be a Martinet, if he were not a father. The lust of power indulged to an excess of intoxication, cannot slake its thirst but in tears—and the music of its demoniac revelry is the sigh and the sob and the grim accompaniment of groans. There are interiors of dwellings where devils might feel at home. I have heard of their midnight orgies from those whose melancholy lot it was to watch and wait upon them.

Mark that wretched wife, whose whited face looks more like a statue stolen from a sepulchre, sitting at her chamber-window, without fire or candle—watching for the return of the brutal sot she is ashamed to call her husband. The children are asleep around her—their heavy hearts, too young to bear their burden, have dropped it in the arms of slumber, and yet the moisture oozing from their unconscious eyelids, indicates the tears with which they cried themselves to sleep—sorrow's only lullaby!—or else betokens the spectral grief which haunts their very dreams, in the shape of an unnatural father.

What pains he has been at to make those young

hearts hate him ! Terror's natural offspring is abhorrence, poisoned love rankles into hate, in every form in which affection is corroded, and thus parental despotism compels the filial treason, they hate him in the proportion in which they dread him, for this dread has aroused the instinct of self-preservation against him who has alarmed it, and the father is lost sight of in the oppressor. Shocking reproach, to identify the unconcealable lineaments of detestation in the ruffled features of a child; but what cares he ? If they slept the sleep of death, he would drink their winding sheet, and bury them without a blush as naked as they were born ; there might be a maudlin tear or two at their funeral, if he hoped the sympathy of a spectator would afford him the price of another cup ; but, as to the sense of bereavement, where was its place in that heart, which *habitually* bereaved them of a parent, and left them more than orphans—the children of a living filicide ?

It is long past midnight, and the first hour of the embryo morning is about to strike its lonely note, as the quick ear of the miserable vigilant catches the sound of a footfall—but it is only her eldest little one, whom sorrow has made precocious in her sympathy, stealing from her broken slumbers to enquire—“Mother, are you tired ?—go to bed, mother, and I'll wait and let him in.” “*Him*,” mark you—not “father,” and the wife's first impulse to reprove is smothered in the anguish of the mother's recollection how he lost the sacred appellation. “Go back to bed,

my child, I'm not tired—go, and say a little prayer for father, lest he should forget it when he comes—and go to sleep, my Mary.”

But Mary cannot go, her little heart is *too* little for its load of grief, and breaks into tears, because she saw her mother had been weeping, and had had no company. “Oh, mother, your heart is broke, and I'll break mine if you send me away from you. He won't striko me, and he can't beat you, if I stand between you.”

“Hush, Mary! who told you that he beat me? but hark, I hear him coming now.”

Offending even the eyes of darkness, till it seemed to frown the darker, and breaking the grateful silence of the night by his blasphemous soliloquies, the sacrilegious invader of his fellow-creatures' repose, wends his way down the long, lonesome streets—so lonesome, that as there was nothing else to curse except its loneliness, he cursed that! More than once the loud stagger echoed in the empty street like a fall, and the startled wife was about to run to his succour, when the resumed tottering footsteps arrested her attention. Again the unsteady lounge seemed threatening a stumble, and he madly plunged forward as if to catch his falling equilibrium, with his forehead aimed, like a battering-ram, against the masonry of the pavement, and on he goes, staggering like a wounded ox to the slaughter, sweltering with drink, and foaming with execrations, butting his way “as one that beateth the air,” till he gains his home, which is soon turned into

a gate of hell, where his terrified family supply the weeping and wailing, and he, the gnashing of teeth. And what a *tableau vivant* of abject wretchedness meets his albinoid eye, too blind with drink to recognize but just enough of its hideousness to provoke his resentment, forgetting—among the rest of the things he should have remembered—that it was his own handiwork.

Where has fled the infant beauty of that leprous-cheeked child, prematurely-withered, like an aged dwarf, and frail and fibrous as a skeleton leaf mimicking a winter tree? Who has whitened every face in that living charnel-house—like flowers that sickly bud in cellars—with want, and woe, and the absent light of a father's tenderness? Why does that stricken mother, whose constant tears have petrified a heart that otherwise would have broken—why does she think less sadly of her children in the churchyard, than of those famished little ones whose fate is still undetermined? The vampire who feeds on their corruption, is among them, and there was disease, hunger, and nakedness; the very house, in its squalid, patched, and awry exterior, sympathized with its inmates; its solitary chimney, lurching out of the perpendicular, seemed to reel on the house-top, like a demon dancing a delirious triumph over the home of the drunkard, to the chattering accompaniments of those loose characters, the tiles on the shattered roof—and underneath were chambers that had no beds but the floor, as if they had a presentiment there

would be little sleep there, and therefore did without them; the precipitous stair groaned as if it felt the weight of every foot that trod upon its emaciated scantlings—the furniture below, bade a dismal defiance to distress-warrants, strong in the consciousness of its aggregate worthlessness; there was scarcely a chair or table, as if they would have been a mockery, where rest and family meals were the exceptions, but their usual domestic services were discharged by an inverted empty beer-barrel, hollow as the heart of him that emptied it; *a little broken child's toy lying on the floor, looked like an emblem of the little broken hearts that had no heart to play with it!* the dirt and irregular fractures, that, like a map of misery, disfigured the walls, were here and there relieved with patches of ribald songs, contradicted by an old greasy print or two from the New Testament histories; two large lonely nails, rusty from disuse, betrayed the lengthened interval that had elapsed since a family fitch had garnished them—a dull mosaic of parti-coloured clots of filth, animate with sturdy vermin, asphalted the hearth—the vacant cupboard, with its door unhinged, lounged obstinately open, as if it disdained to shut up nothingness—the chilly fire-place, black and ill-smelling with the stale soot that had fallen, like snow in mourning, on the ashes of its departed fire, had no chimney ornament but a stuffed bird, whose artificial eyes were more brilliant than any of the real ones it looked upon—the riddled ceiling exposed its grim joists and dusty laths, like the ribs of a skeleton, as if the house

itself had been starved to death—the windows had been so long unglazed, that the weary frames seemed broken down with the sad sights that sickened them, and the raw, cold breath of winter, wheezing through their gaping apertures, was gagged with the sorry fragments of old clothes, that scared every passing vendor but the ragman—the robe-knacker, to whose residuary clutches the worn-out chattels of humanity fall at last—this was the drunkard's welcome home!

“Mother, remove that disappointed suckling from thy dried-up breasts, or it will catch the blow its father meant for thee.” Too hoarse to be articulate, the passer-by hears nothing but the reverberation of blows, between the shrieks of wife and children—the infuriated monster is enraged at the sight of the misery he has himself created, and like an incarnation of the cruel gods of heathendom, riots in the agonies of his ill-fated votaries. Was it a *fable* we read in our boyhood, of Saturn swallowing his offspring as soon as they were born? It is realized with more refined ferocity in the parental drunkard, who swallows them piecemeal. And, alas! for the short-armed impotency of human legislation, there are laws for the house-breaker who breaks a door, but none for the home-breaker who breaks a heart!

Wretched miscreant, thou art hitherto a licensed madman without even the plea of Providence that made thee mad—thou art the deliberate precipitant of thine own paroxysms, dangerous and deadly as they are; there is no law yet, to stay the hand that lifts the

maddening goblet to thy brain, though thou knowest it to be drugged with the agonies of a famished homestead !

The adult intelligence of the age has, at length, made penal the prostituted honor of the duellist ; its next step will be to brand with an equal infamy the good-fellowship of the drunkard.

I knew a woman whose fate it was to be matched with such a husband ; and use, that reconciles the slave to the lash, had led her to such a kind of comfort as this—“ *It's not so bad now the children are grown up, for they are too big to take a beating from him, and I can run out of his way—once I durst not do it, lest he should kill the baby.*”

Here was a mother chained, as it were, by the arms of her infant, to any amount of suffering that might be inflicted, lest her little innocent gaoler should pay the penalty of her escape. Why, such a wretch deserves the poet's vengeance, who would

“ Place in every honest hand a whip,
And lash the rascal naked round the world.”

Now, I am afraid there may be some merely occasional tipplers, who will turn from the foregoing repulsive picture I have drawn, and flatter themselves—“ *This is no portrait of mine ;*” but are you sure of that ? are you sure it never *will* be like you ? We seldom recognize our own likenesses, whether in a painting or a parable, and perhaps, from the same reason, that if they be true to nature, our self-love is

dissatisfied. The habit may not yet have developed itself in all its deadly hideousness, but it is in process. The dram is the embryo of the drunkard. A traveller in Ireland was once shewn a small skull, as the head of St. Patrick, "No, no," said he, "that can't be, I saw St. Patrick's head at Armagh, and it was a skull twice the size of this one." "Thru for you," was the ready reply—all the more ready because it was not fettered by any regard to truth—"Thru for you, but this was St. Patrick's skull *when he was a boy!*" There is something merely ridiculous in the incident, but its converse truth may serve us as an illustration. No man has two skulls. Nor is the skull of childhood shed like the teeth, but grows on and strengthens into the firm-set head of the adult, and the mind that's lodged in it, is only the grown and developed mind of the child—"the boy's the parent of the man"—so that what the boy is, that the man will be; and so it is with habits—he who has commenced the course of excess must not flatter himself that the occasional instance will not grow into the rule. In some the indulgence in stimulants is precocious, and becomes suddenly fixed and habitual; in others it is a slower process—but in all it grows; it is the nature of stimulants to proceed in a kind of arithmetical progression, doubling their quantity at the successive series of their stages, till nothing short of intoxication is the invariable result. And hence the mere taste for the tavern is the first insertion of the wedge that is by and by to break up the home. And, in the meantime, while

the eventual proficient in debauchery is only in his apprenticeship, much distress and misery is at once inflicted on his home. He sullenly carries thither all that ill temper, and irritating annoyance, and tyrannical outbreaks, which he is too great a coward to give vent to where it would be resented. He can brutalize without retaliation on his defenceless wife and children, and hence the forced smile and exotic jest, and unhearty song—which procure him the title of a good fellow abroad—have their hypocrisy indemnified by his real churlishness and indigenous ferocity at home.

I like to unmask these nice men, these pleasant good-company tigers, who wag their tails and carpet their claws under their furs, and never shew their teeth till they get back to their own dens again; it is a kind of social swindling and a species of duplicity which merits as much reprobation as any other want of integrity. If it be a Christian professor whose character this is, he adds hypocrisy towards God to his dissimulation with man, and society and the church should both alike repudiate him.

If I knew it, I would not have such a man at my table or in my kitchen, he should neither be my friend nor my servant—they that love their homes, should thus take the part of other people's, and when the domestic virtues thus became fashionable and popular, shame or fear would make these antidotes less common than they are. Society banishes from its sympathy the frail one who has destroyed her own peace—let it be the equal penalty of them, who systemati-

cally destroy the peace of others. In His eyes, who is as merciful as He is pure, the delinquents are not far from parallels. But, how would you deal with the more extreme case which, extreme as it is, is yet unhappily too common? We said just now "Lash the rascal," and your instinctive sense of justice, and generous sympathy for the defenceless, led you to applaud the sentiment. That is our first impression, but is it the right one? It is not suffering nor disgrace that will cure a drunken maniac, but a season of confinement and separation from his haunts—*forced*, because the maniac has for the time abdicated his moral free agency—but kind, because love is power, and the only power which, like light, is universal in its influence on the evil and the good. The love that rent the rocks round Calvary still melts the flintiest heart to tears—love, that like a jet of the essential fire of the Omnipotent, fuses the least ductile metal and moulds it into a form of godliness. Love is the master-spirit that will by and by extinguish by "the brightness of its appearing," the counter torch of war, and shed upon the enamoured world the, light and beauty of the Prince of Peace. Love is power, and the only power that survived the ruins of the fall, and can rebuild and raise the shattered fabric of humanity to its place again. Love is the secret charm of home, and to restore love is like Israel bringing back the ark that brought God home. Love is the family ark, laid up within the veil of that sacred peace which piety

bestows upon a family, and their little ones are the cherubim that early love to look upon it.

When society shall make its prisons and asylums only the greater homes of love for them that have spoiled their own or that have no other—then, like the machine at Manchester that makes machines, they shall be a home to make homes, and the discipline the inmates have learned there, carried back to their own houses, shall tend to hasten that day when bolts and bars shall have become traditions—the gaol and the scaffold a legend scarcely credible, and armies and battles so seemingly fabulous in contrast with a world at peace, that enlightened history, disdaining the record of the puerile ages of chronology, shall bequeath the tales of hero-worship to the rhymes of the nursery. Let no man think we are wandering from home in these speculative anticipations. Does the politician say—“The battle of the constitution is to be fought in the registration courts,” we contradict his statement; there may be many a battle fought there, but the *peace* and the strength of the constitution must lay its foundations in the homes of England. There its citizens are born, and it won’t do to dredge them like oysters, and “centralize” them on some favourite bank to make them “natives;” the citizen-native must be bred at home—not like the oyster, each in his sulky solitary shell, heaped up in masses of fellow-exclusives—but by families and households, multiplying the shrines of home, till the whole land is home-bred, and there is not a heart in it that does not

beat for home, and there is no moral disease among them except that which is called home-sick, which no political charlatan can cure, whether he label his nostrum—tory, whig, or chartist, protectionist, destructionist,—or, tobaccoist, whose honest trade does not pretend to more than smoke!

Our argument is still for Home. I do not abuse political parties, as such—abuse is common enough, because it is easy enough; but I decry the bigotry of party, as if one was all right and the other all wrong. Parties may be necessary for the present condition of the social system, on Alfred's principle of making every man the check upon his neighbour: but it is inflicting on society a political curse like Ishmael's, "whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him." This cannot be always the case. Let home principles achieve an ascendancy, and mere partizanship shall become contemptible in the eyes of every independent honest-hearted Englishman, who will look upon their reciprocal squabbles, and intrigues for place, with that indifference which the sense of comfort and security in his "own place" produces. His merry song will be—

"Like the jolly millers,
Who lived on the river Dee,
I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me."

There is the dawn of a better policy already streaking our legislative horizon in the laws relating to the homes of the people. We read, *usque ad nauseam*, of

music for the million, and books for the million, and politics for the million, but I want homes for the million, and that senator who reverses the sumptuary laws of the ancients (which prescribed the maximum of the rich), by determining a *minimum* for the poor, shall receive a civic wreath, whose leaves will be kept fresh and green by the joyous tears of the thankful homes of England. There is a noble lord who has turned the energies of his powerful and upright mind, in the direction of the poor man's dwelling. He is preparing a great comprehensive bill on the subject of sanitary reform, which must not be touched by the Uzzah-hand of party. It will arouse, no doubt, the alarm of local legislators, and parochial primates, and corporation conclaves, and the whole bray of beadle-dom will "*arise and shake themselves as at other times.*" But they have slept away their strength and influence with the communities whom they have misgoverned; the rod of the state-schoolmaster is busy with the children; it must be seconded by the scrubbing-brush with the parents. But in order that sanitary measures may be effectual, they must be universal, and not subject to the apathy, or ignorance, or prejudice, or local interests of particular bodies. Hence the provisions of the bill to which I have adverted—its grand object is the poor man's home, and the man who would begrudge it deserves no home himself. I cannot help hoping and thinking there may be many landlords—like a friend of mine in Wolverhampton—who thinks it as much his duty to whitewash and

repair his tenant's houses as to receive their rents ; and to exhibit as much respect for the decencies and conveniences of *their* homes as for his own ; and well was he repaid for thus treating and trusting the poor. In the time of distress a few years since, he directed his collector to distrain none that were out of work—he forbore to break up their homes, and they fell back upwards of £40 in arrears, a large sum for such small rentals. Well, the times mended, and they whose homes had been spared, shewed they were well worth sparing—for, in small weekly instalments, long since, the whole sum has been paid up, and an amicable understanding established between the landlord and tenants which will not easily be broken. All honour to such men ! Now, government can do much, and landlords can do more, but the tenants themselves can do most. Let the humbler classes begin their domestic reformation themselves. Water is abundant—soap reasonable—sandstone comeatable, and the days long enough to find an hour or two for scrubbing. Then, no house need be without a ventilator, if they pay the least attention to a few simple rules of practical science—throw open the doors and windows as soon as they rise in the morning, and always have a hole at the bottom of the door, which is better than having only one over the window ; it is always safer to have both, because the vitiated air is often heavier than the pure—generally so, when vitiated by any other means than by the warmth of respiration, and thus the pure air cannot descend, and therefore the

poisonous carbonic acid gas in the foul air is breathed twice ; but a hole under the door, to act in concert with the hole over the window, will, as it were supply a pair of lungs to the house, and ventilate with the untaxed breath of heaven the poor man's home.

Air and water, the sweet gratuities of Providence, form the cheap charm of the labourer's home. For these they are independent of acts of parliament, and for the due use of these they are themselves responsible ; if they made the most of what they had within their reach, the poor for their simple wants would be more independent than the rich ; but it is strange that man is almost the only animal who requires to be taught the worth of cleanliness. Now do not say your trades are too dirty to keep yourselves clean. Where is there a dirtier trade than a duck's ? If the poor duck must seek through gutter and pond for her daily food, she still finds time to cleanse every feather on her wings. I do not recommend every "quack," but there are thousands of men and women who might learn a lesson from *these* quacks—whose homes would be all the healthier for it. Let me illustrate this point—of the value and efficacy of cleanliness—by a fact in our naval history. There was a time when a ship was a sailing pest house, a locomotive lazaretto, when there was a ship-fever like the gaol distemper or lodging-house typhus of our own day. This fever, with scurvy and dysentery, also diseases of gaols and lodging-houses, decimated our sailors, unmanned our ships, and crippled our power. This fever was for

the most part engendered by the filth, bad water, foul air, and other similar causes, which did operate in our prisons, and still operate in lodging-houses.

Captain Cook did for the ship what Howard effected for the prison, and with the same result; whereas, gaol-deaths were so frequent, as almost to identify incarceration with the scaffold, so that the huge walls of Newgate were the family sepulchre of vice and misfortune—they are now less common than in the average homes of their inmates; and whereas in the first fleet of the East India Company, the mortality was at the rate of 34 in every 100 men serving one year, and in Lord Anson's voyage 78 in every 100 serving one year: in the voyages of Cook it was much less than one per cent. per annum. How was this enormous economy of life effected? By just four things within the reach of every man of common industry, viz.,—pure water, fresh air, rigid cleanliness, and wholesome diet; thus when scurvy arises, the body otherwise healthy expels the disease at once, by the help of that infallible specific the lime juice, and a well-ordered ship is now the very model of a decent, comfortable home.

Let the poor then see how much they really have in their own power. Air and water are the two open fountains upon which they may draw, *ad libitum*, for health and happiness, without incurring any debt except that of gratitude to God.

This should be the special province of the wife. If Rebecca thought it not beneath her to draw water for

her father's cattle, where is the wife who should be ashamed to draw some for her husband and children.

The wife that is a slattern in her person, and a sloven in her house, drives her husband from his home, and herself from his heart—she looks like no welcome to one or the other; the man's pride is wounded, especially if there be a striking contrast between what she did to *catch* him and what she does to *keep* him. Depend upon it, ladies, it costs infinitely more pains to keep than it does to catch; and she best keeps her husband, who never suffers him to catch her indifferent to his respectability, his interests, or affections. It is worth a wife's while to sacrifice a great deal, rather than her home; habits, like virtues, grow strong under persecution, and it is even best to bear with those that are disagreeable, than have to endure that which is intolerable—herself neglected, and her home forsaken.

I wish I could press this point particularly on mothers. Why, for the sake of some caprice or whim of temper, bring a cold cloud round the fire-place, chilling the poor children, and annoying their father, till he seeks a refuge, from his involuntary disgust, in the anti-domestic circle of the alehouse? Why plague the man into a partial misanthropy, and then murmur at his avoiding the pest-house you have made his home?

Now don't say "you meant no harm"—you have *done* harm; don't boast of your economy, it has lost the charm of disinterestedness—and don't parade your

sacrifices for your children—sacrifice yourself for him, and sooner or later he will reciprocate the sacrifice for you, and your cheerful home shall be the altar where the joint sacrifice is offered, and its sacred incense, like as at the dedication of the Temple, shall fill the whole house!

Again, how abidingly influential is the character of the *father*. There are many hearts amenable to that argument, which can be affected by no other, and it is one which the fresh and plastic mind of youth stores up in the memory, to be seen after many days.

I remember an instance that came under my own observation. Some years ago I met, at the house of a London publisher, an individual whose name was once in the mouth of every scoffer at religion, as the champion of free-thinkers, and the hero of hell!—a man whose blasphemous works subjected him to one of the most memorable State prosecutions on record, and in which prosecution the subtle ingenuity of his defence, not only secured him an acquittal, but enlisted in his behalf, *pro hac vice*, the sympathies of all the less scrupulous partizans of civil liberty.

He told me he was sitting in his shop, I think in Newgate-street, one evening, when his father—with whom he had had no intercourse for years—suddenly came in, walked to the shop window, and taking up a copy of his Parodies on the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and other sacred or devotional formularies—he held it up to his face, exclaiming—“William, this book will sink your soul to hell!” and burst into

a passionate flood of tears. He then turned upon his heel, and abruptly left the shop.

I speak of William H——, who added, "I had never seen my father even slightly moved in my life. He was a man of deep piety, and most consistent life; and the sight of his obvious anguish, and the consciousness that I was the cause of it, fairly overcame me. I followed him, and entreated him to return with me; but could get no answer from him, except a sobbing exclamation—'That cursed book—that cursed book!' I followed him with my intreaties through several streets, and at length, worked up to a point that I could sustain no longer, I promised him, if he would return with me, I would never sell another copy of my Parodies. This prevailed with him. My father returned with me to my house; that night I destroyed every remaining copy on hand, and never sold another."

William H—— lived many years after this, a Christian, and died in the faith of the Gospel.

Again, in their ideas of discipline, fathers should remember the Father of us all, in this His most gracious attribute—"He is not *extreme* to mark what is done amiss." Excessive penalty defeats the law in families as well as nations. A father's law should not be written, like Draco's, in letters of blood, or its precepts will effect no impress on "the fleshy tables of the heart." It reacts as a kind of constructive persecution, and therefore premium upon vice, to punish it with an extravagant severity. The penalty

that exceeds the crime, shifts the public sympathy towards the criminal—and hence the reluctance alike to prosecute or convict, so long as our judges sat under the cruel shadow of the gallows; the spirit of the age that has extorted the abolition of capital punishment, is extending itself to the abatement of corporeal inflictions. It should be a father's last resource; it is with some their *first*, and hence their children grow up with some such feelings towards him, as naturally exist between a driver and his slaves. Children should have a wholesome *fear* of their father, but not a horror. If my children talk to me with bated breath, and under restraint—are evidently relieved when my back is turned—make others their confidants—account it no holiday to take an excursion with me; or, when from home, write to me only from a frigid sense of duty, or to avoid my reproaches, or when they want finances; and even then despatch a stiff, and formal, and unhearty letter—if they are more at ease with one parent than with another, or if the children make common cause against either or both—then we may be sure “there's something rotten in the state of Denmark:”—the parental discipline is injudicious, arbitrary, or too severe.

I admit there are cases in which the children are compelled to take sides with one parent against another, and this is most frequently on the side of their mothers.

Oh! what would become of many a fine thriving little crew of boys and girls in these districts, if it

were not for the love and tenderness of their mothers making up for both parents, as if in instinctive sequence of that physical law of nature that compensates for the loss of one limb, by a twofold strength and agility in the other. How I honour such a mother!—worthy, like the good Elder of Scripture, “of double honour.” The greater her trials, the brighter is her triumph; and there is a heroism in it, before which much that has had monuments erected to its celebrity, must bow down, and veil its comparative insignificance. Oh! Christian mothers—mothers in Israel—how much we owe to you; how much more than mere birth of body; how often the new-birth of our souls is traceable to your meek, and kind, and holy teaching and example! Ah! the world has never done you justice! It has multiplied its famous arches, and columns, and wreaths, and statues upon them that destroyed homes, but never built a shrine to her that makes them! If there be one lesson I would have my children, and your children, and all children to learn by heart—and never unlearn throughout life, no not even after the grave has made the blessed passion a thing of memory—it is, to love their mothers; not that I mean that partial distinction which would prejudice their father’s claim, but mothers deserve a special compensation for the injustice of history and society that has too much overlooked their due. The father’s struggles, and it may be his self-denying labours and anxieties for their subsistence, are chiefly away from home and

before the world, and the public take cognizance of them—and, with all its errors, society holds in honour the hardy industry of a father labouring for his children. But the world sees nothing of what their mother does for them; there are no witnesses of her daily and nightly cares and troubles for them; and hence her children, who do know them, are specially bound to recognize them and have her in greater honour.

Bear with me in this parenthesis, and let us resume the point of excessive discipline. Excessive indulgence is bad enough, but the other extreme is worse; if the one dissipates the heart, the other hardens it. If with the one, youth is apt to be restive “as a bullock *unaccustomed* to the yoke,” by the other it becomes unmanageable, because it is *galled by it*. If indulgence makes a youth an annoyance to his home, severity makes home a terror to the youth, and the moral sense stumbles and falls upon the ruins of the domestic—we are beginning our children’s ruin at home—we are unconsciously inclining them to take sides with vice and disobedience, rather than with him who tears them from its embrace so violently; and when the period of parental emancipation comes, the reflux of the pent-up tide bursts all the common barriers of morality.

I remember many a case in point—one in particular strikes my recollection with melancholy force even now. For obvious reasons, names will be withheld, and the narrative given as it was received from the

writer. "The son of Mr. W—— was my school-fellow, he was one of several brothers, all of whom had been trained—by the rigorous discipline of the scourge—into a slavish terror of their father. He, poor man, had himself been far from virtuous in his youth, and in his manhood had traversed to the other extreme of ascetic austerity. I well remember old Mr. W——. Exceedingly short, and of a stout oval person, he seemed to make up in depth of self-conceit for his deficiency in height of stature, and as he sat with his legs crossed, he might have passed for a metaphor taken from a Hindoo idol; his over-hanging upper lip, and beetle brow, and conical-shaped head, contributing to the idealization. Grim as an old lion who could bite, though he could no longer hunt; quiet as a sculpture, and almost as cold and formal, he was hugely unpopular abroad as well as at home; and whenever he had a fit of the gout, the only sympathy I ever heard expressed, was—not "poor Mr. W.," but "woe betide the family!" Perhaps his trade was not over prosperous, his manners were certainly no attraction to customers—but whether it was poverty or parsimony, his domestic economy was on a scale of penury that would have deterred any apprentice who should be advertised to be "treated as one of the family." Even after the boys—there were six or seven of them—had approached to years of manhood, there was scarcely a relaxation of the cartwhip—his favourite weapon for degrading his sons to a level with the cattle. As a specimen of the

domestic tyranny in which he systematically violated the apostolic precept—" *Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath,*" I may record an incident to which I was partially a witness. An elder son, then nearly eighteen years of age, had accepted an invitation to a respectable evening party at a clergyman's house in the neighbourhood; he asked and received his father's permission to go. Just before eleven o'clock I observed my schoolfellow turn deadly pale; I enquired, in a whisper, if he were ill. He answered, with a ghastly effort at a joke—"No, but I was ordered to be home by ten o'clock, and I find it's just on the stroke of eleven; I shall be locked out, and shall have to commit a burglary to get to my bed room."

We met at school the next morning—my schoolfellow's eyes were bloodshot and swollen with weeping—his cheeks livid as a patient's after a surgical operation—and a large swelling, protruding from his forehead, prevented him from putting his hat on without great pain. I asked him privately how he fared on the yester-night. He burst into tears of rage, and bid me follow him into a retired part of the playground; he there removed his coat and shirt, and exhibited a back and shoulders one entire mass of blood and bruise! "I *was* locked out," said he, "as I expected, and when I had climbed the wall, and at the risk of my neck reached my bedroom window, got in and undressed, I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by a shower of blows upon my naked

body—I started out of bed in a fright—it was my father belabouring me with a huge stick, which, after blow upon blow, till he was breathless, he broke over my head—and I fainted!” “If I had not fainted,” said he, “I was in such a fury I should have struck him again—perhaps killed him! I should have done that which never could have been undone—lifted my hand against a Father! I turned sick at the sight, and a sort of men-boys as we were, we mingled our tears together.”

It was that day solemnly resolved among the champions of the sixth form that Mr. W—— be voted “a Nero,” and be slated the first visit he paid to the school. The next morning came, and Silas—(I forbear the name, as some of the parties are living) did not appear; it was rumoured he was ill, and day after day passed on, and still he came not; one of the boys at last ventured to enquire of Mr. W—— himself, as he met him in the street, how Silas was? Mr. W—— turned on him a self-reproaching look of anguish as he answered, “Do you know where he’s ‘gone? tell me, that’s a good lad, and I’ll give you a guinea.” The boy of course confessed his ignorance, nor was it known for years what had become of him, till the tidings reached his home—if home it could be called—that he was one of the volunteers in the British Legion, under General Evans, who had met the obscure death of a cadet in the late war of the Spanish succession. Another son died the untimely death of a drunkard, in one of the Channel Islands, whither

he had been attracted by the cheap price of brandy, the means of his debauched suicide. A third, preferring any home to his fathers, married unwisely, and is living in seclusion and poverty. A fourth * * * a fifth * * * and a sixth—but I forbear details, as they were too singularly unfortunate to escape identification. Enough for our purpose to remark that the ruin of all those youths must be ascribed to their Father's ascetic and morose forgetfulness of the Apostle's canon of parental discipline—"Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" and the want of imitating His gracious attribute, of whom it is written—He is "not *extreme* to mark what is done amiss."

School education is not our subject, or else I would say, the school should be an *alter idem*—another home, only with a larger family; and the nearer school assimilates to home, the sooner will its influence reach the intellects of children, through their affections. Home and school should walk by the same rule—mind the same things; it is when the severity of school presents a repugnant contrast to the tenderness of home; or when, as is more frequently the case, the indulgence, or anarchy of home, contradicts the legitimate discipline of school—that the interests of both suffer; they are antagonistic forces, instead of parallel auxiliaries, and the youth is ruined between them. This is the secret of the failure of school education in so many instances among the humbler classes. If the father or the mother con-

tinually set an example of swearing, quarrelling, drinking, lying, or idling at home, in vain are the instructions at school. The master is no match for the parent; *they realize between them the fable of Penelope's web—the day's work at school is undone by the night's work at home.*

IN CONCLUSION.

I have touched upon many evils that embitter and destroy home—what are the remedies? Three words of Scripture comprehend the whole mystery—temperance—godliness—cleanliness. *Temperance*, not only in diet and drink, but in speech, temper, dress, furniture, visiting, and amusement so regulated as not to trespass upon the hours of daily labour. *Godliness*, in the meek and lowly faith of a Christian, constituting the home a little tabernacle of God, whose pastor-father realises the beautiful image of the Saviour, in “feeding his flock like a shepherd, and carrying the young ones in his bosom;” and *Cleanliness*, which good old Wesley said was “next to godliness,” and *nearer* to it than many imagine.

I have a small opinion of a dirty Christian; it is no respect to religion to lodge her in a dusty untidy house; it is an ill compliment to the little public of home to pay no attention to their comfort, but to hang out a sign of equally good entertainment for man and horse, in whose *Augæan stables*, rather than chambers, the beast gets the better of the man; bad *fetting*, as the phrase is, will make both man and

horse rough, and spoil their breed and paces. No wonder, if you lodge men like cattle, if in other ways they make beasts of themselves. Let wives and mothers look to this, and let the neatly-furnished or cleanly-sanded floor out-rival the seductive sawdust of the tap-room, and the tidily-dressed cheerful wife eclipse the mercenary smirk and finery of the barmaid ; give your tongues an occasional holiday, don't make their pretty music too cheap, nor too sharp, even better to be too flat—keep time, and as much as possible in tune with your husband's key-note, and the children's chorus and your own will be all the heartier and merrier.

And if there were any here likely to fall into the habit, I would add, avoid that gossiping habit called *neighbouring* ; you sometimes see a dozen women grouped at a street-corner the best part of a morning, and instead of minding their homes, there they are, all talking at once, and the louder the longer, till the excessive mutual "familiarity," which it is said "breeds contempt," is delivered of the volley of reciprocal abuse, and the secrets of each other, which had been corked up in their brittle bottles for months, burst—and of course the bottles are broken, and the pieces flung at each other ; and not content with the local exhibition of the street, a second edition is next week brought out before the magistrates, and the silly creatures are sent home again mutually bound over to keep the peace, which is kept in a smouldering, angry, "*neighbouring*" feud, till the expiration of the

peace articles raises the Phoenix-quarrel from its ashes with redoubled vigour and animosity. This comes of neighbouring.

Eschew the paltriness of jealousy—it not seldom provokes the real criminality in retaliation of the unjust charge; and let husbands feel equally bound to abstain from that foolish and offensive flirting, which cannot but be annoying to her whose exclusive claims are thus trifled with. Cultivate, both of you, the grateful sense of perfect confidence in each other's truth, fidelity, and mutual love, and let it be the hardest and the last thing between you to be persuaded to the contrary.

Stand by each other in trial and trouble, in joy and grief, in wealth or want: have and hold to each other like the two arms, whose reciprocal approximations to each other form the bosom in which the family retreat is safe and peaceful—let not a doubt, nor sullen thought, nor ungenerous secret insert its subtle wedge between your hearts—and then, like the old Roman cement that time has hardened to a hardness greater than the granite which it joins, it shall be easier to break your hearts themselves, than to separate the bond that binds them together!

Don't call this mere preaching—it may be none the less true “for a' that;” it may be a homely homily, but it is no romance. If husbands thought it worth their while to love their wives, and the wives thought it worth their while to deserve it, what homes would there be smiling about us! Instead of churches

without congregations and houses without homes, there would go forth a public virtue and morality from their natural birth-place, the Christian home—driving, with the small-corded whip of domestic influence, blasphemer and drunkard from temple and street; market itself would be like a great family gathering; vice, ashamed to show itself, would become extinct, like the wild beasts of the field on the increase of human kind—there would take place a great moral *clearing* among the brushwood and cover of society—the rusty sign of the deserted ale-house would only creak its own epitaph—and on the ruins of scaffold, and jail, and stronghold—and who knows perhaps of Union Workhouses too—would rise the merry homes, built up of these old materials, containing within their hallowed precincts a charm and a sanction beyond the reach of all law, except that law which only waits its general adoption to swallow up all other law—as the sunlight puts out the feeble starlights that did well enough for the darkness—that law that owns no inferior lawgiver but the lips of the Divinity, “*Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you.*”

And, where is this law to be learned but at home, where man first learns the meaning of a *brother and sister*? home—where brotherhood kindles its first sympathies, and feels its first exercise of disinterestedness; home—the scene of the first onset against individual selfishness; home—the mother, home—the source of the heart’s first holy passion, and so

often of the last and only one on which memory may cast a shade, indeed, but no blush : home—the heart's home—with all its second attachments, still the first and last ; home—the model of commonwealths and type of heaven—the bed of sickness—the refuge from toil—the compensation of poverty—the unsubstituted glory of affluence, without which a palace is a poor-house ; home—the want of which the incarnate Mediator mourned with a pathos not exceeded by any sighing even of His trials—"the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head ;" home—that cheapest luxury, that like the light, and air, and water—God's open-handed mercies—I would offer to all, without money and without price. Yet home is the great fatal want of our industrious masses, and they unconsciously resent the absence of its charities and virtues on the public peace and morals of the community, which takes no heed of their destitution.

We may enlarge our schools, and multiply our churches, and endow our hospitals—extend our unions, erect our barracks, and strengthen our gaols—but, if we leave the people without homes—schools, churches, hospitals, unions, barracks, and gaols, will be a solemn farce. We ventilate our prisons, let us give some fresh air to honest homes : we choose open and healthy spots for our soldiers, let us give breathing space to the citizens ; we decorate our churches, let us give their congregations decent houses. We have our "animals' friend societies," let our fellow-man have a share of the sympathy. The statutes in

favour of sanitary reform now give ample powers to local authorities to remove nuisances, and compel cleanliness: let these, in every case, be promptly and rigidly enforced. A man has no more right to poison his neighbour by the nuisance of a dung-heap, than by mixing arsenic in his food; if the parish pump were defiled by any individual, people would be ready to tear him to pieces—yet, this they drink, perhaps, only twice a day: but the foetid air is respired every moment—and yet there are men, who, if compelled to remove their plague and fever depôts, would resent it as a trespass on the liberty of the subject!

The hydrophobious champion of the dust-hole takes his stand upon its congenial heap of filth, and maintains his right to poison himself and all around him. Like a stern old partizan I once heard answer the enquiry at an election, as to who he was for, by naïvely replying—“*I'm for abuses!*” there are many who mean that without saying it, and many who act it without wishing to do so, and that because of their ignorance of the mischief of certain habits and customs. But nothing should be legal, as there is nothing moral, which militates against the homes of the poor! Legislation can, however, effect little, without the benevolent coöperation of the community. Each parish must take in hand, subject to the provisions of statutes, its own homes! and if the first outlay be considerable, it will soon be repaid in the gratifying form of diminished disease and its resulting pauperism and vice. We must make the effort, if needs be, on the scale of the

philanthropic Howard, "Our luxuries should give way to others' comforts—our comforts to others' conveniences—our conveniences to others' necessities—and even our necessities to others' extremities!"

“FIFTY YEARS SINCE.”

1862.

THE title of this lecture, which, on the spur of the moment, and in an evil hour for myself, I gave to the gentleman who requested of me this humble service to the Chelsea Dispensary, opens a wide field of retrospective contrast with our own times. I feel like a ship at sea, whose undetermined course is embarrassed by her excess of liberty, to steer where she likes, and doesn't know what she likes. . Where shall I steer? A wag at St. John's, Cambridge, bantering a quaint old friend of mine, asked him, "What's y'r opinion of things in general?" The reply turned the tables on the wag—"Well, I think there's a good deal to be said on both sides." That's very much the case with the subject of my lecture—"Tis Fifty Years since." There's so much to be said on all sides that if it were *all* said, "Fifty years since" would take fifty years hence to say it. But there is no occasion on any subject to spin out *all* there is to be spun. That's the blunder which manufactures tedious lectures, and prosy speeches. All that's wanted to convey an idea

of a theme, like the map of a country, which only gives its general outline of coast, mountain, and river, is to indicate a few leading points of illustration, leaving the hearer to fill up the mental picture to his own fancy; and every one fancies he could do it better than anybody for him. I propose for your sake, and my own, to limit our retrospects to Chelsea, the home of most of us, and as pleasant a suburb as any of which even London can boast. It was formerly called "the Village of Palaces." No village in the world has been equally distinguished by illustrious residents. Chelsea *Reach* was so fashionable a rendezvous of pleasure barges in the reign of Charles II. that it was a Pall Mall afloat, and was called "Hyde Park on the Thames." The Mussulman style of the fine new bridge now spanning the river would suggest to highly imaginative minds associations of the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, if the water was only of a more poetical, and less chemical, colour, and the sky a trifle less foggy. Spite of the Act of Queen Elizabeth, who, as a Royal spinster, was conventionally averse to the increase of Metropolitan population, and therefore prohibited the building of any more new houses within three miles of London, the 300 houses in Chelsea in 1705 reached 2300 in 1809, and are now not less than 9000, of which 750 have been built during the last ten years. In 1800 there were only the small Parish Church and Park Chapel, but now, through the efforts of the late Rev. H. Blunt, and specially of later years those of the Rev. R. Burgess,

Chelsea has now eight churches. In 1801 the population was 11,604, at the last census, in 1861, it was 63,423. In two generations it has nearly increased six-fold. The rapid increase of buildings, and of the smoke which irradiates chimnies, has been fatal to the celebrity of the old botanical gardens, called by that eminent physician and local benefactor, Sir Hans Sloane, then Lord of the Manor of Chelsea, "the Physic Gardens." Nevertheless, in our suburban memoir, this once famous nursery of botanical science could not be overlooked. The specimens raised here, preserved and dry-nursed in the *hortus siccus* of the Royal Society (to which collection the garden was bound to deliver annually fifty specimens on pain of forfeiting its lease) will perpetuate the memory of Chelsea Paradise, long after flowers have ceased to bloom on its desolate acre, and the courtly statue of Sir Hans Sloane, by Rysbrach, has crumbled to dust, like the original, whom it faithfully represents. His name survives in Sloane-square, Sloane-street, and Hans-place, not to mention that singularly useful establishment for the training of domestic servants, and where some of the best are trained—the Hans Town School. Sir Hans Sloane was the first physician who had ever been raised, as he was, by George I. to the dignity of a baronet. He probably marks the period of the transition of the faculty from the barber-surgeon-craft, to the professional standing, which has since become so deservedly aristocratic. He was chosen president of the Royal College of Physicians,

and built their beautiful gates at his own cost, and on the death of Sir Isaac Newton was elected president of the Royal Society. Chelsea may be well proud of the man, whose generosity founded, and whose patronage sustained, the *third* Botanical Gardens in the kingdom, after Gerardes and Tradescants. Near this garden, at the Swan (now the Swan Brewhouse) was established the waterman's annual prize for the championship of the Thames, called "Doggett's Coat and Badge." Its founder was Thomas Doggett, a celebrated Irish actor of his day, who gave the prize to the best rower of six apprentices just out of their time, and his motive was to commemorate the accession of the House of Hanover. A waterman's dog-grel thus celebrates Doggett:—

Let your oars, like lightning flog it,
Up the Thames as swiftly jog it,
An' you'd win the prize of Doggett,
The glory of the river !
Bendin', bowin', strainin', rowin',
Perhaps the wind in fury blowin',
Or the tide agin you flowin',
The coat and badge for ever !

Within fifty years ago, Frazer's nursery in Sloane-square was specially noted for its constant importation of North-American plants and seeds. The only relics which survive on the spot are seedy plants of cabs and omnibuses running to and fro, like unnatural horse-radishes on routes above ground. Chelsea is probably indebted for a distorted oblong of sanitary

lunge to the reluctance with which the ground was ultimately abandoned as a garden, when its botanical centre became hemmed in on every side by antifloral bricks and mortar. Imagine a public advertisement calling attention now, as it did forty years ago, to "a new rhododendron, two new kalmias, and two new azaleas, at Messrs. Frazer's, in Sloane-square." Friar Tuck still maintains his ground manfully, though slovenly, in the gardens between Sloane-square and Cadogan-place, and has my best wishes for his success in retaining the last lingering semblance of horticulture in this once flowery suburb. It will be worth while subscribing to maintain there, the last rose of Chelsea, on its solitary stalk, if only as a pension to the surviving representative of its old botanical glories, when Chelsea was a hamlet, and sprouting apprentices from the Apothecaries' Company came with their stalky tutors, botanising in the fields now covered with streets, with nothing green in them, except here and there a ratepayer, and nothing flowery, except the parochial orators of the Vestry Hall.

In the year 1824 was sold the site of Old Janeway's Bell Foundry, whose works still make a noise in the world from the belfries of the Old Church, and of Kensington, Kingston, and St. Martin's in the Fields. As I have bound this lecture within an indenture of fifty years, or at least within the current century, I resist the temptation to touch upon the ancient Chelsea Fishery. When Thames flounders were not a myth, when fish could live in the river, and men could

breathe on its banks. There was water in those days without the mud; the Thames was a river, not a ditch, and sewers were not eye-sores. I was amused at the quaint retort of a money-taker at Hungerford Pier the autumn before last. The effluvium from the Thames was unusually offensive, and by way of civilly condoling with the man, I said, "I pity your being exposed to this smell all day." "No smell at all, Sir," said he derisively, "it's nothing but a lie o' them railway to get the fares off the steamers." That was a gallant pursuit of business under difficulties, not to be led by the nose. Sandy End, on the Fulham side, was the residence of the poor courtesan, Nell Gwynne, to whose abode at Chelsea the location of the Royal Hospital is probably due. "The World's End" tavern was a rural out-of-doors resort, the predecessor of Ranelagh and Vauxhall. It is curious, that in its immediate vicinity a similar establishment has returned, in the shape of Cremorne Gardens, which take their name from Lord Cremorne, part of whose estate the gardens occupy, much to the annoyance of their peaceable neighbours. Then there is the old Moravian Burying-ground, where the zealous brethren have slept for generations, the males on one side of the cemetery, and females on the other, perpetuating in death the *unitas fratrum (non sororum)*, the quaint custom of the division of the congregation in life. Mrs. Hall records among the names on the tombs, Anna Benigna La Trobe, and James Gillray, forty-years the sexton there, and father of Gillray,

the famous HB of the past century. Adjoining this cemetery was Sir Thomas More's house, for a time the home of Erasmus and of Holbein, whom Erasmus had introduced to the Chancellor. No Lord Chancellor since Sir Thomas More ever left the Court of Chancery without a single cause on its list. Hoddesden reports a clever epigram on the memorable achievement :

When More sometime had Chanc'llor been,
 No MORE suits did remain.
 The same shall never MORE be seen,
 Till More be there again.

I'm afraid not.

Mr. Faulkner, to whose highly interesting History of Chelsea the Lecture is mainly indebted for its facts and authorities, describes More's resignation of office, his passing his time at Chelsea altogether in study and devotion, not without some presentiment of the storm which was gathering over his head—writing thence his touching letter to King Henry, when judgment was passed against him, repudiating any connection with the conspiracy of "the Maid of Kent," whom More called "that wicked woman of Canterbury." It strikes me as somewhat significant, that this Romish imposture should have been concocted in Aldington, of which parish Erasmus was then the minister. Perhaps it was a device to counteract the pious and learned professor's influence.

The pathetic play of More's wit and piety was never so touchingly illustrated as on the day after he

resigned the Great Seal. He went to Chelsea Church as usual with his wife and family, none of whom he had yet informed of his resignation. During service, as his humble wont was, he sat in the choir, in a surplice. After service, it was the custom for one of his gentlemen to go to his lady's pew, and say: "My Lord is gone before." But *this* day, the Ex-Chancellor came himself, and making a low bow, said: "Madam, my Lord is gone." Then on their way home, to her great mortification, he unriddled his mournful pleasantry by telling her, *his* lordship was gone, in the loss of his official dignities. Ah, that Lady, his second wife, and not the mother of the noble Margaret More, was rather a Job's wife, in her rancorous style of address to the poor fallen Chancellor. She urged him in his prison to conform to the King's supremacy, and come from his filthy cell, to his beautiful home, to his wife and children. After he had patiently heard her, he said:

"Good Mistress Alice, tell me one thing."

"What is that," said she.

"Is not this house, as nigh Heaven as mine own?"

"Tille valle, tille valle," said she.

"How say you, Mistress Alice, is it not so?"

"Bone Deus, bone Deus, man, will this gear never be left?"

The Lieutenant of the Tower, who had formerly received favors from the fallen statesman, apologised for his wretched accommodation. More, interrupted him with the cheerful sally: "Mr. Lieutenant, whenever I find fault with the entertainment you provide for me,

do you turn me out of doors." I am tempted to repeat the pitiful story of his gentle and accomplished daughter Margaret's parting with her beloved father, on the morning of his cruel execution. Not ashamed of her illustrious convict Sire, she followed him to the scaffold—repeatedly burst through the crowd, embraced his knees, implored his blessing, wept upon his cheek, bidding him in anguish adieu. In the quaint affecting words of Dibbing, "She was no sooner parted from him, and gone ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell,—overcome—like one who had FORGOTTEN *herself* with the entire love of so good a father, having neither respect to herself, nor to the press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, took him about the neck, and divers times together, kissed him; when, as he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell from his eyes. Yea, there were very few in all the troop, who could refrain hereat from weeping; no, not the guard themselves; yet, at last, with a full heavy heart, she was severed from him for ever!" Erasmus called More's House, "a school, or university of Christian religion." When his most dear Margaret was torn from him, it affords an insight into More's domestic life, the fact that his daughter's nurse, Margaret Giggs, and a maid-servant, embraced and kissed their condemned master, of whom he said after "It was homely, but very lovingly done." His family vault is in the chancel of old Chelsea Church, but he was himself probably buried in the Tower.

Among the subsequent possessors of More's house I find the name of Lady Dacre, who bequeathed it to the great Lord Burleigh. I believe this lady founded the school at Westminster, which bears her name, to which a certain number of Chelsea boys are to this day eligible for admission, at least I procured such an admission a year ago. Afterwards the house came into possession of the Dukes of Buckingham. Dryden's lines on the second Duke, the favourite of the 2nd Charles, are well-known. He pictures the Duke as

A man, so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
He's everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, when still he found too late,
HE had his jest, and THEY had his estate.

Little Chelsea was the residence of the celebrated philosopher and chemist, Boyle, who was born the same year in which Lord Bacon died, so that the well-known compliment to a prince, on his succeeding his royal father, might be applied to the coincidence of the birth of Boyle with the death of Bacon—

"The sun set, and no night followed."—Bacon was boiled.

The Earl of Ossory, after whom the astronomical instrument was named, in honor of his improvements in

it, who was Boyle's grand-nephew, and inherited his love of science, also lived in Chelsea.

Park Chapel, so called from being situate within the precincts of Chelsea Park, was built in 1718; its minister in 1812 was the Rev. John Owen, one of the founders of the British & Foreign Bible Society. The names of Miller, Cadman, and Goodhart have since then successively maintained the *prestige* of that honoured place of worship.

The "Goat and Boots Inn" derives a whimsical interest from the fact of its "sign" having been painted by Morland to pay his tavern bill. The signs about London are often curious. Thus "The Goat and Compasses" marks the Puritan period, and means "God encompasses us." The "Bull and Mouth" shifts us further back, to our naval wars with France, and trophies taken from "Boulogne Mouth or harbour."

"The Devil and a Bag o' Nails," or "Pan and the Bacchanals," imply a classical corruption. As White Lions and Red Lions synchronise with the wars of York and Lancaster, whose symbols were the White and Red Roses. Two other eminent painters—Sastorious and Reinagle—lived in Upper Church-lane; as also Bishop Atterbury, Dean Swift, and Shadwell, who succeeded Dryden, as Poet Laureate. Lord Rochester said, "If Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shown more wit and humour than any other poet." Smollett lived in Lombard-street.

Among the Rectors of Chelsea occur the names of

Dr. Littleton, author of the well-known Latin Dictionary, Dr. Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, Reginald Heber, father of the Bishop of Calcutta and the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan. The monument to Mr. Cadogan in St. Giles', Reading, designed by Bacon, is inscribed with a noble, and, what is rarer in monumental eulogies, a *just* tribute to his memory. This tablet records of Mr. Cadogan that "animated by the noblest ambition, rank, talent, and every other distinction he counted but loss, that he might bear the exalted character of a minister of the gospel of Christ. In the Old Church, Bernini's monument to Lady Cheyne, after whom, and not after Chelsea, "chayney," Cheyne-walk is named, has an elegant Latin inscription. Col. Cadogan, who fell gloriously at Vittoria, is commemorated by a beautiful work of Chantry. The gallant soldier has another, public monument in St. Paul's, and a third in old St. Mungo's Cathedral of Glasgow. Mr. Faulkner relates a touching anecdote of this noble soldier's death on the field of Vittoria. "The 71st had fired, and stood the fire a considerable time; but could not mount the hill effectually. At this time their commander, the Hon. Colonel Cadogan, received a ball in the groin. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by some of his men, and lifted up by them in order to be removed to the rear. The 71st were then about to apply to their old friend, the bayonet, ready for the charge. Their colonel lay in the arms of two soldiers, the balls showering from the hills. 'Stop,

stop,' said he ; ' don't take me away till I see the men charge.' It was done, and gallantly up-hill, too. The colonel cheered, as well as his failing voice would allow, and his last moments were blessed with the smile of victory."

In the line of local manufactures, I may mention that our two most famous articles of indigenous production were the Chelsea china and the Chelsea buns!—the latter retaining its popularity to the present hour. Both are indebted at various stages of their manufacture to the clay and the ovens—both are light and brittle—and both indissolubly associated with Chelsea. But the analogy fails when you touch the question of age. The old china fetches a fabulous price, but no connoisseur ever asks for an antique bun. There is no poetry more delicate, nor was street music more popular, than the old bellman's cry : " Smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns ! " Picture the enthusiasm of a local rhymer thus immortalising the article—

O, flour of the ovens ! a zephyr in paste !
Fragrant as honey, and sweeter in taste !
Hail to the bellman, who sings as he runs,
" Smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns ! "

As flaky and white as if baked by the light,
As the flesh of an infant, soft, doughy, and slight ;
The public devour thee like Goths and Huns,
" Smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns ! "

Prelates, and princes, and lieges, and kings,
Hail for the bellman, who tinkles and sings,
Bouche of the highest and lowliest ones,
" Smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns ! "

Like the home of your birth, or the scent of a flower,
 Or the blush of the morning on field or bower,
 There's a charm in the sound which nobody shuns,
 Of "Smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns!"

Seven cities contended for the birth-place of Homer, and lots of shops assert their paternal claim on the buns. There's the *old* bun-house; well, it might be *old*, but there's the *original* bun-house; well, it might be *original*, but there's the *old* *original* bun-house; well, it might be an *old* *original*, but not the first; so there's the *original* *old* bun-house; there's only room for another claimant, who must assert his establishment as the *old* *original* *old* bun-house, and so close the controversy.

The Chelsea China Manufactory stood in Justice-walk, and has ceased for upwards of seventy years. It was set on foot by Mons. Spremont, a foreigner, who amassed a fortune, but his successors, lacking his spirit and enterprise, abandoned it a few years after, having first petitioned Parliament for assistance and protection, which was very properly denied them. British manufacturers want no parallel to the precedent of a Government monopoly like the Sevres china. Their best customers are their fellow-citizens. Dr. Johnson had an odd fancy that he could improve on the manufacture of the Chelsea china. So Bruin took to baking, and burnt his paws. He was afforded every facility at the factory, but the Great Lexicographer's china, like his temper, failed in the heating—it always prematurely broke in the baking. The

The doctor could roast others, but could stand no roasting on his own spit. With characteristic obstinacy, however, he blamed the ovens, and insisted upon the superiority of his single compound to the sixteen ingredients employed by the overseer of the works. Johnson was the hardest man to be convinced against himself. One recalls Soame Jennyns' biographical epitaph—

Here lies Sam Johnson, reader have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was ; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain ;
A scholar, and a Christian, yet a brute,
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute.
Would you know all his actions, mirth, and folly,
His sayings thoughts, and melancholy ?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he talked, wrote, coughed, and spit."

Poor Johnson was an overlooked man ; but it may be questioned how far this was due to his habit of overlooking others. With all his learning and profound wisdom, he was more censor than critic, and men are apt to retaliate acrimony by injustice. "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." It is easier to challenge enemies than to disarm them.

Among the famous residents in Chelsea may be numbered Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the hero of Cressy and Poitiers ; the first Earls of Berkeley and Manchester ; several Earls of Shrewsbury in succession to a title, now merged in the gallant Earl Talbot.

Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who resided here, was the foundress of the Devonshire House. She married four times: at fourteen, plain Robert Barley; then Sir Wm. Cavendish, the ancestor of the Duke of Devonshire; then a Sir Wm. St. Loo; then the Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she survived, a fourth time widow, seventeen years. She built Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcoates, all in Derbyshire. Chelsea was the residence of Sir Robert Walpole, and a century later of Sir Willoughby Gordon. At the present moment many distinguished writers live in Chelsea, as Carlyle, Miss Jewsbury, and only that nobody knows who are their neighbours, in the multitudinous desert of London, we might add a longer score.

From 1662 to 1820 the palace of the Bishops of Winchester was situate in Cheyne-walk, and numbered amongst its successive residents the Prelates, Trelawney, Hoadley, Brownlow North, and Tomline, or Prettyman. Trelawney, the scion of an ancient Cornish family, was one of the seven illustrious prelates committed to the Tower by James II. for their loyalty to the Protestant cause. When the news of Trelawney's probable peril of life reached Cornwall, the miners proposed coming up to London in a vast body, to demand the good bishop's release. The song in every mouth ran—

And shall Trelawney die?
 And shall Trelawney die?
 Then twice five hundred Cornish men
 Will know the reason why.

Catherine Parr, widow of Henry VIII., possessed the manor of Chelsea, and here Queen Elizabeth, for the only time in her life, a Princess "below Parr," was placed under the Dowager's care. At Catherine's death, Edward VI. bestowed the manor on the Duke of Northumberland, who further induced the King to settle the crown (violating the law of succession) on his daughter-in-law, the Lady Jane Grey. The miserable issue of his disloyal ambition, in the beheading of all the parties concerned, including the innocent and highly-gifted lady Jane Grey, constitutes one of the most pathetic episodes in English history. Lady Jane, executed by order of Queen Mary, and the beautiful, but intriguing Mary, Queen of Scots, suffering the same fate, under Elizabeth, stain the memory of both sisters with the sorrowful exigency of two cruel political penalties. I ought not to omit that Sir Hans Sloane's Museum, sold to the nation at his decease for £20,000, the sum Sir Hans had fixed, being about a fourth its value, was the nucleus, and so far the first foundation of the British Museum.

Chelsea further boasts among its local celebrities Sir Richard Steele, he of the "Tattler," "Spectator," and "Guardian." No. 34 of the "Tattler" gives a humorous description of Don Saltero's collection of rarities at Chelsea. These were chiefly duplicates of his old master's, Sir Hans Sloane, whose valet he had been. Salter continentalised his name to Don Saltero, and was a small Barnum in his way. Steele quizzed the Don's collection unmercifully. "He shows you a

straw hat," says Steele, "which I know to be made by Madge Pescad within three miles of Bedford, and tells you it is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat. To my knowledge of this very hat, it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without straw.

On Dr. Dominiceti's baths, another famous charlatan of the day, Dr. Johnson argued that "medicated baths were no better than warm water, and their only effect that of tepid moisture." One of the company contending for their salutary influence, through the medium of the pores, Johnson surlily replied, "Get thyself fumigated, but be sure the steam be directed to the head, for that is the peccant part." The roar of laughter which greeted this rude sally justified Goldsmith's complaint, that "there was no arguing with Johnson, for when his pistol missed fire he knocked you down with the butt-end of it."

Near the Queen's Elm, so called from having performed the office of court umbrella by sheltering Queen Elizabeth from a shower, lies the Jews' burial ground. It was bought in 1813 by the individuals whose names are inscribed on the wall of the entrance building, and to their descendants the right of interment is still limited. One of these names, Cohen, recalled to my recollection a gentleman, I think a relative of the family, whom I met on my travels, a highly intelligent Hebrew merchant of Hamburg, whose description of the ceremonies used in the house

of mourning tallied exactly with Mr. Faulkner's. My Hebrew friend amused and puzzled me with a sentiment he had once given at a festival of one of the London Guilds. Being pressed for a toast, he gave "The Queen of the Jews, and of no other nation." Many conjectures were hazarded, as wide of the mark as Jezebel, and the Queen of Sheba. The company confessed themselves beaten, and at last my friend gave the answer—"Queen Victoria." But this only darkened the enigma more than ever. At last he said, J. (or I.) E. W. S. makes Ireland, England, Wales, and Scotland, and J-E-W-S spells Jews, and makes Victoria Queen of the Jews and of no other nation. England owes a great national debt of amends to their Hebrew brethren. For several centuries they were bought and sold as chattels, plundered and exiled, as if they were outlaws. In the sixteenth year of Edward I. all the Jews in England were imprisoned, and though they redeemed themselves for a vast sum, three years after, the fraudulent tyrant banished them all; and they remained in banishment 364 years, till the rough justice of old Oliver Cromwell restored them to their trade and worship. The proverb "worth a Jew's eye" alludes to the barbarities practised on the Jews, whose money was commonly extorted from them by drawing their teeth, or putting out their eyes. There are no judgments in Scripture more terrible than those denounced against the oppressors of Judah. We may be thankful that we have lived to witness

the last vestige of injustice to our Hebrew fellow-citizens erased from our statutes. Have we also honestly received the social and religious interests of the Jew into the unreserved sympathy of Christian hearts?

We have no time to dwell on the late Mr. Haworth's Museum of Entomology, and Natural History, the collection of forty years' laborious research—the Ancient Conduit in the King's-road—the Workhouse, built on a site presented to the parish, by its constant benefactor, Sir Hans Sloane, and the transition from the Old Church, to the magnificent structure of St. Luke's, at a cost of £30,000, the first stone of which was laid in 1820, by the then Rector, acting as proxy for his brother, the Duke of Wellington. Its splendid organ, by Nicholls, is fully equal to those of St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey. The Parish Registers commenced in 1559, the first year of Elizabeth, have been accurately kept, except during the interregnum of the Commonwealth, up to the present day.

King James I. founded a College here, for the promotion of polemic divinity, which, however, scarcely survived his pedantic reign. Archbishop Laud sneeringly called it "Controversy College." In Charles II.'s time it was used for confining prisoners of war. Its site is now covered by the noble building, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, called sometimes "the College from its old associations, but more generally, Chelsea Hospital," the home of our mili-

tary veterans. It was begun by Charles II.; and completed by William and Mary.

Where the war of words was waged,
And mouth to mouth the foes engaged,
Still old heroes' tongues fight o'er
The battles which they fought before.
Thus to their prestige true, the wards
Still echo with the clash of words.
Age now shakes the tree of knowledge,
And strews its leaves on Chelsea College.

Now that the splendid range of Barracks on the ancient site of Ranelagh Gardens is nearly finished, they form, in conjunction with the Duke of York's School for the children of soldiers, a tripod of military life. The veterans at the Hospital, the infantry at the School, and the effective troops in the Barracks, combine to present a noble association of military ideas. It is no small attraction to service in the army, when the recruit looks at the Asylum, where his country provides for his orphans, should he fall in battle; or at the Hospital, where his old age may repose, should he be spared to become a veteran. These two institutions, embracing the two extremes of military life, are the best kind of bounty, with which to recruit the third. The Asylum to the Hospital will keep the Barracks full. Several stories are related as to the origin of Chelsea Hospital. The legend I have met with, may probably be true. It states, the King was sitting in his chariot, with

poor Nell Gwynne, when observing her unusually pensive, he asked :

“What ails thee, Nell ?”

She replied : “A dream I had last night troubleth me sore.”

“What *was* thy dream, Nell ?”

“Methought I was in the fields at Chelsea, and slowly and majestically there rose before mine eyes a beautiful palace of a thousand chambers; and in and out thereat walked divers many old and worn out soldier-men. Some had lost a leg, some an arm, others were blind of an eye, many bore piteous scars of old wounds in the wars, upon their wrinkled faces, and all of them were aged, and past service. But none of them looked ill-at-ease; and as they went out, and as they came in, the old men cried : ‘God bless King Charles!’ and I awoke, and was sore discomfitted, that it was only a dream.”

“Cheer up Nelly,” said the King. “Thy dream shall be fulfilled, mayhap, thou shalt yet see old soldiers come in, and go out, crying : ‘God bless King Charles!’” The monarch did violence to his infirmity, and kept his word.

In the burial ground of the Hospital, the droll epitaph to the memory of Wm. Hiseland, states that when above one hundred years old, “he took unto him a wife.” Oh, the centenarian wooer, and antidiluvian bridegroom—of what chronology was his bride? Let us hope she was a silly child at one end of the mortal story, as he was in his second childhood,

at the other. Such a ridiculous inscription is a blot upon the cemetery, and the sooner time obliterates the unseasonable jest, the better for other old boobies to whom the absurdity might prove suggestive. In this cemetery lie the remains of Sir David Dundas, and of many a famous soldier. Also of Dr. Burney, author of the History of music, and father of Madame D'Arblay, who had been for many years college organist.

At the Duke of York's last visit to the Boys' Asylum, which His Royal Highness had founded, the children crowded round their benefactor, and gave him three hearty plaudits. It touched the Duke's soldierly heart to hear the cheers of orphans whose fathers had fought and bled for their country, and contemplating their number, and their affecting claims on the national protection, the Royal Duke shed tears. Patting the head of the foremost boy, in a solemn fatherly way, that seemed to indicate his *heart* patted them all, he exclaimed: "God bless you, my lads!" The late excellent chaplain, the Rev. G. Clark, preached to the boys, on the death of His Royal Highness, exhorting them to "hold his memory in their hearts, and affections: to show their gratitude by improving the advantages he had given them, and by doing their duty to God and man, when they went forth into the world!"

I have only to add to this Chelsea gossip, one more allusion to the familiar name of an institution, which is daily perishing, and yet is daily renewed—a diamond in paste, and yet no deception—a fabric popular alike

to royalty and commonality—an article of constant consumption, yet never finally consumed, kneaded, but never wanting to peer, or peasant, the Chelsea reach within reach of everybody, the savoury morsel which for above a hundred years has not lost its relish—"the smoking hot, piping hot, Chelsea buns." The Royal Bunhouse was a cynosure in the days of George II., King and Princesses frequently partaking of the local *bon bouche*. The last spot I have to notice is my own charge. Alas, for poor St. Jude's district! Mr. Faulkner in his day describes "Jew's-row, and Turk's-row, as, without exception, the most disgraceful parts of the parish." The same is too true to this day, word for word. I hope it is slightly mending, but many a patch is still wanted to cover its moral, as well as physical, rags. There are, after all, many poor souls who are no Turks, living in Turk's row, whose virtuous poverty, immured by its sharp necessities in the cheap dens of this wretched precinct, appeal to Christian sympathy on an equal claim to our respect and charity. The little decent room, retaining in its wholesome atmosphere, a lingering reminiscence of old reputable habits and better days, and startling benevolent visitors by its agreeable contrast to filthy apartments under the same roof, indicates the obscure arena where humble respectability wrestles to hold its own in daily conflict with vagabond contemporaries, and astonishes us by the patient chivalry which amid hosts of vulgar difficulties keeps true and loyal to its own integrity.

The second and shorter part of this lecture bears upon the claims of the Dispensary, whose chronological Jubilee we celebrate to-night.

The ideas of dispensary and jubilee are strikingly cognate. The jubilee was a law of restoration of estate and personal liberty. The dispensary is its counterpart, by restoring its clients to the precious freedom of personal health and to the ability of self-subsistence. Medical charities are peculiarly of the Christian type. In Heathendom the sick and disabled are exposed to perish, but the Christian test of practical discipleship prescribes: "Is any sick, let him call for the elders." A dispensary, or hospital, is relieving the sick broadcast by embracing a larger mass than would be accessible to individual effort, and centralising the remedial forces, which would be wasted in a more desultory action of benevolence. It does not dispense with the personal claim of domiciliary visitation. Charity is no more a proxy than the brother-love whence it springs. The annual guinea is no discharge from the duty of kindly-affectioned intercourse with our poorer neighbours. It benefits both classes, to bring rich and poor into courteous sympathising contact. It encourages, comforts, refines, and relieves the poor; it humbles, softens, and in many ways, instructs the rich. Active Christianity in this shape is imitating the social condescensions of Christ. He "humbled himself" to our low estate. His was a coming down from heaven to earth—from realms of glory to a world of sin—from the ineffable felicities of

Godhead, to the privations, miseries, and iniquities of manhood. "He took upon Him the form of a servant;" "I am among you," said He, "as one that serveth." They that were really great were to be called "benefactors,"—a nobler title in the patents of a celestial peerage than the loftiest earthly aristocracy. I offer no apology to a Christian audience convened for a strictly Christian purpose, for dwelling on the social model of the man Christ Jesus, the divine standard of philanthropy and grace. His whole incarnate life was a continual stooping to condolence with the rude wants and vulgar woes of sinful, suffering human kind. He was a "friend sticking closer than a brother," for they were the poor journeyman's brothers who "passed him by on the other side." His love, "passing the love of women," taught, and toiled, prayed and preached, sighed and wept, went about wearied, and hungered, struggled, suffered, and died for a brotherhood, no nearer to him than an eleemosynary adoption, nor possessed of any stronger claim upon his pity, than that undeservingness of the least of all His mercies, which left them perishing without them. His usual congregation, like His own picture of the Church of Laodicæa, were "the wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." His first disciples were rough long-shore fishermen, outlawed Samaritans, with whom people wondered that he talked; demoniac lads, breaking their fathers' hearts; mothers crying after Him in the streets, over their possessed daughters: weeping harlots, contrite

thieves, confessing publicans, rude soldiers, wayside beggars, lepers, cripples, and diseased outcasts, that scandalised the cold respectabilities of the day, that He should break bread with them : and once, when the outward sanctimoniacs of the temple dragged to those feet, on which the tears of the Magdalene were scarcely dry, an erring sister of her unhappy craft, that they might stone her, and be done with her—He stooped to the dust, the lowly symbol of repentance, at once to teach them mercy, and her contrition—wrote His scripture on the ground they trod on—an inscription worthier of marble tablet and golden lettering than all the sharp pitiless canons of their rabbis ; “ Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone at her ! ” Thus our Lord’s indiscriminate compassion teaches us, that even vicious antecedents form no exclusion from fellow-creatures’ right to sympathy in distress.

There is the model for benevolent action. The dispensary is the modern Bethesda, with its daily assembly of sick, impotent folk, waiting for their share of the stream of public charity. For fifty years the Chelsea rivulet has flowed on, sustained by the successive contributions of a series of feeling benefactors, many of whom now “ rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

Chelsea, from its open view, pleasant site, dry soil, and healthy atmosphere, Dr. King reckoned a favourable residence for asthmatic and consumptive invalids, a kind of Middlesex Madeira, if one could fancy it so, only its groves are rather running to bricks and

mortar, and its orangeries dropped into shops. The Chelsea Dispensary was founded chiefly through the exertions of the then excellent Chaplain of the Royal Military Asylum, the late Rev. George Clark. The meeting at which it was established was presided over by W. Wilberforce, whose right reverend son, the eloquent Prelate of Oxford, has just preached its Jubilee sermon. The late Duke of York became its patron. Canning and Sir David Dundas were among its first vice-presidents. It was established in Sloane-square, its present premises, in 1812, consequently it attains its jubilee in the year 1862. It indicates the rapid growth of Chelsea to state that the earliest annual average of patients did not exceed 1,200. The year ending December 1860, 6,003 patients were more or less relieved, making a total of 181,367 patients since the foundation of the charity. Its first physicians were Dr. Ainsley, and Dr. Adam Black, and its first surgeons Antony Todd Thompson, and Robert Smith, Esqrs., all of them well-known names in the medical world. Seven years after the name of Mr. Haden takes the place of Mr. Smith, on whose death in 1824, Mr. Morrah was elected, and Messrs. Woolley and Cumming, as surgeon-accoucheurs. On the retirement of Dr. Black in 1826, Dr. Veitch was elected physician. In 1827 Mr. Glen was elected surgeon; in 1831, Mr. Howden. In February, 1852, I find the minute of a resolution to afford immediate relief to any symptoms of cholera, without the intervention of a ticket. Many lives were no doubt saved,

and the spread of the pestilence intercepted by this judicious foresight.

In 1824 Dr. Boyton was elected physician and Mr. Perry surgeon. In 1835 plans were considered and approved for erecting a new dispensary in the Kings-road, which was ultimately abandoned, but may, I trust, some day be resumed. 1836 witnessed the election of Dr. A. P. Thompson as consulting physician, and Dr. Barr as physician. In 1838 Mr. Willisford. In 1841 Dr. Evans was elected an additional physician. This meeting would not thank me for inflicting on them a dry abstract of fifty years' committee meetings, though I waded through them, *i.e.*, read them shallowly, to find materials for this memoir. But though voluminous in quantity, they were of course not reproducible in quality. The minutes have been well kept—often confined to the statement that there was no quorum, and always concluded with the stereotyped “thanks to the chairman.” I should have included the names of the successive apothecaries and secretaries, who, though they were paid a small salary for their services, their zeal and attention were generally entitled to public commendation, but the names were too long for insertion. The list would form a small directory, many of them being little more than annuals, soon transplanted to other occupations. Their services were frequently recognised by a most popular Latin adjective—*bonus*, which was never “declined” beyond the neuter *bonum*. It might be worth discussing the

expediency of a fixed salary, in lieu of recurring gratuities. At the same time, I am bound to state, I never read minutes of proceedings more indicative of a sustained system of order, supervision, economy, and judgment, than the records of the Chelsea Dispensary.

In 1841, Dr. Barr resigning, was succeeded by Dr. Bowden, and Mr. Alfred Leggat was appointed surgeon. Then in succession I find the names of Dr. Goolden, Dr. Jeaffreson, Dr. T. R. Chambers, Mr. Dickinson. In 1843, Mr. Willisford and Mr. Woolley. In 1845, Dr. Wegg, Dr. Burslem, and Mr. Whitmore. Next year, Dr. Barclay. In 1848 Dr. Handfield Jones, and Dr. Traquair as surgeon. In 1849, Mr. Seaton and Mr. Sannemann. In 1854, Mr. Robert Ellis, and Mr. Hatfield, Dr. H. Thompson, and Mr. Theophilus Taylor. In 1856, Dr. Roscow. In 1858, Mr. Thomas Dickinson and Dr. Arlidge. In 1860, Dr. Anstie and Mr. Stevens.

This is the honoured list of the medical benefactors of Chelsea, and in the names of the science of medicine, and of the art of surgery, whose grand remedial functions they have so nobly and humanely illustrated—in the names of poor travelling mothers, whom they have relieved in the sacred anguish of child-birth—in the names of their admiring neighbours who appreciate the professional sacrifices involved in their gratuitous services—and in the names of multitudinous patients, who have more directly benefitted by their generosities; I respectfully present to those gentlemen, to the memory of the dead, and to the claims of the living

physicians and surgeons, the profound gratitude of the Chelsea public, for a Jubilee of personal labour and service in the cause of afflicted humanity. They have all along received instalments of a far nobler meed than any in our power to offer, in the triumph under God, of scientific skill over cases of pathological difficulty; in the painful but successful trophies of regimen, the knife, and the drug; and in the hosts of captives to disease, whom their remedial genius has emancipated, and restored to the blessings of convalescence. Men's lives have been their only fees, but they asked no other guerdon. The unique type of their philanthropic exertions is intimated in the scriptural query: "*Who goeth a warfare at his own charges?*" They have battled with disease at *their* own cost, and often met a martyr's death at their post, though an insensible world has no calendar for its scientific heroes. We admire, without approving, the loyalty of Saul's armour-bearer casting himself on the sword which had slain his master, but what epic stanza celebrates the obscure devotion of the surgeon falling a victim to the infection which had destroyed his poorest patient? Be it so: if Christianity and not science, charity and not business, were the motive, the martyred doctor will not miss the sublime eulogy which will proclaim amid the glories of the great account, "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones who believe in me, ye did it unto me!*"

Besides dispensing medicines and advice to the

destitute sick, the Institution provides medical aid to poor lying-in-mothers, at their own homes. I was amused at reading the shrewd diplomacy of an early intimation, addressed to a Life-Governor who had not paid his qualification of ten guineas; it suggested "as the non-payment of your subscription may have escaped your memory, the general meeting take the liberty to remind you of it, being unwilling to permit the list to meet the eye of the public without the honour of your name as a Life-Governor." Who could help pleading guilty to such a courteous indictment?

There is no class of public charities open to so little abuse as medical charities. With the single exception of some patients using the dispensary or hospital ticket, as a certificate of their illness, verifying so far their allegations of poverty, I know of no other mode of desecrating the charity as an implement of mendicancy. When the disease is real, the destitution is likely to be equally so. The sickness indeed occasions the straitness, by disabling the mechanic from pursuing his craft. It is true there are two kinds of men, seldom seen apart, *mendicities* and *mendacities*; but wherever there is disease in the dwellings of the poor it aggravates their poverty. The Archbishop of Canterbury said, "The best class of charities is that which helps men to help themselves." The maxim eminently applies to dispensaries. To restore the labourer's health implies his return to work and wages, and self-subsistence. Benevolence is relieved of a burthen as

well as the patient of his malady. Nor does it impair the man's self-respect, like asking for an ordinary alms. The man is not a man when he is sick, but a patient; so that it is his sickness and not the man himself who wants your relief. That disease is *his*, but it may have been yours, and it may be so still if it be left unchecked. So long as he is ailing he is not earning, but unconsciously propagating elements of contagion. To restore health, therefore, is the most economical charity as well as the most urgent. Sickness means pain, and pain, if not relieved, means death. If you or I passing down Sloane-street, saw a man falling from a scaffolding and impaled upon the spikes of an area railing, we should not dare, nor desire to move on, till we had done our best, with the aid of others, to rescue a poor fellow-creature from his agony. Ah, if we could see them, there are inner spikes in poor tortured bodies, on which men of our own flesh and blood writhe in mysterious anguish through woeful years of sharp suffering, which peep out of white withered faces, and silently beseech us to have mercy upon them, and help them out of their misery! And the guilt of constructive homicide rests upon the unfeeling indifference which passes on and lets them die as they are, with the old sullen sentiment in our hearts—"Am I my brother's keeper?" If we would count up the number of afflicted neighbours fallen upon the cruel spikes of poverty, sharpened by disease, we should drop in now and then at the Dispensary at the hour of its ministering to patients.

We might follow home that elderly man, who is doomed to move about on a mysterious rack of rheumatism distorting his once vigorous limbs. He has come to beg some advice as to any means of alleviating his pains. He is told his case is one for which little can be done, but that little *is* done kindly and promptly, and the downcast sufferer turns back to his home, bringing, however, no hope to wife and little ones of their bread-winner being any better able to put a strong hand between them and want. Perhaps the next case is its happy reverse. The voice of science, evoked by Christian charity, has "rebuked the fever," and the convalescent artizan sits up in his bed, his pale face lit up, like a daybreak, with the hope of regaining strength and returning to his labour, and little future mechanics are clapping their hands, and dancing about the house, exclaiming "Daddy is better and going to get up, the doctor has been and cured the typhus! Hurrah for the doctor!" Is not such a sight worth subscribing for? To wake the voice of joy and thanksgiving among poor men's bairns, is like that sacred music which the Saviour recognised as not to be silenced, in the streets of Jerusalem.

There's another case of lonelier suffering, the poor seamstress toiling in her solitary lodging among strangers, who pity her declining health, but dreading the burden of a sick inmate who can pay no rent, suggest her going home, only she tells them she has none—that, young as she is, she is too old an orphan

to remember who were her parents or when she lost them; that, her world has been all work, matching and patching, sewing and stitching ever since she could hold a needle little bigger than her fingers, and got peck and perch, so long as she could work for it. Poor girl! her instinctive industry has been unconsciously sanctified as a shield to her maiden innocence, God's law of labour tenderly blessing her obedience. But now her simple untaught faith has another lesson. Poverty has done its teaching, she has something more to learn from disease. Consumption lays its inexorable hand upon her. For months she went to and fro for her physic at the dispensary, till her case, no longer within medical reach, is handed over to the minister of religion. The dispensary became her half-way house to the church. Medicine can do no more, but "is there no balm in Gilead?" She learns to know there is, and a Physician *there* who pronounces no case hopeless. The dying girl is cheered in her solitary suffering and distress by Christian sympathy. She had known no earthly mother nor father—no loving voice of kinsfolk had ever owned her, and death to the lonely young creature made her loneliness more lonely; but the minister speaks of a hope in the skies, of the Saviour who loved her, and died for her, of rest and peace to believing souls, and the last words of the orphan realise the plea:—"Our Father, which art in heaven!"

It does us all good to get behind these scenes of every-day life and sorrow—to become, like our Master,

“acquainted with grief” in other persons as well as our own. We may find plenty of objects for the exercise of Christian zeal and charity, on the list of patients at the dispensary. They are our own neighbours too. Some of them at one time in as good circumstances as ourselves, and as little dreamt of ever being indebted to public charity. That venerable woman, who, spite of her coarse apparel, still retains, like sculpture on a ruin, the vestige of a lady, “as one unto the manner born,” was some gentleman’s daughter, who never imagined she would come to poverty; or perhaps she was some fair lady’s mother, whose heart would have bled could she have believed one so dear to her should ever reach this pass. But all who knew her and would have stood between her and penury, are gone; and age and sickness, enhancing the bitterness of want, bequeath such as she is, to the tenderness of Christian charity.

That whisp of a boy, who brings the black bottle every other day for his little brothers’ and sisters’ physic, could show you the way to a large group of misery. Five brothers and sisters smitten with scarlet fever, lying in the same squalid room, with one of them already dead, and three others fast hastening after it; there will be a heap of death there in a day or two. Mother’s heart is full, and her hands too, with so many young sufferers sickening and dying about her; and a sorry fireside the poor mason comes home to every night from his work; but he must work, or they would all starve together. Is there no sphere for

feeling as well as physic here? Well, you miss the whisp of a boy in a week or more. You ask the strange lad who brings the bottle for medicine, and he tells you the young messenger, with four of his young brothers and sisters, sleep in the cemetery, and he will run on their errand no more.

That prematurely wrinkled man, an ancient before his time, is one of the oldest and longest patients of the dispensary. His spinal cord was hopelessly injured by a fall from the ladder, on which he was ornamenting the walls of a mansion, which were thus unwittingly painted in the poor limner's blood. The rest of his life is doomed to waste away in suffering, with few interludes of ease, till the cracked vessel breaks, and its *debris* be swept away. Ah, there are lots more to count. The little sensitive hunchback who comes for plaster, and resents with a diminutive dignity any jest upon his misfortune—the merry one-legged crossing sweeper, whose stump is his barometer; or the grave patriarch of the broom who sweeps opposite and does his duty by the crossing, whoever evades the voluntary toll—the funny lame man, whose only investment is his fruit-basket—the nodding paralytic who finds the half mile between the dispensary and his home a morning's pilgrimage—the choleric asthmatic, whose chronic cough is as familiar as his face, and sounds like the natural voice of the disease—the pair of blind men who always led each other, as if they played at seeing, and even in infirmities, “two were better than one:”—the colossal spinster,

who solemnly reads the scriptures to her fellow-patients, while they are waiting their turn. The grey-haired clerk, worn out in the service of a firm that failed, and whose only pension is the well-earned respect of his neighbours, with a room in the almshouse—the grinning Italian boy, whom climate and exposure have ground hoarse as his hurdy-gurdy, who has but one wish, to die in his sunny home in Lucca, where flowers bloom gaily on their graves and the purple light sleeps on the hill—the deaf artillery man, who couldn't get into the College, who involuntarily receives his medicine with a military salute—and the stormy old tar, who wanders from the list of his symptoms, to old seafaring stories which have nothing to do with them, and is cut short by the dispenser because lots more patients are waiting—the tallow-faced Chinaman, who, ignorant of English, describes what ails him in droll pathetic pantomime—the soldier's widow who lost her husband and two sons in the army, and two other sons in the navy, and has no one left to help her except the public, in whose service her family had been sacrificed—the wheezy coachman, who can no longer mount his box, who, too burly to be believed to be ill, waddles painfully to and fro for his gout-physic, as if his bulk was the treadmill, to which he sentenced himself for his former pampering—the emaciated sot, shrivelled, and quivering, like the creaking of an old tavern sign, whose only function in life seems that of a scarecrow to warn other trespassers off the premises of John

Barleycorn—the poor servant out of place, whether footman or housemaid, who have nothing against their characters except their ill-health, but dare not apply for situations till the hacking cough is quieted, or the sickly lily give place to the rose.

These, and such as these, constitute the clients of your compassion, whose groups may be seen at the dispensary. It is an honour to the philanthropy of Chelsea that, for fifty years, such a beneficent channel of relief has been open to its poor. It is a great social fact, well entitled to a Jubilee commemoration. Nor are the names of its successive medical advisers to be lightly passed over. The institution is indebted to the benevolent friends, without whose subscriptions it could not be supported; but its greatest benefactors are the professional gentlemen who, from year to year, gratuitously devote the time, which is their capital, and the skill, which converts time into capital, and character into confidence, to the interests of the institution. Their names are graven in the memories of grateful patients. The pleasantry will but be mistaken for irony if I submit the impossibility of forgetting the man who drew attention to his powers by drawing your tooth, or burnt in the memorandum of his services by cauterizing a sore—or proposed your health in a bumper of black draught or by “cupping” some tender affection? Some people find it easier to forget their doctor’s bills than his pills, and overlook the convalescence in the necessary pains which, by God’s blessing, wrought it. Medical men

give more time to public charity than any other profession. Nor is it any derogation from their claims on this score, that practice and reputation are thereby secured. If there were public law dispensaries, to which the poor could resort for gratuitous legal advice, the same incidental advantages of practice and reputation would accrue to the gratuitous lawyers, and so, of any other profession. It is no small glory of the medical faculty that their profession alone possesses and sustains medical charities, and all classes of the community are indebted to their benevolence, in the ratio in which all classes are interested in the counteraction of the progress of disease. The extent of distress immediately resulting from disease in the vast population of London and its suburbs, indicated by the returns of the Board of Health, constitutes institutions of a remedial kind among the first necessities of municipal life. Every grade of the community, whether considered as rate-payers or philanthropists, are interested in medical charities, not only in the way of diminishing the tax on public benevolence, by restoring the sick workman to his calling, but by intercepting the epidemic action of disease. The late most deplorable instances of royal mortality in this kingdom and in Portugal afford painful evidence of the accessibleness of vulgar malady to the supposed exemptions of palaces, and demonstrate the common interest of society, from the humblest to the most exalted, in a timely arrest of the causes and results of disease. The functions of a

dispensary bear no preventive relation to the causes of endemic maladies, but they are imperative supplements to municipal neglects, in parrying the attacks of popular ailments. By imperfect sewerage, and inadequate supervision of mechanical elements of disease, parish boards poison, and parish doctors physic, a robust people, who astonish philosophers at their surviving both. Your dispensary, like an electric conductor, diverts the fatal shock, which but for its charitable mediation, would strike at random into the bosom of the highest or the lowliest families. Hence the subscription to such charities is charity to the subscribers as well as to their clients. It is an indirect fee for medical attendance on sickness vicariously endured and treated in others instead of themselves. It is "the half-shekel," the price, possibly, of our own substitute in suffering, and at least, of its interception from society at large. On these obvious grounds of an enlightened personal interest, dispensaries appeal to the policy of individuals, who are amenable to no higher, purer motive. But to the nobler generousities of Christian men, identifying themselves with the reasonable wants, and multiform casualties of their poor contemporaries, the dispensary pleads the sanction of that final test of practical discipleship, "Sick, and ye visited me." All the Divine laws promote, by their obedience, human welfare. The generous injunction to "Weep with them that weep," as also to "rejoice with them that do

rejoice," implies a duty and a satisfaction in both types of fellow-feelings.

I close with a touching incident illustrating a fact, which cannot be too prominently urged, that we dare not neglect disease, even in its most vulgar forms, with impunity.

The family of a young and beautiful daughter of the aristocracy were plunged into the deepest affliction, by her untimely death. In a mansion of a fashionable square, seemingly remote as possible from any contact with the sordid rudiments of disease, she was smitten with a malignant type of typhoid fever. All that wealth could purchase, or human skill apply, failed to shield that precious flower from the rude hand of death; but whence had the infection come? The lady had ordered a costly dress from the milliner's, parts of which had been made up at her own sickly lodging, by a poor needlewoman who, as it afterwards appeared, was at the time sickening of the same fever. The seamstress wrought at her last work with a strange reluctance and painful difficulty, little dreaming she was virtually making a shroud, which like Deianiras' envenomed tunic, should be fatal to the unconscious wearer. From the bed of sickness, the finished dress was sent to its destination, but she who wrought it, and she who wore it, never wrought, nor wore another. The poor milliner's pallet, and the dear lady's couch, both bare a corpse—the hollow voice of disease proclaimed them sisters of the same flesh, and the same blood relations to

mortality, that the family interested are separated at our peril, and that no rule nor custom of society can repeal or modify the imperative law of Scripture, that "*if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.*"

I feel then I have a strong case to present for your intelligent support and sympathy in the jubilee of your dispensary. Few of us will live to see another, and therefore we may contribute largely on an occasion which to us will never occur again. If some wealthy lady who would love to be remembered in the thankful hearts of the poor were to erect a ward, to be called "Mistress Mary's Jubilee Ward," or a dozen ladies, each contributing a feather, were to raise a new wing, to be called "The Ladies' Jubilee Wing," and another to match called "The Bachelor's Wing;" wings are best in pairs—these would not be the wings which "*riches make to themselves to flee away.*" They would be folded here in the midst of a very needy population, gathering them and their children under their graceful protection. It would be the first moulting of the feathers of the dispensary into the ultimate plumage of a hospital.

The etymology of the word "hospital" suggests both ideas announced by the Saviour, viz., "*Sick, and ye visited me,—a stranger, and ye took me in.*" Hospice, hotel, hospital, all from the same root, *hospes*, imply both guest and stranger. They refer us back to the roadside "inn," between Jerusalem and Jericho, where under the symbol of the good

Samaritan the Lord was teaching the spirit of Christianity, which makes every stranger a guest, who needs our compassion. If I wanted a powerful motive to incline me, as a Christian man, to succour the wayfarer fallen into misfortune, and left wounded and weltering in the anguish of a desolate heart, **I would** plead the Saviour's example in the parabolic person of the Samaritan, binding up the wound and escorting the sufferer where he could be healed. If I would suggest an animating impulse to hearty co-operating in such schemes of brotherly love and mercy, I could not avail myself of a stronger or more solemn sanction than the Saviour's promised recognition of such charities at His second coming; nor would I desire a nobler inscription on the forefront of such institutions, than the Lord's simple touching words to the Jewish innkeeper, when his house was made a hospital and the wounded man was left a patient in his charge; "Take care of him, and when I come again I will repay thee!" "The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans;" but in this graceful catholic act of mercy the Jew trusted the Samaritan, and both forgot their conventional estrangement, in a common sympathy for the affliction of a fellow-man.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
OF
MISUNDERSTOOD MEN,

COMPRISING HINTS FOR THE SELECTION OF FRIENDS—THE DAILY
JURY—THE TWO JOHNS—THE GROUP—DÉPUTY PHILPANT—
RETRO—THE DINGY AND THE SHOWY—PLAUSY-SANGUINE—
HENRY VIII. AND BACON—THE SLANDERER AND HIS BOY—
CONCLUDING WITH MAN'S TRUE STEREOSCOPE.

1863.

ADHERENCE to the sacred rule—"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged"—would annihilate scandal—at least recrimination would be unprovoked. Yet, some "respect of persons" must be exercised in social intercourse, for self-defence and justice to others. Hence the other canon—"Judge not according to outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment," *i.e.*, in a spirit of equity and candour. They who boast of their knowledge of character too often pursue the study like sportsmen—involving a moral battue of slaughtered reputations, which complain, like the frogs to the boys who pelted them, "What is sport to you is death to us."

Some tailors advertise—"Gentlemen's own materials made up;" but scandal-mongers find their own cloth or bungle yours. You have a piece of Irish frieze, Scotch plaid, or English kerseymere, which you send to the shop to be worked into a national suit; but Snip supplies buttons, inner-linings, and trimmings; so that, after all, only the raw fabric is yours—the style, fit, and workmanship are the man's who measured you. So with biographies—whether drawn in polite dialogue, or in printed books. Characters in romance, like slop-clothes, which are not made to any particular measure, but cut to an average fit on speculation, are tried on scores before they hit upon a bust to suit them. The biographical fit is seldom more successful, when criticising personal character, with only the material of the outer life to work upon. By the time you have added, from your own conjectures, the buttons supposed to harmonize with the individual shade of character, inner-lining to match, and trimmings to fancy, the man portrayed is the last to recognise his likeness, till some kind friend suggests whom it was meant for.

Slop characters, having no realities to skid their author's wheels, are readily run off to fit so mechanically into themselves, that readers exclaim—"What a natural portrait!" They predict the plot before they leave its premises, and eulogise the author's obsequiousness to his ideal, which secures their anticipation of its *denouement*. But characters in real life are not so easily unravelled, simply because they are

not so natural as in works of art. The man of to-day is not the man of yesterday, nor the same man to-morrow. A perpetual *impar sibi*—his own solecism—the man is not always himself, if by being one's-self is meant an identity of temper, feeling, pursuit, opinion, and taste, at all times and circumstances.

The photograph is a true likeness of the man at the moment. But his next photograph gives another expression, and a dozen photographs of the same man present as many different portraits, all unlike each other, but all like the man. So in the inner ideality, no man is an invariable man. The vicissitudes of life preclude its uniformity. The only approach to self-conformity, is the constant aim at a higher conformity with that Divine Ideal, which Paul expressed as the one thing to do, laying aside all things else, to look only unto that. Not that in this course, uniformity of progress is always sustainable, nor equal tensivity of aspiration, nor resistance of temptation. Hence, Christian men, as men best acquainted with their own fluctuations, should be the best to "pluck out each other's motes," and the first to "bear one another's burdens."

Nor can society be just to its constituents, without observing like rules of reciprocal judgment. Give up the fallacy of expecting in others the equilibrium you find not in yourself. Make the same allowances for others, you take for granted they make for you. Imagine yourself placed in a position unfavourable as theirs to the pursuit of virtue; appreciate the diffi-

culties in their way, and then, if you judge at all, do it with the ingenuousness of charity, and the grateful conviction that, apart from higher guidance than your own, or theirs, you would not have acquitted yourself a whit better.

Discrimination of character is imperative, first with a view to eligible associates; for "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed:" hence the risk of chance acquaintances.

Know your man, not by the casual introduction of a friend, still less by his own, but by your own inspection, to ascertain beforehand some reasonable amount of congeniality. Men of the world are wary for secular ends; men of God should be equally so for spiritual ones—not requiring an exact tally of sentiments, which you'll never find; but enough for sympathy in essentials, leaving minor discrepancies to those amicable collisions, which obviate the stagnant monotonies that engender bigotry, clique, and shibboleth. "All on one side," the sailors call "lop-sided;" and if the vessel be not "righted" in time, over she goes, as if a judgment on her own inequality. We are the creatures of our associations.

David's experience of the noble influence of young Jonathan's generousities, facilitated his requiting them on his persecuting father.

You may be deceived in the man of your choice, for there are no transparent characters except in fiction. The poetical window in the breast, if it be

above the use of shutters, is glazed with ground glass, which friction with the world has made too opaque to be seen through, from without, or from within. How can you be sure of a man who can't be sure of himself? There is something in every man which no other man knows—which he does not know himself—and which nothing but the event, like a chemical affinity, discovers. Pope said:—

“ See the same man in vigour, or the gout,
 Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
 Early in business, and at hazard late ;
 Mad at a fox-hunt, wise at a debate ;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.”

Bacon's advice, “ If you would work any man, you must either know his nature, or his fashions, and so lead him ; or his ends, and so persuade him ; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him,” is this world's wisdom, but not the wisdom which should prompt your selection. A young Christian's friends are not tools to work with, nor toys to play with, nor tyrants to be oppressed by, but “ as iron sharpeneth iron,” their intercourse consists in reciprocity of contributions, like a Mutual Benefit Society. They finish brass padlocks at Willenhall by shaking them together in a bag, their mutual abrasions smoothing off each other's asperities, and effecting a common polish. But drop into the bag a few iron locks among the brass ones, and the different metals, like strange cats,

scratch each other's faces, and turn out a batch of wastrells.

"How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" Can a dozen?

Gauging men's characters is needed, secondly, for self-defence, and justice to others. Constituted as society is, we can't avoid the task imposed upon us, of sitting, as a kind of Daily Jury, on the trial of our connections. Only let us honestly and impartially hear every man's whole case; then, if the verdict be wrong, at least it will be conscientious, because according to evidence. Whether on or off a jury, in judging a neighbour, every man is generally sworn on the implied oath of fellow-citizenship, to decide, not upon *ex-parte* statements, but "on the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as God may help" him to it. The Jury is the glory of English law, and should be the principle of English society; *i.e.*, the trial by one's fellows in station, interests, and community of feelings—

"Of men who toil, or spin, or delve,
Harkening both sides jurors twelve.
The chance of justice is by far
Less partial off, than at, the bar.
The jury-box so just appears
To cure a tattler, 'box his ears.'"

Deceptions follow the tide of popular sentiment, and tides go down, at least as often as they go up. Sometimes projects assume a philanthropic element, to entrap the benevolent, and how much suffering

ensues from want of discerning such pretences. Sometimes the delusion takes the form of an eligible investment of savings, or other funds at our disposal; and I have known men ruined morally, as well as financially, by a misplaced trust, who would have intercepted their disaster by more inquiry. The safe rule is, expansive charity, with limited confidence. You may think no ill of individuals, with whom you nevertheless decline embarking beyond your depth, reserving absolute faith for God alone.

At school, we were allowed to leave in the afternoons, so soon as we produced a pass, certifying that our work was done. I forgot it one day, when the tutor, a kindly old Scot, stopped me at the door, and answered my plea of forgetting it with, "I don't doubt your word, but I must see the pass." The lesson was worth any I had learned that day—viz., that no one is exempt from customary vouchers. We need not "doubt" folks, but must see "the pass." A man may be trusted, under ordinary circumstances, who should not be trusted under temptations to which the mass of men commonly succumb, and where indeed the ultra trust itself enhances the temptation. Rash confidences, sprouting into sudden intimacies, often result in early ruptures, like the cracks in metal occasioned by a too hasty cooling.

You rarely do a character justice by observing it from any single point of view. Bacon said: "Men's weakness and faults are best known to their enemies;

their virtues and abilities to their friends; their customs and times from their servants.”

“How many pictures of one mind we view,
All how unlike each other—all how true:”

i.e., all separately true, but requiring fair amalgamation to reach the whole truth. Man, like his Maker, is not a being of one attribute, but of many; and the creature image approximates perfection only in the ratio in which it assimilates the harmonious diversity in unity of its Divine Original.

A third ground for discretion in the choice of associates, rests on the degree of currency they acquire, on the credit of your adoption. You may heedlessly involve yourself in social liabilities this way, from which many suffer beside yourself. Thoroughly know your man before you endorse him to others, who may only accept him on your sponson. Neither be too free with introductions, unless parties mutually seek it; why should you gratuitously multiply your responsibilities? Every man is the centre of some circle, and every one has some character at stake. Husband both elements of influence, if you would keep them alive and fertile, instead of a source of annoyance to your neighbours. Don't be determined to see no fault in your friend, because some men see no virtue. The truth of character often lies between the rugged Frederick of history and the eloquent philosophic fiction of Mr. Carlyle. It is “the small change” of hero worship to slur over a friend's defects, because

he is your friend. Your partiality to the individual is injustice to society, and imitates, like the vulgar aping the conceits of fashion, the bad philosophy of hero-craft among literary "shrine-makers." Mark the relation of your choice of friends to domestic interests. Are they the type of character likely to exert a desirable influence on the thoughts, emotions, sympathies, opinions, habits, temporal, spiritual, and eternal destinies, of brothers and sisters, sons and daughters? When Micah introduced the young Levite into his family, he little reckoned upon his absconding with their household gods. Yet, how often the stranger takes away the family's loveliest gem.

Every inmate should be a helpmate, in the scope of the Sabbatic law, which embraced, with the household, "the stranger within thy gates." Juveniles are more influenced by each other than by their seniors. There are the silken cords of parity in age, tastes, pursuits, and impressions; and these are susceptible of a strong tug for good or evil, from the daily hydraulic power of association.

Hence the frequenters of your fireside should be well-sifted men, like screened coals, with none of the black dust which only burns to waste, and litters the hearth. No ashes so black as those, which put a home in mourning for a fallen son or daughter!

Brothers, be jealous of the companions you bring home to your sisters. See that they are of that sterling brand whom you would not blush to welcome

as future kinsmen, to whom you had been the medium of consigning for life the dearest interests of your family.

Thus much on your side ; now let us fairly look on the other.

Don't expect perfection, which you never reach yourself, nor identity of sentiment, nor assume people's views erroneous because they differ from your own. That's only a good reason for their reconsideration. Accustom yourself, not only to compare your views with other men's, but to compare them from their point of view. Otherwise you mistranslate, instead of expounding your text. Be liberal in marginal readings, as if there might be different forms of expressing the same meaning. If you exclude everybody's version except your own, you judge something which is rather yours than theirs, like mistaking an indictment for the admission of the prisoner.

The "charity which thinketh no evil" puts no harsh constructions even on facts, till reasonable opportunity has been had for explanation and correction. Men and things, like the electric telegraph, require their negative, as well as positive lines, to complete their circuit, *i.e.*, to get round them. Circumnavigation fixed the shape of the globe. You want both sides to see a whole question, and these are not always accessible. Injustice is the result of deciding either way till the case is fully before you. True, the parties misjudged may be foolhardy accessories to their own wrong, from an impenetrable reserve, or

their resentment of social criticism, or contempt of public opinion, or a haughty consciousness of integrity, which, "like the dead fly in the ointment," does not improve its savour, or it may be, from their being unaware there was anything about them open to comment. In the meantime rumours float into circulation, which, of course, nobody set adrift—they never do—but they came to the surface themselves, like seaweed in autumn, the proper nuisance of the season. Versions, more or less garbled, or hyperbolised, reach the parties concerned, whose chafed and embittered spirits turn at bay against their traducers, disdaining to set themselves right, as if that were a wise or manly way to avenge their wrong.

Oh! that society would view its members through some such medium as the stereoscope, which suggests the title of our lecture, where duplicate portraits are indispensable to its peculiar effect, and both eyes of the spectator must be engaged in observing. No one-eyed look can appreciate the effect of the optical discovery, nor in the critical process can any one-sided view discern a character. You must put the two men—the outer man and inner man—into the moral stereoscope, to get the true man; must know him from his own, as well as from others' point of view, before you can identify his real self. Opinions varied as to who John Baptist was: there was some candour in the Jews' inquiry—"What sayest thou of thyself?" Had he waived the challenge, he would have been amenable, like Zaccheus, for the current misconcep-

tions which he could have corrected. You want the two men—the outer man whom circumstances develop, whether he will or no, and the inner man, who only can reveal himself. He who, from any cause, disingenuously withholds the necessary evidence which would complete his case, must not complain of an unfavourable verdict. He himself kept out of court the material witness, his own hand deranged the stereoscope, and of course marred the portrait.

THE TWO JOHNS.

John Haughty and John Hearty began life together as clerks in the Customs—a scene of some temptations peculiar to the office, beside the ordinary tests of principle everywhere. Traders with whom Haughty did business complained of his “churlishness; that he volunteered neither information nor civility—his manners being a surly cross between the dog in the manger and the Jack in office.” The clerks would reply—“John Hearty’s the man to suit you to a T, or any other letter you want a spell with. You don’t know him as we do, or you would find him a free, open-handed, right good fellow.” This difference between the two at starting distinguished them in after life. Both were steady and intelligent. Their moral character reflected credit on their domestic rearing. Both were honourable and truthful, attended the same church, taught in the same school, visited the same family circles, and had many common

acquaintances. The difference in the men was most marked with new acquaintances. Haughty seemed indifferent to what impressions he made—at least took no pains to influence them. Hearty, on the contrary, cordially reciprocated kindness from any quarter. It was singular how little the companionship of the two friends affected each other, in the way of qualifying their mutual points of divergence. Either would have been the better for a little more of the other. Hearty's ultra confidence in any one he trusted at all, would have been none the worse for some of his friend's reserve; and Haughty's reserve all the better for some of the other's confidence. But John Haughty was jealous of his conscious rectitude; and, while assuming people knew him as he knew himself, stood aloof from the only means of making himself known at all. Hence if he was misconstrued, the misconception, like a judgment by default, went against the man who put in no appearance. What a droll compound of animal nervousness with strangers, and total *abandon* to the caprice of his master, is a dog. John Haughty was no cur, yet strangers kept their length of him as if they thought he was one; not that he showed his teeth, but he didn't wag his tail. Such were our "two dogs;" and to save tailoring, one tale must serve them both.

A silk broker in the city, with whom Hearty had grown intimate, taking him off his guard one day, offered him a considerable bribe, to pass some packages, shortly expected from France. Hearty, with

characteristic elasticity of temperament, vanished into the office, without trusting himself with one word of parley with the tempter.

When the next day the goods arrived, the broker ashamed to face the youth who had resisted his seduction, sent his manager, with a hint to try it on at a higher figure.

The manager reported:—"The officer was the aloofest feller he'd ever paid a customs to, o' the name o' John Haughty—as well it might be."

"Did you try it on with another ten?" asked his employer. "No, I daren't; 'taint the price," said the manager, "with that young man, but the principle: only he needn't be so starch about it, as if he's the only honest man in Great Britain and Ireland." "You must have met some other clerk," said the broker, "my man is free enough when you know him."

Time passed on, and the two friends were promoted, but John Haughty was near losing his step. The chief through whom the appointment came, inquired if "Haughty was the clerk whose incivility was so often reported?" Fortunately for John, the friendly sub, disposed to do him justice, explained: "His manner to strangers, sir, is the only thing against him. He is otherwise a first-class officer." "Bid him mend his manners," said the testy chief, "I won't be pestered with complaints of any man's manners." Haughty's intrinsic probity and talent, nevertheless, made its way, in spite of gratuitous

drawbacks in temperament, but it occasioned frequent contest between his friends, and strangers.

Among other eccentricities, Haughty had a conceit in reference to charities. His name never appeared on a subscription list. Whether his circumstances prevented his giving as much as his fellows, and, as some suggested, he was too proud to give less; or, whether he was really parsimonious, though letting it be supposed he gave in secret; or, whether he did it to avoid application, no one knew, but everybody talked of it as if they did. Society of course took the illiberal view—it always does—and denounced him niggardly.

One incident greatly scandalised the office. A tide-waiter was accidentally drowned, and being much respected, his fellow-clerks made a subscription for the widow. The deceased had been an attached friend of Haughty, but he took no notice of the fund. If his intimates were staggered, acquaintances derisively contrasted his meanness with John Hearty's delicate kindness, who sought out the widow, tenderly condoled with her, managed and paid the funeral charges, and assisted her with a loan, to set her up in a way to maintain her little ones. People wondered how two such opposite spirits as Haughty and Hearty could coalesce, or tolerate each other. But the widow and orphans blessed John Hearty, and the gossips of the quarter declared—"He was a livin' parable, like the Good Samaritan."

Haughty, now in his thirtieth year, was a kind of

outlaw in general estimation. All sorts of rumours were retailed to his disparagement, and his moroseness made them credible. His tone of mind indicated a wounded spirit, retaliating what he conceived the injustice of society by a contempt as gratuitous as its own. His personal Christianity, obviously impaired by the feud between him and his associates, was merging into a suspicious misanthropy, which doubted everybody. Society seemed a general conspiracy against him—as if society had nothing better to do—but he would hold his own, singly, against them all.

There was a vein of spurious heroism in the solitary outpost he felt called upon to brave, and he doomed himself to its obstinate defence at all hazards. Under the influence of these impressions, he grew austere to strangers, discourteous to acquaintances, unjust to friends. He was another man, not the man they had known and esteemed. Injurious insinuations gained currency from his repulsive mannerism. His morbid irritability was ascribed to intemperance; his sullenness to some secret guilt on his conscience; his frugality, to penuriousness; his church-going, to hypocrisy; and even his bachelorhood, to sensuality. Society had a solution for his every phase; and unquestionably, whatever his real character, he was insufferably captious and disagreeable—a soured, resentful, impracticable man.

In the interim, he and Hearty had almost lost sight of each other, promotion having shifted Haughty's residence; but the old friends were destined to cross

each other's path once more before their final separation. Both, it seems, formed an attachment—which in the sequel will seem natural enough—to the same maiden, and, succumbing to the same virtuous attraction, became unwittingly each other's rivals, till each had staked his happiness on the issue. If the lady's sympathy oscillated between the haughty and the hearty man, with the generous confidence of feminine instinct, Ruth surmised what might be awry with one of them, and set herself the task to right it. Pious, young, gifted, beautiful, Ruth, the wealthy broker's daughter, might have chosen where she would; but her compassion fell on Haughty. She thought she saw beneath his veil of misanthropy, still smouldering, embers of the better, happier man, whom a truer, more Christian sympathy could re-ignite—at all events, she had faith enough to try. It is astonishing the faith the dear creatures have.

Hearty's occasional hilarity seemed rude and incongruous contrasted with Haughty's melancholy moods of abstraction, when he seemed to retire within himself, behind his old entrenchments of misgiving—the suspicion at length flashing on his jealous spirit that Ruth only pitied him; and, if so, she was unwittingly abetting the injury done him. He would not have her pity; it should be absolute love, or nothing. And thus he lashed himself into episodes of distrust of Ruth, often wounding one whom he loved with a passion blind as the unconsciousness of his mental infirmity. At such times, Ruth wished John

Haughty had more of the other's light-heartedness—that the dark moods were merged into the brighter ones by a kind of living, fixed metempsychosis. At length her true, loving, womanly heart hit upon his secret weakness—for that's where the women are strong—and tenderly attacked him there.

She wound out of Hearty, like a skein of silk, the admission of many a shy trait of nobleness in Haughty; that the clerk who disdained the broker's bribe was Haughty; that many a generous subscription without a name was Haughty's; that the secret benefactor of the widow and her bairns, whom the gossips blessed unawares, was Haughty; that pure, sincere, and irreproachable was Haughty's life, though Scandal painted him the opposite of what he was. And John Hearty's voice grew stern as Haughty's, and angry, and loath to answer Ruth, till she whispered—

“Fie, Hearty; now your'e turning Haughty John again. Were you no party to your misunderstanding, John?”

“I never thought so till you suggested it.”

“Haven't you misled society with your two selves,” said she, “the Haughty and the Hearty self, till we scarcely knew which was which, not trusting either, lest it should prove the other? Isn't Haughty John the real libeller of Hearty John?”

“He is, Ruth; and though I was not what they said I was, I see I was wrong to take no pains to undeceive them. Will you mend both of me, dearest,

by never letting either of me be my own again, but yours?"

"Spoken like the Hearty John I knew John Haughty was; And now I can unify the dual which never was at one with itself, nor two with me; Ruth is yours, between you."

John Hearty sealed the contract—with the usual formality, and flung away the haughty mask for ever.

Hearty Johnny, or Haughty John,
Each the other, both are one,
The same in either part—
No more remain a man in twain,
Hearty is Haughty ne'er again,
When love "unites" his heart.

The broker's consent was none the less easily won from his recollection of a sturdy young clerk whose incorruptible integrity years ago had shamed himself into an honest line of trading, which God had prospered. Ruth's was the true chemistry of life, to play the solvent on a sensitive, lofty spirit, and melt it into gentler reciprocities. Haughty, or Hearty, before the two Johns dropped into one, would have let his character be torn limb from limb, sooner than extort the explanation which would have saved it. Writhing under the ban of obloquy, he forgot how far he provoked it, though yearning all the while for some such a gracious bidding as was uttered in a suburb of Jerusalem one day—"Zaccheus, come down!"

The Lord's gentle recognition of that poor haughty Jew, as "a son of Abraham," won his confidence at

once; and his reserve, like Haughty's, broke out into the pathetic vindication, "They reckoned me uncharitable, but, 'half of my goods I (always) give to the poor.' They condemn me extortionate, let them prove 'I have wronged any man, I will restore him fourfold.'"

Take a group, and let the stereoscope present the two views of the same man from your own point, and from his. There's one man denounced penurious, whom, judging from his ideas of economy, the stereoscope shows to be simply frugal. Another man's extravagance, his means and motives, prove to be fairly generous. Another, accounted vain and foppish, sacrifices no time nor duty to unreasonable attention to his exterior, only employs at his toilet, what is desirable in everything—neatness, order, taste. Another, charged with conceit of birth or station, turns out to be less alive to his position than to its claims and proprieties, and may err in manner, more than in meaning. Another, ridiculed as bigoted and crotchety, is found to be really conscientious; while that reputed liberal and catholic spirit who maligned his sincerity, founds an unlimited toleration on an infinite indifference.

The examples are innumerable in which the same characteristics assume a disparaging or creditable aspect, according to the light in which they are placed; as the effect of the stereoscope is enhanced, or neutralised, by one or both portraits being put

into the slide, or by one or both eyes being used in the observation. Supposing a man to be this, or that, especially if you suppose it out aloud, goes a long way to induce his being so, we are all so strongly drawn to play the part assigned us by the virtual managers of society. Hence ascribing good things to our neighbours helps them in a right direction, as imputing bad things goads them in a wrong one. Slander is an accessory before the fact in many a crime; Charity is the beautiful handmaid to every virtue.

Thus we offend Young Washington by sneering at his vulgarity, lies, and bombast. He thinks it spirited not to stand it, and exaggerates his Yankeeisms more offensively, as if to out-bully the bull that gored him; betraying how much he cares for us by pretending to care so little, and intimating the drubbing he means to give us, when he has disposed of the little domestic difficulty now on hand. Had we viewed Jonathan's democratic rudeness through the extenuating want of the refining influence of an aristocracy, making allowance for the young Anakim's exuberance of of vigour, our bad manners may not have provoked his worse ones, nor the American press found abuse of the Britishers so saleable an article. We may not like the tone of transatlantic society—I doubt if they do themselves—but sarcasm is not the way to mend it.

Again: imputing duplicity to the great and capable ruler of a mighty nation, our nearest neighbours, impairs the strongest sanction to keep him sincere, by depriving him of the conviction he was trusted. He

violates no confidence where none was reposed, while the unjust insinuation may tempt him to retaliate by its adoption. We may keep our arms loaded without constantly drawing the charge. If we viewed the French imperial policy from the perilous volcanic heights of the most equivocal throne in Europe, its apparent vacillation might only assume the aspect of a reluctant policy coerced by the gravity of its own alternatives.

MR. DEPUTY PHILPANT

is the type of another class. He is everybody's sub who wants a lieutenant. Let others found, it is his to foster. Most men would play first fiddle: he's content with a second. Deputy Philpant is welcome on committees; for he's always ready to do the vice-chairman; leaving the nominal dignity of president to some greater man who is never there. The most obliging creature, he does all the thousand little civilities of life, which cost so little, but count for so much. His obscurity of birth, fortune, or talent, gives him no prestige *de jure*; but he cheapens it second-hand. His position fattens on other men's leavings; his humility disarms envy; his cordiality, which shakes hands with everybody with both hands, as if he were twice as friendly as anybody else, woos confidence; his philanthropy wins admiration. Philpant is the public favourite; because, never affecting to be its patron, he shyly begs to be its pet; and people are not so particular about pets as patrons. If

he humbugs his generation, he can't help it, being a humbug himself; though less aware of it than his friends. He likes people to like him; and succeeds by appearing to like everybody better than himself. Putting every one first,—where, of course, they would put themselves,—he only puts himself next, and thus secures every man's second vote, ingeniously neutralising any given individual's ascendancy in favour of the common candidate. Everybody's No. 2 slips into the general No. 1.

On committees of hospitals, schools, religious and scientific institutes, Mr. Deputy Philpant is delegated to jobs of all sorts; a negotiating medium between big and little—from bishops to beadles. With a moderate income, sparsely distributed, he manages to connect himself as honorary governor, or half-guinea subscriber, with a host of directories, making “no small stir” of benevolence and zeal for the advancement of his age. It is his ambition to become its historical “second the motion”—its general agent, and doer of the small things belonging to great ones—its indispensable “Canaanite, hewing the wood and drawing the water”—making up by the multitude, for the lack of magnitude, in his services. He is no Johnson, but he can be a Boswell—no Saul, but would creep into the Chronicles as his armour-bearer.

On the other hand, society should not scrutinize unkindly the foible of a man whose services it accepts. The Philpant “yield fruit after kind,” and at least supplement the neglects of their betters. The stereo-

scope would be incomplete without this two-fold slide of the public and the personal man. There's nothing vicious in such busy-bodies ; only let society know their men, and not lose sight of other men's unostentatious charities in the hazy atmosphere of a chattering, pottering, tinkering, pretentious humanitarianism.

RETRO,

Philpant's obverse, as much too retiring as the other is obtrusive, seems always on drill to the word—"Rear rank, keep close order." But Retro's bounties, like the secret alms of the Gospel, prompted by love to the Invisible, naturally partook of the Divine attribute, whose offerings they were, in being "not seen of men." Without affecting the anonymous, his name and gifts appeared where they should do, like a loyal knight, in the public lists, but with no trumpet sounding—"Come, see my zeal."

Still he often shrank from publicity where his example would have urged other co-operations. It may have cost him some self-denial, which should have rather prompted his taking up the cross in that shape. No cross, no sacrifice ; it is "the fire and the wood, without the lamb ;" it forgets the rule—"Let no man please himself, but every man his neighbour, to his edification." We must not compound for trying duties by discharging agreeable ones, but take them as they come, in their turn, lest the one omitted forfeit the blessing on them all. Retro's gentle spirit yearned over the destitute and sorrowful ; but his absence from

his proper relations to public offices left them to less eligible jurisdictions. He looked too much to personal feeling, too little to public claims; just as some men mutilate a limb to disqualify themselves from military service; a deception too often realised, by imagining the incompetency which pleads exemption from unpalatable obligations.

To put Retro fairly into the stereoscope: credit him with benevolent intentions, hindered by repugnance to public action, and therefore disenthraling him to the unqualified praise of secret charity—as if its secrecy were self-denying, instead of really self-indulgent.

Another illustration is the fashion of some old mercantile firms retaining, because they are old, their dingy, unprepossessing premises *in statu quo*, as if none but new houses required the showy advertisement of imposing architecture. Hence arise impressions, often as unjust to the latter, as undue to the former. Both are matters of taste, involving the credit of neither party more than the other. The dingy may be retained by a secretly decaying firm, to support an apparent uniformity with its antecedents; as the showy may be displayed to affect a plethora of capital.

On the other hand, dingy may be downright, and showy, substantial, notwithstanding any outward indications either way. To judge a man by his house, you may as well judge a house by its bricks.

“A hare-brained fellow cried out in the street,

‘Who’ll buy a house well built and neat?

The rooms are high—their dimensions ample;’

And, holding up a brick, cries—‘Here’s a sample!’”

Equally absurd is the judgment of character drawn from external incidents. The perfection of the stereoscopic likeness is not only the accuracy of its perspective, but the minute fidelity which omits none of its details. It makes every man his own artist, by reflecting himself in his entirety. Other artists may tint the photograph, and give it what colouring they list; but the real features the original alone determines. Were the process applicable to moral portraiture—and it is more so than we suppose—men would be bound to sit for it, or else be answerable for defective impressions, resulting from their own reserve.

But men are more willing to let their faces be drawn, than the secrets of their hearts. Society has the outer man in the original, and the silent picture reveals no more of him; but the inner man is not discernible. Nor has society any right to individual disclosures beyond the point where complications with others demand the solution which is due to both.

PLAUSY-SANGUINE

is another character, starting into life with some means—clever, industrious, and honest at heart; but none the less dangerous, because sincere, in his speculations. He cheerfully undertakes the toil and cost of collecting hosts of statistics, on the strength of which—as if they or their inductions were infallible—he makes out a case plausible enough to inspire others with a confidence little short of his own. If he fails, he suffers not only in cash, but in caste—his fellow-

victims making him the scape-goat of the common disappointment. But they ought to remember their risk was voluntary, and that they would have eulogised the projector, in the event of success, as exorbitantly as they tax the reverse. His sanguine temper should suggest more caution, but exonerate him from unqualified anathema. Plausible, and not sanguine, is the sign of a knave; but sanguine, and therefore plausible, is consistent with integrity. Both in the stereoscope present a man, not so dishonest as indiscreet; one to be rather avoided, than condemned. They are, after all, the pioneers in social adventure, to whose discoveries the less impulsive owe results otherwise unattainable. Columbus would have been loaded with execrations had not the fortunate blunder which missed Japan been nobly redeemed by the discovery of America.

Some historical individuals have incurred an ill-fame which posterity has few materials, if the desire, to rectify. Froude's Henry VIII. is an ingenious specimen of posthumous vindication of a character bad enough, but too indiscriminately condemned. Froude's special pleading for Henry is as much overdone as Montague's apology for Lord Bacon. It is a literary fashion just now to paint representative men the antitheses to their received portraits; as if moderns had better authority for their likeness, than the contemporaries to whom the originals sat. Such biographers may be more exempt from the prejudices of the period, than from their own partialities or love

of paradox. However, no character is the worse for seeing it both sides. The two views correct each other, constituting the historical stereoscope which presents the whole man.

Counsel presenting a case *pro* and *con*—possessing juries with the facts on both sides—illustrate the use of the judicial stereoscope.

Macaulay observes :—"The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping snake was but the type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General—Bacon seeking for *truth*, and Bacon seeking for the *seals*. Those who survey only one-half of his character may speak of him with unmixed *admiration*, or with unmixed *contempt*. But those only judge of him correctly who take in, at one view, Bacon in speculation, and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending how one and the same man, should have been far *before* his age, and far *behind* it.

The proverbial hint of some one who "is not so black as he is painted," indicates the unfairness of wholesale judgment. The historical incident Byron crystallised—

"When Nero died beneath the curse of Rome,
Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb,"

intimates the same truth, that the worst men may have better points, though such as only aggravate the turpitude which was proof against a higher sense.

The exemplary justice of Scripture to bad men's

better points, even where they stood alone among their worse ones, is significant of the social duty. Thus the sacred historian pleads—"There was some good thing found in Abijah," though the son of a Jeroboam. Ahab's abominations, deep and manifold, could not quench the touching expostulation—"Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself." We are bound to recognise, more ingenuously and charitably, the moral assets of our fellow-men, if we look for the same consideration with God or man. "He shall have judgment without mercy who showed no mercy."

In public criticism severity is often the cloak which hides the knife of private pique or envy. Chatterton's poetical forgery of the Saxon deserved exposure; but if it had not been so cleverly done, the jealousy of his censors might have shriven "the glorious boy," and let him expiate his guilt by a nobler penance than self-slaughter!

The dread of unsparing infamy often intercepts detection by the suicide of its victim, as if to appease the homicidal rage of calumny by the poor culprit's sacrifice.

The Scripture symbol of detraction is striking—"The poison of asps is under their lips;" *i.e.*, the venom is exuded, in the act of biting, from a little bag under the reptile's gums. The backbiter verifies the sacred image by the poisonous virulence expressed by his calumnation.

Put the slanderer into the stereoscope, and his name is "Legion, for they are many," from Diabolos,

the accuser, to Apollyon, the destroyer. Sparks of fire breathe from his mouth, exploding those trains of misery and mischief always laid on in the combustible infirmities of society. Like a demon exulting in disaster, he revels in bad news, and retails them on the barest chance of their authenticity, spite of the gratuitous anguish inflicted in the event of their falsehood. He originates much from his own surmisings, and puts the worst construction on what he hears from others. Worse than a Thug, he assassinates the moral life, more precious than the physical, and realises a hideous charm in a weltering reputation. He denies to character the common justice which assumes even a felon's innocence till his guilt is proved.

The Old Bailey is a fairer bar than his, and the common hangman not so lawless an executioner. The lower animals devour one another for food, or fear, but furnish no analogy to the wanton cruelty of slander. Unknown among angels in heaven, demons in hell only practise it on earth, by inoculating the defamer with their own infernal instincts. The detractor is the devil's chaplain, ministering his dark patron's service like an ordinance of malediction. His speech is the yawning of a bottomless pit, which often, like the gainsaying of Korah, recoils upon the evil speaker, swallowing up him and his company. No wonder

MR. SCURRILL BLAB

is tabooed by all his acquaintance, like a cobra, whose fangs are mortal. Scurrill has more bile than bowels. Whatever he takes disagrees with him, and is thrown up on society, sour, undigested, and offensive, as if he could keep nothing down.

Incapable of friendship, he parodies the public distrust, by confiding to every man his libels on every other man, turning, like the Syrian invaders, every man against his fellow. Scurrill Blab has a principle, never to give up his author, which he seldom could do without personal inconvenience. His school-book was "The Rambler;" his life-text, "The Tatler." His scant intelligence luxuriates on scandal, as weeds grow tallest in the rankest soils. At least impartial in malignity, he verifies all alike, and makes it the common interest to get rid of him.

The single pet whom he spared, and would have spoiled, was a sturdy, outspoken little fellow, young Scurrill, his son, commonly called "Little Scurry"—the veriest opposite of his father, as if his mission, like an incarnate antidote, was to counteract his senior, and abate his mischief, as small birds diminish vermin. The boy had somewhere learned to love truth more than his parent, though in all things else, however quaint, he was fond and dutiful.

"John Smith was bribed for his vote," said Scurrill, senior, "I should be ashamed."

"So you should, Sir," said Scurry: "didn't you blush when they paid *you*?"

"Fie, Scurry! did you notice Widow Brown's finery in church?"

"*You* didn't," said Scurry: for you are never there."

"What can Butcher Jones want with a horse worth fifty guineas."

"Why, father, I heard the dealer tell you he sold him for ten."

"What an observer that boy is!" said Scurrill, admiring the lad's detections, as if the lies belonged to somebody else.

"He sees through *you*," drily remarked a neighbour."

"That boy is truth in its first breeches," continued Scurrill—"never lisped a lie from his cradle—corrects my memory, when it slips, like a conscience, or an almanac; he's upright and downright, like a sand-glass that gives the same account both ways. You may trust him like the *Gazette*, for he always has authority for what he says. He states things without knowing 'em, nigher the mark than many who do, and what he does know, out it comes, neither more nor less. Bless the lad! he has a rough way of showing it; but he loves truth as if she was his little sister. That's my Scurry, and if anybody wants to see his father's duplicate, let 'em mark that boy."

"So I am, father, only ditto t'other way. You're what the photograph man called my negative."

"D'ye hear the rogue?" says Scurrill; "he says

more to my face than I dare tell folks behind their backs. He's wonderful!"

And so he was, to have preserved his truthful simplicity scatheless from such an example. But his father's falsehood was the daily shame and sorrow of his young life, haunting him like a spectre, which he could neither avoid, nor exorcise, because it *was* his father. Did Scurrill really believe himself imaged in his blunt, truthful boy? Possibly he did, for the habit of imagination, usurping the functions of judgment and memory, tells upon the liar, till misconception becomes a second nature, stronger in its exercised propensities than the first. What if his fancying himself the boy's prototype, indicated a latent unextinguished sympathy with the better thing he was not, though his habitual self-deception deluded him into believing he was? That, so far, his impression was true, not as he supposed it, but in the latent aspiration? What if he sometimes revolted from what he was, even in the shape of the envious lie, which pretended what he should be?

Oh! the anomalous metaphysics of a liar—lies upon lies—one against another. One truth is worth a thousand of them.

The stereoscope would be incomplete, if we credited Scurrill with no compunction, no uneasy writhing under the yoke of his infirmity—no occasional resolve to escape its mastery. There are intervals when drunkards bitterly repent their drink, and liars in-

wardly deplore the "old serpent" fascination of falsehood.

Oh! to drop in at such a juncture, with Paul's "the angel unawares," the messenger of redeeming power and love, to cry, 'Enough, stay now thine hand;' O self-destroyer, here is the proclamation of what you want—"deliverance for captives." This is your Gospel, thou slave of "a lying spirit." The Preacher at Nazareth had his eye upon you that day. He spoke of "prisoners and captives;" only "know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Such "an angel unawares" dropped in on Scurrill, in the form of poor young Scurry.

The boy, now in his twelfth year, disputing with a school-fellow some years his senior, the latter called him "as great a liar as his father." In the rage of the moment, Scurry forgot everything except the insult to his parent, and struck the boy in the face. The big boy fell upon him in return—a sharp, short fight issued in little Scurry being felled to the ground by a blow in his temples, and he was carried home insensible.

When old Blab learned how his son had incurred the mishap, in defence of his father's weakness, he bitterly felt what a bad quarrel it was, which not another soul on earth would have deemed worth fighting for. The man was stricken a heavier blow than the boy, which stunned him to the heart! Three days and nights he sat by little Scurry's bedside, as if remorse had petrified him there; but the stony rock

was only rock—God had not touched it, and no waters flowed. Not a tear, nor sob, nor sigh relieved him, as he gazed in sullen agony on the single link that bound him to posterity, so cruelly snapped asunder. It was Abraham's sacrifice, without its faith, and gracious interposition !

The lad's consciousness never entirely rallied. On the third day he passed from insensibility into delirium, and the course it assumed pierced Scurrill's conscience to the quick. As if still quarrelling with his schoolfellow, poor little Scurry passionately cried :—

"Call my father a liar ! Nobody doubts my father's word.

"True," groaned Scurrill ; "it's set down a lie, of course."

"My father was a deacon, and is warden now. Both church and chapel trusted him," said the poor wanderer.

"I thrust myself on both," murmured Scurrill.

"Shouldn't I know him best ?" said the boy ; "he never told me a lie."

"I never dared," said Scurrill, still answering, not the boy, but some inward witness, whose ministry the patient unwittingly invoked.

"Nobody understands the dear old man but me. They make no allowance for him," plaintively sighed the boy.

"With what measure ye mete," said Scurrill, hastily, "it shall be measured to you again."

"Nobody loves him but me."

"I loved nobody but you, my poor lad," said the father, for the first time tenderly apostrophising his child.

"Everybody has a fling at him."

"And I at everybody."

"Who spoke?" sharply challenged Scurry. "Did you say liar? A liar!—my father a liar! You lie! Take that, you bully!"

The poor boy deliriously smote his pillow, and fought at the blankets so violently, that Scurrill and the nurse with difficulty held him in bed. His voice rose to a pitch of incoherent rage, shouting, "I'll fight you, you coward; take that, and that, and that. I'll strike you if you kill me for it. Liar and slanderer to your teeth. My father's a true, loving, kind old man, and they are the liars who say the contrary."

Then, as the paroxysm passed, he grew weaker and calmer. His tones sank into the fretful murmurs: "They're always sneering at him—quoting their fathers against mine—and dear old dad is worth the whole of them, at least he is to me." Then he dropped into an old nursery rhyme—chanting it, like a hymn, with a quaint, miscellaneous compound of home and church:—

"My dad is the dad o' my heart,
Both Daddy and Mammy to me,
None other his love to part,
There's nobody loves me but he,
—Nobody loves me but he."—

Then, again, he broke out into hours of incessant rambling and delirious volubility, as if the little time-piece had broken its main-spring, and was fast running down to the long stop. It couldn't continue at this rate. At length, in soft, touching accents, he faintly uttered, like a weary whisper in sleep, which bears upon no outward question except the thoughts it dreamt of: "He's always true—to me. My father is—my father,—whatever he—be to others. Good night, Daddy. It's getting dark—don't hold me so tight, Daddy,—you hurt me;—let me go—to sleep. Poor,—dear,—old,—Dad,—good night—good bye,"—and so he slipped away into that deep slumber, which brooks no more waking, till "the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God."

From that day Scurrill sorrowfully shrank within himself from the eye of public indifference, if not contempt. The son was the involuntary martyr to his father's vice. Filial love, clinging to the otherwise forlorn hope of his renovation, like Manoah's angel, "did wondrously," closing the sacrifice by the triumph of the faith that offered it. The death of the boy, like the stone young David slung, struck down the headstrong man. Scurrill could not choose but yield. The image of what he was, reflected by the inverted mirror of delirium on a broken heart, was sanctified like a fragment of "that glass, beholding in which the glory of the Lord, changed him into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

ONE PARTING THOUGHT.

Man's true stereoscope—"making of twain one new man"—is the inspired revelation of the outer man and the inner man, which, "piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The real portrait is incomplete, apart from bringing both the natural and spiritual man into the same view. The one without the other leaves no adequate impression. "A man beholding his natural face in a glass, forgetteth what manner of man he was;" but viewing his moral lineaments in the truer reflection of the "river of life, clear as crystal," "Ephatha! his eyes are opened," "wherefore he abhors himself, and repents in dust and ashes," till through the tear that magnifies like a lens the weeping image of what he was, he sees it dissolved, and born again a new creature, crying, from the moment of its mystic birth, "By the grace of God I am what I am!"

Earnest and believing prayer is the sole medium of access to this real apocalypse of self—the sole ascent to this amount of personal transfiguration. Nor should the least enlightened be discouraged from trying, even in ignorance, if it be only done in honest simplicity—as those who, knowing no better, did their best. Our Lord praised few when on earth; but He commended one for doing something which you and I can do: "She hath done *what she could!*" I often think he praised her for that, to encourage us all to do

our best. Men—hard, pharisee, and cabala men—misunderstood and sneered at poor Mary's broken box of alabaster ; but He for whom she brake it, recognised, appreciated, and accepted the oblation ! and still true as ever is that parable of the broken box : for "the sacrifice of God is a broken spirit ; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise !" Many a heart's secret fragrance, and capacity for precious gifts and graces would never have been known, but that, like Mary's box, that heart was broken for Christ. Then the words came home to it with a sweeter, diviner unction. It had nothing else to offer, so it offered that—the sacrifice of God, which is a broken spirit ; and that broken, contrite heart, which man may ridicule, but Thou, O God, wilt not despise !

BRUTALITY TO MAN AND BEAST.

1870.

I BRACKET cruelty towards man and beast, because experience stamps them cognate iniquities. E. G., a butcher, is disqualified by law from serving on coroner's juries, because his familiarity with animal suffering has a tendency to impair sensibility. The exceptions are few enough to justify the rule. Samson's slaughter of 300 foxes was naturally followed by the massacre of 1000 Philistines. Battuism is a short cut to brutalism. It is no defence to urge, that the game are our natural food. On that account they are the more entitled to consideration. We have lately proved by experiments with the great induction coil, at the Polytechnic, that an electric spark destroys life with the least possible degree of pain. Death, and the last second of life, are practically simultaneous. Swifter than the twinkling of an eye there is a flash, and then all dark and dead for ever. Thus science, like the angel at Abraham's altar, stays the knife, and reveals a more merciful form of sacrifice! In the fact of all animals seizing their prey at a vital part, I seem to

read a lesson of instinctive mercy, mitigating the pangs of inevitable mortality.

Mercy is as much a lesson to be learned as any other maxim in moral philosophy. Savages and children are cruel, simply because they don't know cruelty when they see it. The law of Theodosius which condemned to death the man who should poach on the ferocious game of the amphitheatre, by killing, even in self-defence, a Getulian lion ; and the midland collier, fleshing his bull-pup on the snout of his fellow pitman, both illustrate the same vice of insensibility to others' sufferings, resulting from having recourse to cruelty as a pastime.

Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals," shows how generally this branch of practical Christianity was overlooked by early Christian writers, notwithstanding Christ had taught that the "two sparrows sold for a farthing," were not held so cheaply in the estimate of our Heavenly Father, and theirs. Christendom, colonised by carnivorous hordes from the North and West, imbued with dark and savage mythologies, was stone-deaf for centuries to the tender canon ;

He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small !

and stone-blind to the gentle index, by which science, as the semaphore of Deity, pointed to the universal interlink of all creatures one with another, from the instinct of a semi-animate polypus, to the divine inspiration of an Isaiah ; implying all forms of life

were emanations from One supreme living fount, shielded by the impartial economies of the same Providence, and tending to one common ultimate consummation.

Early ecclesiastical councils found no time for the discussion of such small moralities. Preachers and schoolmen never enforced them among their exclusive dogmas. Positive humanity was missed in a fog of doubtful disputations. And age after age, as if in significant retribution on short-sighted Christians, doctrinal persecutions, Pagan and Papal, synchronised with, and avenged the sufferings of oppressed animals. The dues of a groaning creation waking no responsive echo in their selfish Christianities, fell back upon superstition and legend for that justice which orthodoxy ignored. As in the parable, the tabooed Samaritan took up the case of suffering, which priest and Levite passed by. The popular myths of St. Anthony's hogs, of St. Hubert's stags, of the ass, still bearing the stole of the cross, the holy dog that watched the martyrs' tombs, the cross-bill that twisted its beak in attempting to draw the nails of the crucifix, proved so many special pleaders on behalf of those animals. The legends and the quaint early pictures gradually popularised the idea of mercy to the meanest of God's creatures.

"But the spirit of a solemn compassion comes to us from the East. It was there the words of the gentle mystery of the silent races were spoken." We trace back through the Mahometans, Hindoos, and Egyptians,

the vindication of the claim of all creatures on the chivalrous sympathy of man. The follower of Islam exceeds the disciple of the Nazarene, in his kindliness to bird and beast. The Turkish butcher thrusts his knife into the sheep, pleading the Prophet's formula: Bismillah Kerim; in the name of God the Compassionate."

On the other hand, a traffic manager on an English railway states in the "Times," of July 29th, 1869: "Day by day, for years, I have noted our increasing indifference to the sufferings of cattle and poultry. Scenes are hourly witnessed most harrowing to the feelings, most demoralizing." A police officer describing similar cruelties in fairs and markets, declares: "What most amazes me, is that the cattle don't go mad."

They often do,—and run a muck upon their tyrants. There's no costlier mischance than the burst of a bull into a china shop!

Nevertheless it was deposed, before a committee of the House of Commons, that in ordinary weather a beast can be kept twenty-four hours without food or water, and sustain no injury. The ox would tell a different story from the ass that said so. The "Times" of August 9th, describes a truck of fat bullocks left standing exposed through a cold and wet winter Tuesday night, at Redruth, in Cornwall, and getting no food till their arrival at Bristol on Thursday, when they were found, stiff, cold, running at the eyes, and greatly depreciated in value.

In some American states the law compels intervals of "rest, water and feeding for cattle on a journey." The recent Bill for their protection was sadly bungled in the House of Peers. As far back as 1865, Mr. Reid, of Granton, received a medal from a Scottish, and in 1867, from a French society, for improved cattle trucks, which no railway or steamship has yet adopted; on the contrary, as recently as last September the "Times" describes the miseries of 1400 sheep, 400 pigs, and scores of boxes of live birds, crowded on the main and lower decks of a steamer from Rotterdam to London, kept without food or water twenty-four hours of a tempestuous passage. If carrying companies don't interfere with more humane arrangements, the law should compel them. The poor animals on their way to the shambles, at least plead, with the old Greek—"Strike, but hear me." Their slayer may well adopt the sentiment of Othello:

"I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain."

Alexander Selkirk found all creatures "so shockingly tame," because his lonely island knew nothing of patrician battues, nor plebian butcheries. Neither bird nor beast fears the native of the land of serpent charmers. Egypt shaped her idolatry in the form of the ibis, the bull, the cat, nor refused a niche in her animal pantheon even to the hawk and crocodile. Nay the dogma of transmigration involved occasional community of souls between man and beast. And


there are men, so wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous, that as Shakespeare sang :

“ They almost make us waver in our faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men.”

Man haughtily accounts himself the God of all other creatures, “ for whose pleasure they are, and were created,” but his cruelty, as if he were their slave driver, contradicts his pretension. Christ’s whip was of “ small cords,” and used only on profaners.

Mr. Wallace describing the beauty of the birds and beasts in the islands of the Eastern Sea, ridicules the assumption, that so much splendour of creation is lost, because no human eye beholds it. He contends that all creatures exist for their own delight and development, as well as for our use, and denounces cruelty as an insolent injury and wrong done to the Divine purpose.

“ Morality,” said Professor Masson, “ is not confined to dealings between man and man, but it is more and more becoming part of the conscience of civilized people, that we owe duties, not only to our own species, but to all that lives and breathes.” Delolme’s book on the Constitution of England, which holds its place as a text-book on the polity of our Government, alongside of Blackstone on our laws, Hallam on our constitutional history, and Adam Smith on our political economy, called attention above



eighty years ago, to the filth and barbarity of Smithfield, "Old Smivvle," as the market was called, and and suggested its removal to St. Pancras Fields. Miss Burdett Coutts contends for the inculcation of lessons on kindness to animals, throughout our national schools, with a view to the repression of crime.

Embarking in such company, I have no apology for my choice of subject.

It is not to be pooh-poohed as so much sentimentalism. There is a sterling, as well as spurious sentimentalism. Wise and just sentiments are the parents of wisdom and justice in laws and customs. When even civilised communities slew, or sold for slaves, their captives taken in war, was it mere sentimentalism which abolished the internecine atrocities? Was it sentimentalism which declared the judicial torture of criminals, to force them to confess, irreconcilable with the laws of England, because a crime against human nature? What was the extinction of slavery, black or white, but a triumph of sentimentalism? Was it sentimentalism, which quickening a higher sense of justice, obtained sixty years since, legal enactments against cruelty to animals?

Mr. Fleming's book on Vivisection arraigns scientific men on the score of gratuitous animal tortures which mar the dignity and poetry of science. Founded upon truth, science, like religion, relies for its beauty and attractiveness on the gentler sympathies which it calls forth, by teaching us to "look through nature

up to nature's God," but not with their eyes, who, like the Molochites passing their children through the fire, torment and massacre the helpless, only under a scientific instead of a religious pretence.

Juster views of these relative claims constitute moral epochs in the expansion of human conscience, growing wider and stronger with the world's age. Perhaps the conscience of our day, on many points now allowed, may appear as barbarous to posterity, as that of our ancestors appears to ourselves. Among national lessons of mercy, it was a hopeful day for English morals, when cruelty became a statutable crime, and the law echoed an angel's censure of an irritable prophet—"Why has thou smitten thine ass?"

There are moralists who sharply denounce, as they should do, sensuality, drunkenness, avarice, pride, vanity, and unbelief, who yet spare the cowardice of cruelty. It was not sensuality, nor avarice, nor pride, nor abstract unbelief, which perpetrated the greatest wrong in history; no, it was cruelty that nailed the living sensitive flesh of the Divine Galilean to a cross. Crucifixion owed its parentage to the people whose holidays were the fights of gladiators. The cruelty on Calvary was man's, the mercy hidden under it was God's. Gentile inklings of this truth, in the religious battue of the Hecatomb, culminated in homicidal offerings, as their natural apex. Even Zion's altars reached their intransitive crisis on the Golgotha, where humanity, redeemed alike from animal

sacrifice and sin, received a Gospel of love and peace, embracing every creature, and proclaiming—"There is no more sacrifice for sin!"

There is a claim for fellow-feelinghood between man and beast, based on their common origin from the mother earth. We apply Paul's contrast between man's progenitor, and man's Redeemer, to the created order, in the twofold nature of man himself, viz.—that "the first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." The material part in man was first formed of the dust, the spiritual part was breathed into him from Deity. Thus he stands "midway between dust and Deity." The first allies man with his animal fellows of clay. Hence Dean Stanley says: "Every man has a beast within him, which he must tame and controul." Scripture and common parlance represent this by so many figures, as to constitute all animated nature a parable and satire on human crime. The great adversary who lurks within the heart of each of us, is compared to a subtle serpent and a roaring lion. There is a tiger in man, which maddened by the sight of its own cruelty, when once it has tasted blood, knows not where to stop. The senseless imitation of what we don't understand, repeating phrases by rote, reproducing them as if they were our own, has its type in the phonetic plagiarism of a parrot, or the satirical grimaces of an ape. "Individuals and nations go astray like sheep," blindly following each other's track. There is the look, which when once seen, can

never be forgotten, of the hardened malefactor, caught at last in his own trap, symbolised in the ferocious glare, the restless movement and desperate cunning of the savage animal turning at bay against its pursuers. Gluttony and drunkenness, nay even long-indulged selfishness, or indolence, debase men to swine; and brutality to their fellow-men sinks them below the level of the worst brutes themselves. As a rule, beasts are no brutes to their own species, unless it can be the cat, the dog, or the swine, whose domestication with man accounts for the indecent solecism.

Beasts are not capable of rising higher, or falling lower than they are, but man may do both. "Every sin and folly which we allow ourselves, is a return to that old earthly inferior nature, which we have in common with the beasts." Satan's first cruelty to man was to degrade him to a devil—man's cruelty to brutes, is to debase and make a beast of himself; like the mad king of Babylon, falling from a crown of honour, little lower than the angels, to fellowship with the beasts of the field.

On the other hand, an act of mercy to the meanest of God's creatures brings us nearer to God Himself. "Thou preservest both man and beast," and because both share the same impartial economy, therefore "the children of men put their trust in Thee." "Be ye merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful."

H. E. P. writing in the "Gloucester Journal,"

describes an obstinate fight between two dogs, which the by-standers would not suffer him to put a stop to. "At a little distance, a donkey nibbling grass became excited at witnessing the contest, rushed up to the dogs, and bending himself like a bow stood over them, endeavouring with his fore feet to part them. Failing by this mute appeal, with a view to a tail-peace, he seized one dog by the tail with his mouth, lifted it from the ground, and but for the opposition of the biped spectators, would have borne it off in triumph, as no idle tale.

Another writer said; "A foreigner called, and urged me to buy a pair of performing birds, which he "vood make vistler, and be dead, and couchez, and slope arms, and preshent arms, stand on he's head, hold a flag in de foot, seet on de chair, and be roasted like de sheeken on de spit."

"Which bird can do all that?" I asked.

"Pedro," said he, "Leetle Pedro can make vistler," etc., repeating his list.

My only alternative to get rid of monsieur, was either to kick him out, or buy his birds. So I bought pretty Pedro, and Plato too, intending to let them end their lives in peace, and never again "make vistler and be dead, etc." But poor Pedro died next day, and a post mortem examination showed the poor little fellow was a perfect skeleton, his tiny breast-bone sharp as a razor. If the public ceased to purchase these little victims to a puerile and depraved taste, the monsieurs would have to seek some honester calling.

The various stages of ill-usage to which the noble horse is commonly subject, is touchingly drawn in Dibdin's "High-mettled Racer."

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
The confusion—but hear! I'll bet you, sir—done!
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near—
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tired ear;
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen—all hard at his brush,
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
While alike train'd for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come thro', a staunch and fleet horse;
When fairly run down the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won, to the ostler count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some ale-house door;
While the harness sore-galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last having labour'd, drudged early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still!

And now cold and lifeless, exposed to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;
 While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds !

The fidelity and attachment of the dog to his master is affectingly portrayed in the anecdote of a poor mason who died about eight years since, and was buried in Grey Friar's Churchyard, Edinburgh. The sexton marked the poor man's dog following as a mourner at the funeral. Next morning he found him lying on the grave, and turned him out. The second morning Bobby was there, and again driven out. The third morning, spite of the bitter cold and wet, there was poor Bobby, shivering in every limb, and the rain drops coursing down his face like tears. The sexton took pity on him and fed him. For six years the dog went regularly, by the mid-day gun from the castle, which served as his dinner bell, to a neighbouring cook, who kindly gave him his victuals ; but except for his food, Bobby never deserted his watch.

Perhaps you may be interested with the following lines, written by a Scottish lady, entitled

“GREY FRIARS BOBBY'S ADDRESS TO HIS
 FRIENDS.”

I hear them say 'tis very lang,
 That years hae come and gane,
 Sin' first they put my maister here,
 An' grat, an' left him lane ;

I could na, an' I did na gang,
 For a' they vexed me sair,
 And said sae' bauld, that they, nor I,
 Should ever see him mair.

I ken he's near me, a' the while,
 An' I will see him yet ;
 For a' my life he tended me,
 An' noo he'll no forget,
 Some blithesome day I'll hear his step,
 (There'll be nae kindred near ;)
 For a' they grat, they gaed awa,—
 But he shall find me here.

Is time so lane?—I dinna mind ;—
 Is't cauld?—I canna feel ;
 He's near me, and he'll come to me—
 An' sae 'tis very weel.
 I thank ye a', that are sae kind,
 As feed, an' make me braw ;
 Ye're unco gude, but ye're no him—
 Ye'll no wile me awa.

I'll bide, an' hope!—Do ye the same ;
 For ance I heard, that ye
 Had aye a MASTER that ye loo'd,
 An' yet ye might na' see ;
 A MASTER, too, that car'd for ye,
 (O, sure ye winna flee !)
 That's wearying to see ye noo—
 Ye'll no be waur than me ?

On the second reading of “a Bill for preventing cruelty to animals,” in the House of Peers, in the year 1809, Lord Erskine observed : “Whereas it has

pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man, the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food; and whereas, the abuse of that dominion by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having a tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity; therefore in the name of that God, who gave man his dominion over the lower world, I would acknowledge, and recognize that dominion as a moral trust."

This proposition cannot be gainsaid without complicating the sanction of all other moral duties. Some here may not be aware how distinctly, and fully the Word of God has pronounced upon this subject—and how prominently the destinies of the lower creatures are mixed up with the prophetic future of the Church of Christ. Neither the spiritual nor carnal man is at liberty to set aside a theme which the Spirit of God deemed weighty enough to be inscribed on the canon of inspiration. In ancient times, in the triumphal procession of the returning hero, they led his war-horse, caparisoned with the emblems of his conquest. In the final advent of the Prince of Peace, with the glories of "the victory that overcometh the world," the prophet foresees in that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, "Holiness unto the Lord."

"Open thy mouth for the dumb," said the wise king—let us do so, to claim for them three things:

their natural food, necessary rest, and uniform kindness.

When Captain Jenkins, in the reign of George II, exhibited in the House of Commons, his mutilated ear, and the cruel wounds with which the bull-fighting Spaniards had tortured him at sea, accompanied with insulting language against our king; he said, when he found himself in their hands threatened with death: "I commend my soul to God, and my cause to my country!"

His barbarous treatment so roused the indignation of the members, that war was declared with Spain.

Could we exhibit the torn and mangled limbs of many a poor dumb thing, among our patient hard-worked domestic animals, and detail the blasphemy with which their tortures are generally inflicted, the spectacle would urge us to declare war against cruelty in every form, as an insult to their Creator and barbarity to His creatures.

We claim for every species;

1st, Their natural food.

The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuaged.

Nebuchadnezzar "eating grass like oxen," strikes us, what if oxen were fed with flesh like Nebuchadnezzar? It is just as unnatural either way to rob creatures of their liberty and choice of the food that suits them, and then perhaps forget them, as children

do birds in a cage, and let them die of starvation, or else feed them with unsuitable diets which induce disease, and abridge their lives. Let Agur the son of Jakeh pray for the little birds: "Feed me with food convenient for me." They ask no wages, beyond their frugal board. They are our cheapest servants, requiring neither money nor clothes. They find their own, and when they have done with them we are not above wearing them second-hand.

What our Lord said of the lilies that neither toil nor spin, is true of the natural raiment of his humblest creatures, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" Solomon's best coat never fitted him like theirs!

Their right to the fruits of the earth, rests on precisely the same charter as our own, viz., the original grant of the Divine proprietor, whose is "the earth and the fulness thereof, and whose are the sheep on a thousand hills." His command is "To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so,"—and it is so, and must be so.

Their lives are spent in our service, their deaths bequeath to us their scanty chattels, and base and thievish is the neglect which starves or stints them.

The sacredness of the Sabbath is not more sacred than their claim, as Jesus taught, "Doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?"

That faithful servant of Abraham, Eliezer of Damascus, when he reached Rebecca's household fed his camels before he refreshed himself. The magnanimous Sir Philip Sydney handing the cup of water from his own parched lips to the dying soldier, did so on the same ground as Eliezer, viz. :—"Thy necessity is greater than mine!" Many a poor hungry weary beast would have been spared the omission, or purloining of his meals, if we always saw them fed before we fed ourselves. Our meals are in less jeopardy than theirs.

I knew a shrewd Welsh pony, which was a quiet amiable creature, except at his oats. His corn had evidently suffered from the petty larcenies of grooms. Hence if any one approached him, when at his feed, his *bene decessit* was apt to bear, like the corporation seal of Oakham, the impress of a horse-shoe. One day I drove with his owner to an inn at Lichfield, where we dined in a room overlooking the stables. Suddenly there was a loud cry, and an ostler came out swearing, groaning, and limping into the yard. I started to the window to learn the cause.

"Mind your dinner, Reverend," said my friend, "its only the pony kickin' a rogue for grabbin' his oats. It's a way he's got?" Not a bad way either, I thought. Such a cruel sneaking thief deserved all he got.

In another case, a cross-grained fellow who had spoiled the temper of his mare by his own brutality, wishing to sell her, was descanting on her amiable

qualities whether in saddle or shafts, that a child might drive her, was never known to lift her heels—when the liar was suddenly contradicted by the mare's dealing him a vicious kick in the stomach, which took away his breath.

Nevertheless he had the effrontery to turn it off with the faint exclamation,

“The playful—little crittur!”

Shylock expounds such reprisals in the lines; “The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.”

2nd, We claim for animals, necessary rest, because they are included in the Sabbatic Law with ourselves, as in Deut. v. 14, “that they may rest as well as thou.”

Hence the man who gives his cattle no weekly rest is a Sabbath breaker in their persons. In the consequent abridgment of their lives, a result which was demonstrated by the abolition of the Sabbath in the great French Revolution, when their cattle died by tens of thousands beyond their average mortality, such a man is convicted as a murderer, under the Divine statute, “Thou shalt not kill.”

3rd, The brutes have a claim for kindness.

When Jacob built a house for himself, he made “booths for his cattle.” Kindness has more influence than violence, whether with man or beast.

A respectable Veterinary Surgeon at Rochester, returning home in his sulky, alighted to open his gate, when the sound of a boy running by, startled the pony. It ran away, knocked off a wheel of the carriage

against a lamp post—broke both shafts, and tore down the street in terror. Some men in the street forcibly seized it. "I shouted to them," said my informant, "to let the pony alone. I called the animal to me. On hearing my voice, (a voice which she had never heard except in kindness) the poor terrified creature turned her head round, and trotted back to me immediately."

In July last, *Æsop's Fable* of "The boys and the Frogs," was realised on Streatham Common, by the boys at a school treat, amusing themselves by catching frogs out of the ditches there, and beating them to death. When an officer of the Society for the prevention of cruelty expostulated with the Schoolmaster, and offered him some tracts on the subject, the brutal Pedagogue said—"he would put them into the fire." That man was no tutor, but a touter for [goals and scaffolds. The *Chicago Tribune* of July 24th reports an American refinement in cruel sport, by making crabs drunk, and setting them to fight with each other, like a Submarine Donny-brook Fair. Griffin, Power, and Father Prout never witnessed a scene worthier of their graphic pens. The crabs drunk as the Fikings of old, and like them clad in impenetrable armour, lash at each other with their pitiless claws—pinch, tear, rend, thrust and parry with a courage greater than their destiny, and not inferior to the chivalrous homicide of the Knights of old "whose bones are dust, and whose swords are rust," happily for more peaceable people. By way of reprisals, "drunken

crabs" is the name of a political faction in the United States, whose brawls are less reparable than their crustaceous protoplasts; for if the fighting crab loses a claw, it grows again; but if his political synonym part with limb, or reputation, he is a cripple for life. He who "knew his Master's will, and did it not, is beaten with many stripes; he who knew it not, with few stripes."

A lady remarked to me: "It makes me angry when I hear a thoroughly corrupt evil-natured man likened to a brute—a creature which has no choice but to obey the instinct given it from above."

I quite agree with her. A man thinks it no compliment to be called a beast—perhaps the beasts think so too.

Among the rigorous severities of the law as a "letter that killeth," one is struck with the many tender and humane directions ordained on behalf of animals. The 22nd chapter of Deuteronomy contains a rich variety of such directions, writ in the golden lettering of the Sanctuary, which we venture to call—

THE DECALOGUE OF THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD.

These ten commandments, issued from the same authority, present the same Divine sanction and perpetuity of obligation, being equally moral in their nature, as the Commandments given on Sinai. There is:

1st, "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox, or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother."

2nd, "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again."

Not as we often see them flogged, goaded and tortured to rise with a burthen, which the fact of their having sunk under, proved its excess beyond their strength. A horse would no sooner fall on purpose than you or I should.

3rd, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way—whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young."

Wanton boys little think when they are robbing a bird's nest, that their taking the dam with her young is a cruel violation of the Law of God.

The Saturday Review for August 7th, 1869, institutes an analogy between the Red-men, and our English street boys, whom Sam Weller describes "Vith as much politeness as a wild Indian."

"People talk of the fine generous nature of boys, just as we hear them talk of the noble red-man of the forest, 'the gentleman of nature,' etc., when they really mean a greasy, whooping, screeching, tomahawking savage. The street boy and the Red Indian are the only two varieties of the human animal that evince an implacable enmity to civilization." And why? Because they have never been taught that

cruelty is cruelty, and that annoyance is only a milder form of scalping your stranger. A good whipping on the tit-for-tat principle of legal homœopathy, would elucidate and impress the lesson of humanity far more effectually than a score of committals for a month to prison. The prison costs Society infinitely more than it costs the delinquent; but the whip reverses the economy.

4th, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," because the unequal yoke galls the neck of both; a department of cruelty which is perpetrated in other forms involved in the same condemnation.

5th, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"—on which principle St. Paul founds the Minister's right of maintenance, as ministering to others. The Apostle 'magnified his office,' yet held it no indignity to put its right of support on the same law with the ox.

6th, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." Exod. xxiii. 19. A tender injunction of respect for the yearning of parental instinct.

7th, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, and should I not spare Nineveh, wherein are more than six score thousand persons, and also much cattle?" where the presence of innocent creatures is honoured like that of righteous men in Sodom, by being made a plea for sparing the city.

8th, "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind."

9th, "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and the

seventh day thou shalt rest, that thine ox and thine ass may rest, as well as thou." They want it as much, or more, than you do.

10th, "Thou shalt kill the bullock" (and after that) "cut it in pieces." Denouncing the wanton infliction of unnecessary pain, in slaughtering animals whether for food or sacrifice. The gentle Cowper sang :

On Noah, and in him, on all mankind
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.

But read the instrument, and mark it well ;
Th' oppression of a tyrannous controul
Can find no warrant there. Feed them, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous through sin
Feed on the slain, but spare the living Brute.

But not so ; geese must be slowly baked alive for weeks, to cause their liver to enlarge to make the *Pate de Foie Gras* ; and calves bled till they faint, on several days previous to their final slaughtering, to render the veal white ; and the live cod and the skate slashed with a knife to crimp it into firmer fibre ; the lobster boiled gradually to make the meat tender.

The foregoing gentler teachings of the law, prophecy embodies in the tender mercies of the Gospel, where Isaiah depicts the Mediator under the image of what a good shepherd should be—"feeding his flock, gathering the lambs with his arm, carrying them in his bosom, and gently leading those that are with young."

Christ's own example of consideration for dumb creatures, is significantly implied in His honouring them by employing their instincts as images of His own gracious relations to His people; "as the hen gathering her chickens under her wings"—"not a sparrow falling to the ground without their Heavenly Father"—in His feeding "the ravens that neither sow nor reap"—in His not separating from its mother, "the foal of an ass," in His public entry into Jerusalem—and in His benediction on the faith of the Syrophœnician, which she expressed in the form of a humane maxim: "The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

To the same effect is the precedent of the Saints. David, like his august Son, borrowed his sweetest metaphors from the habits of lower creatures. Would he express his humility? "I am a worm." Or the patriotism that would spare his people, "as for these sheep, what have they done?" Or his devotion? He envied "the Sparrow that had found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts."

The Wise King compares the Church to a Dove—Jeremiah rebukes her by the examples of the stork, turtle, crane and swallow,—and Job illustrates the wisdom and might of God by the symbols of the Lion, the Raven, the wild Goat, the Hind, the wild Ass, the Unicorn or Rhinoceros, the Peacock, the Ostrich, the Horse, the Eagle, the Behemoth or

Elephant, and the Leviathan or Crocodile. Indeed the book of Job is a primitive natural history. Are any creatures then beneath the regard of man, whose phenomena are inscribed in the Book of God?

Their claim is further based on the nature of the case. Who is more helpless than man himself, with all his God-like faculties, when stripped of the aids which he receives from the numerous classes of animals, whose qualities, powers, and instincts are admirably constructed for his use? If in examining their instincts we could discover nothing else, except their adaptation to man's use,—no susceptibility to pain or pleasure—no appreciative sense of kindness—no suffering from neglect or injury—no senses analogous, though inferior, to our own—there might be some excuse for making the most of our property in them. But it needs no large acquaintance with natural history to know, that a just and impartial God, has provided every animal that comes in contact with man, with organs and sensations for its own use and enjoyment as well as ours. Most senses bestowed on man are equally theirs—sight, touch, taste, hearing, smelling, feeling, memory, the sense of pain or pleasure—the passions of love and anger—and sensibility to kindness or oppression. Experience shows they are most useful when least abused, and thus in this, as in all things else, our interests and duties are identified. From the peculiar temperament of some animals, as the antipathy between the Bull and Dog, and the ardour of the Hunting Horse,

some contend they were created to be tortured. As well might it be argued, from his predatory habits, that man was created to plunder, slay, and be hanged. Man's wrongs may be adjusted in another life, but there is no hereafter to indemnify the brute.

"Every creature of God is good,"—good after its kind,—and for its use, and therefore should not be wantonly injured; not even noxious ones like Ali-gators, Tigers or Serpents. Scripture describes them as "beasts made," (*i. e.*) "appointed to be destroyed," but not tortured. For purposes of science and rational entertainment animals may be lawfully collected in Zoological Gardens where there is light, air, water, and space enough to mitigate the pains of captivity. But to shut them up in the stifling cages of a travelling menagerie is a more questionable practice. A wild beast waggon turned over one day, and the bursting of two cages set at liberty a Tiger and a Kangaroo. Fortunately the Tiger instantly seized the Kangaroo, and was recaptured in the midst of his meal—but he might have preferred the Showman. The kind of authentic information derivable from these travelling menageries—leading captivity captive from fair to fair, may be illustrated by the showman's spoken programme: "Come up, Ladies and Gentlemen, see the largest collection of live lions and hanibals in Europe, comprising rare birds, beasts and reptiles, as never was witnessed outside o' this here Man o'jerry, and all for the small charge of two pence:

There's an African Lion whose name's half as big as a Lion
again,

Which was trapped on the banks o' the Niger;
There's ontameable natur's o' fierce Alligators
And the Ry'al Bengal Tyger.

There's the Hostrich as runs fast as balls from the guns
Vich its no use a runnin' after;
There's Persian Galeynas, and grinnin' Hyenas
A busting their sides with laughter.

There's a Polar Bear, as never was there,
Bein' whelped aboard a Ship's scuppers
And the Motherly Pelican as taps her blood to fill a can
For the little un's breakfasts and suppers.

Our Elephant's dead, but his hide's stuffed instead
As mostly was starved alive,
A droppin' his trunk like a carrier drunk
Or a diver takin' a dive.

There's a muscovy Drak, and an Indgien Snake,
And Scripturs, and Cobler Capellers,
And a Barbary ape never out of a scrape
With his next door sulky Gorillers.

There's also on view, a Dam Kangaroo
As packs up her kiddies inside her;
And a Wrynozzlehoss as any may cross
Leastways at the risk o' the rider.

There's a brace o' Swiss Æagles, and snowywhite Beagles
As draws the Esquimaux people
A two headed Calf, and a cheeky Giruffe
Holdin' his head as high as a steeple.

There's a Panther as black as a Chimbley Sweep's sack
 And a Leopard all pitted with spots
 Like the pock-mark face of a werry bad case
 As left it all eyes and dots.

There's a Grampus's cub, and a Seal in a tub
 As cries like a babe at its washin':
 And a Ottoman cur all kivered with fur
 And a mannerly Parrot as calls you, Sir,
 If so be he ai'nt in a passion.

There's a monster Nylgau, and a screechin' Macaw
 And flyin' fish takin' the air,
 And a Porpoise as stinks like a thousand sinks,
 An' Guinea pigs tenpence a pair.

There's a mild Crocodile ketched asleep on the Nile
 Arter goblin' a child he found.
 A yaller eyed Lynx as nudges and winks
 And the more she says nothin' the more she thinks,
 And a Ounce as weighs more nor a pound.

There's a Boshieman's dwarf as cuddles his scorf
 And shivers and pines like a dog on a wharf—
 Hugs dolls, and think they are his'en,
 Cries over the lot, like a maudlin Sot
 And cusses his stars, as he pulls at the bars
 Like a captive breakin' his prison.

In spite of his cough once he took hisself off,
 Nor papers nor peelers could find him;
 But we nabbed him returnin', his wild heart a yearnin'
 For the dolls as he left behind him.

From that day to this, on these premises
 He bides,—and he mopes,—and he sighs—
 An' I'll ventur' to say, if he had his way
 He'd turn every crittur that's here astray,
 And be over the hills and far away—
 Which he won't till such times as he dies.

So Lassies and Laddies, Bulls, Sawnies and Paddies,
 Walk up and see the live show :
 It's a triffin' expense—only two pence
 There's a Band and the Bastes to suit every one's tastes ;
 Though which is the Band, and which is the Bastes
 'Ud puzzle a Witch to know.

When I pass in the street a poor over-burthened ill-fed ass, crouching alike from want and weariness, under a heavy load, disproportioned to its strength : when I mark her brutal driver cudgelling her about the head and loins till the miserable creature, frantic with agony and bewildered which way to turn or what to do, falls down, as if in despair, to seek refuge in death, and lies insensible as a dead thing to the storm of infuriated blows with which the inhuman monster would goad her up again : when the appeal of some pitying stranger to spare her provokes a volley of abuse and blasphemy, during which respite the victim is at rest : when one notes the patient and forgiving look, and the big tear, like a man's, dropping gently down the poor creature's face, as if she would even weep meekly lest she should exasperate her tyrant : I have called to mind One who rode in His lowly majesty into Jerusalem, sitting

upon an ass, and remembered there was a day coming when His Almighty power that opened the mouth of an ass, "to rebuke the madness of the prophet," will awake the memory of His creatures' wrongs in deep damnation on their oppressors.

I lately read of a raving drunkard attacking a poor ass in her stable, for sheer wanton malignity, and in spite of the remonstrance of bye-standers, furiously kicking the miserable creature's stomach, until phrenzied with the agony, she turned upon him, bit off his entire upper lip, leaving a ghastly memento on the disfigured face of the brute for life. The incident was coolly headed with a lie; "A Man worried by an Ass;" if the dumb things had their reporters, they would have headed it, without the lie; "An Ass worried by a Man!" or "Fratricide averted" "or the bit and the spur,"—"or many a slip between the cup and the lip," or in one word, to put the saddle on the right ass, it was the case of one brute retaliating another brute's brutality.

Was there no significance in the appointment of a cockcrow to the unconscious ministry of rebuke to Peter? The bird's fidelity to its lowly office condemning the unwatchfulness and blasphemy of the Apostle? There are many whose participation in sports of cruelty,—whose direct unfaithfulness to Christ—whose foresworn vows of allegiance to His Gospel—whose grievous backsliding and denial of their Lord—whose pusillanimous dread of the cross, and the scorn of the ungodly, has left them no fitter posture

than his, who, when the "cock crew, went out, and wept bitterly."

Piety and cruelty are no more compatible than Christ and Belial. To be truly devout, we cannot choose but be humane. A groaning creation must wake an echo of condolence, like the tears which the sight of their suffering Creator drew from the daughters of Jerusalem. Nevertheless from the cliffs of Calvary we gaze by faith on the loftier heights of Olivet before us, anticipating His on-coming epoch of universal jubilee, when


The groans of nature in this nether world
Which heaven has heard for ages—have an end,
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest the promised sabbath comes !
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world : and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, paved with love ;
And what *his* storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair !

Serrano, Prim, and Topete solemnised the first Sunday of the Spanish Revolution by a bull-fight!

Had they denounced the bull-ring as a remnant of Moorish barbarism, and a Bourbon pastime, the ruthless Ferdinand having instituted a Tauromachian school, by the same decree which closed their colleges and academies—had they proclaimed a new era of humanity to animals as well as freedom to men, they would have redeemed Spain from a national blot, as foul and degrading as the profligacy of her banished mistress.

During the last forty years, the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" has bought to justice 16,000 offenders convicted of cruelty. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting have been put down by law, and the cause of humanity signally advanced. St. Francis d'Assisi acknowledged the larks his sisters, and thereby gave an impetus to the appeal on behalf of animals in his day. We are as much in advance of the generation of St. Francis, as they were beyond the Romans of the time of Trajan, when for 120 days Rome weltered in the blood of man and beast, and 10,000 animals were slaughtered in mutual combat, or by the swords of gladiators. The brutalities of the Roman arena survive on a limited scale, in the exhibitions of lion kings and lion tamers, in the theatres of France and England. A lion tamer means a man who takes the tiny royal cub in its earliest whelphood, and by a process of alternate scourging and fondling, starving and stuffing, obtains the mastery over the animal, when it is too weak to resent its severe discipline, and when the impression

made is apt to become deep and indelible. But woe betide the tutor should his adult pupil rebel. In August last Mons. Lucas was exhibiting five lions at the Hippodrome in Paris. He entered their cage, not as usual with a thick stick, but with no stronger sceptre than a switch. The old couple crouched as usual at their tamer's feet; but as he turned to the whelps, for one moment he lost sight of the old lioness. The dam was braver for her cubs than for herself. No longer awed by her master's eye, and mindful of a recent severe chastisement, the savage creature sprang at Mons. Lucas' throat, fastened her fangs on his lower jaw, while her claws horribly tore the arm, by which she strove to drag the helpless man to the ground. The lion at the same instant seized their victim by the thigh. There was an instant of horror, agony, and confusion among the spectators, the attendants gazing, as if spell-bound, on a catastrophe which seemed too sure to be over before its fatality could be averted. At this moment José Mendez, the tamer's house-servant, who had no hand in the menagerie, and had never been in a lion's cage (and had rather not go into one again), rushed in at the cage door, and with the butt end of a revolver dealt a terrific blow on the head of the lioness, which compelled her to release her grasp. The brave Spaniard next dashed with all the weight of his body at the lion, and flung him headlong to the back of the cage. He then caught up the mangled body of his master with his left arm, while he turned his



right hand with the levelled pistol, at the astonished lions, facing them with a steady eye, and backing slowly with his bleeding burden, till the attendants by this time had come to their senses, wrenched off a few bars, through which master and man effected their escape under the vociferous plaudits, and tears, and faintings of the excited audience! Four days after, the poor lion-king abdicated at once his throne and life, at the beck of that other King, to whom all lives are subject, until that day when death himself shall die.

Such exhibitions illustrate and verify the title of our lecture, as equal "brutality to man and beast." Public patronage is complicity with their guilt. The morbid excitement to which they pander, is at once cruel, sensual, and devilish. Like the exploits of Blondin, it is one poor fool being paid by hosts of other fools to put his life in jeopardy. There is no heroism in bearding death for a raree-show—admittance one shilling! Nor is there any charity, still less piety, good taste, right feeling, or common sense, in paying a shilling a head for a fellow creature's doing that which if he did it from any other motive, would stamp him for a fool or madman.

Finally, let none suspect my humble advocacy of the claims of animals to be inspired by that ultra absurd fondness for them, which makes them pets. I have no pets. I object to pets as a mistake for them, and a wrong to the superior claims of our own species. Let dogs and cats have their place—downstairs—and keep

it there. It is best for themselves, as well as for their betters. The lapwing, soaring through the free air, is a nobler, because more natural object than the lap-dog in its silken fetters, giving itself airs on my lady's knees.

Besides, a pampered pug or puss, like boys stalling and overfeeding their rabbits, is like the hug of a bear, it means killing with seeming kindness. It is a folly which provokes, however unfairly, a reaction of others' dislike to the pets. It moreover tends to alienate proper affection from our own species. I heard of a lady, the mother of a family, whose inordinate fancy for cats, actually estranged her from her children. A gentleman expostulated with her: "Dear lady, if you must have a dumb pet, why not adopt some deaf and dumb child of your own species?"

The lady retorted: "Children are all very well, but—they are not cats!" No, but her weakness was just the way to make them cats, viz. with less affection for persons than for places.

Now I have done. If anything I have urged in this lecture should induce your reconsideration of a subject too apt to be overlooked, I shall be very thankful. A museum of natural history, with its innumerable specimens of preserved forms of bird, beast, fish, and creeping things, ranged as in catacombs, in their assorted vaults, is at once an instructive and melancholy spectacle. From such collections creation has been classified into its natural order, genus, and species. They have better enabled

man to appreciate the inexhaustible resources of Almighty God. Thus the creatures, like their Maker's minor martyrs, die to teach as well as feed us. As Jehu asked of the slaughtered heaps in Jezreel: "I slew Ahab, but who slew all these?"

The museum is the altar on which science lays her sacrifices, and reversing the policy of all false religion, ministers to the greater glory of God by its didactic appeal to the intellect of man. She protests against the ignoble dogma, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," which has befouled the chronicles of the Church with a bloody museum, stocked by the noble army of martyrs! Monsters and martyrs were her coeval lights and shades. The toleration of barbarity to the meanest insect, synchronised with intolerance of the most majestic intelligences. Hence the inculcation of the maxim—"The merciful man spareth the life of his beast," not only "opens the mouth for the dumb," but implies the converse truth, that sparing the life of his beast makes a merciful man. The fellow-feeling which admits within the scope of its sympathy the inferior creature, secures the higher claims of its more immediate fellow-creature. Men are in less danger where monkeys are safe: on the principle—"Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves."

Pilate is the pusillanimous type of persecution, or abuse of power, repeated in every Galilean whose blood mingles with their sacrifices. It is the same ignorant and reckless cruelty which ever asks at

one hour, "What is truth?" and the next hour nails up the lips and limbs of its commissioned teacher. Its infancy impales a fly with a pin, its manhood stabs a man with a crease. The blood of the victim in Abel's offering, may have tempted Cain to shed his brother's. History recites as vile perversions of religion in all its forms. Like the phrase "Sinfulness of sin," there is no epithet for cruelty, out of itself, to fitly designate its nature. Oh cruel cruelty! there is no other word to match thee; thou art the ruthless spirit that, like the city which crucified its Messiah, always killest and stonest them that are sent unto thee! At thy door lieth the sin of all inhumanities, as they lay at her's of whom it is written: "It is not possible that a prophet should die out of Jerusalem" — "Thou art the mother of them all!"

TALES OF THE EMIGRANTS.

1871.

TRAVELLER'S tales generally mean traveller's lies, and they were common enough to justify the adage. But Gulliver, Munchausen and other giant satires on monkies who had travelled, killed or cured their lying, by an homœopathic dose of over-lying the the infant lies. Accounts of emigrants are more reliable, because more easily sifted by returned settlers. As birth is the first date in a biography, so its original settlement is the starting point in a National History. All histories begin in colonies. Her colonies did not originate Britain's wealth, but her wealth developed her colonies. An insular dot of European geography is the focus of an Empire larger than Europe. We "increase and multiply" at home, and must needs in self-defence "replenish the earth abroad." That's the secret of our size. In other words, it is obedience to God's ordinance.

The ingenious hypothesis of the Cornish miners being descended from the ten tribes of Israel scattered by Assyria, and finding their way in Tyrian bottoms from the coast of Phœnicia to Britain, claims more

plausibility than proof, except in the survival, in the Cornish staple, of a characteristic Hebrew pursuit of *tin*. Doubtless Cornwall was the cradle of our commerce, as commerce is the root of colonial dominions, whose branches overshadow a vaster breadth of earth than ever owned allegiance to the same crown. Had the Gospel accompanied our merchantmen, the British oak would have transplanted its wholesome vigour to other lands, like the apocalyptic tree, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

If on no higher ground, the colonists had established Christianity, as speculators at home build a Church, to attract tenants to its vicinity, colony churches would obviate much religious repugnance to emigration: settlers' good repute would attract the confidence of capitalists, develop territorial resources, and divide, if not wholly divert, the unreasonable preference for the United States.

But we have been more eager to colonise, than to evangelise—moral interests have given place to material, instead of both working together hand in hand; hence the half-works have but half-blessings.

The Athenian colonist in his remotest wanderings, carried with him a flame of the sacred fire of Greece, and kept it burning. Rarely, except in direct missionary hands, has the English emigrant borne abroad a live coal from the domestic altar.

The Puritan Fathers, and the earlier settlers, not not the late *suttlers* in New Zealand, were exceptions. Too generally an English colony was the synonym

for aboriginal extirpation—it was an Ahab's occupation, "killing and taking possession."

Addison said: "Nature disseminates her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to their mutual intercourse and traffic of mankind, that the nations of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest."

The man who cuts a new line of railway or canal is nick-named a Navvy, *i.e.*, a Navigator, perhaps an unwitting tribute to ocean navigators, whose compasses, compassing sea and land, plough new routes to regions hitherto unknown. No adequate honour has been done to such men as Cooke, Drake, Raleigh, notably Sir Walter, the soldier, statesman, philosopher and pioneer of civilization.

Raleigh, who earned in honour what was paid in ignominy, is a most pathetic episode in English history. It would be a glorious, however tardy, reversal of contemporary injustice, to bury the infamous tradition of "the block," at the foot of a monumental column, bearing on its penitential summit, not the ashes, but the effigy of the hero who lost his head rather than break his word. On Raleigh's return from his last voyage, his old sentence of death still in force, many marvelled he had not remained abroad. Great efforts were made to save him. James Howell (in 1645), relates an incident addressed on Raleigh's behalf to King James:

"Alphonzo, king of Naples, sent a Moor, his

prisoner, with many thousand crowns to Barbary, to buy horses. The Court Fool, who recorded daily the name of whoever committed the greatest folly during the day, wrote that day the name of the king. On reading it, the king exclaimed,—‘But what if the Moor come back?’ ‘Then,’ said the fool, ‘I will blot out your Majesty’s name, and put in the Moor’s.’”

Nevertheless, James was inexorable, and Raleigh perished. There are a dozen statues in London at whose obscure feet historical candour sighs — “If these be set on high, why sleeps Raleigh in the dust?”

The importer of potatoes and tobacco held a patent for licensing all wine dealers. Except for the wine and waste, workmen would always have the means of transferring their labour to a better market. The memoirs by Oldys and Birch, Mrs. Thompson, Fraser, Tytler, and Southey, differ on some points of Raleigh’s life; but all pay homage to his genius and valour, and to the services which his voyages rendered to the rise and progress of civilization. Raleigh’s share in what Bacon calls “the ancient and heroical work of plantations,” survives in the State of Virginia, which he named after Elizabeth, his Virgin Queen.

Upper Beadledom can’t, or else won’t, appreciate the parochial policy and real humanity of aiding poor families to emigrate. It orders street idlers to “Bove on,” and the poor wretches “bove on” their wretchedness to the next street, again encountering the same unfeeling mandate, “Bove on.” If, instead of this

moving on, parish officials helped them to move off to lands where they could "bove" to some purpose, they would soon move themselves up to be the peers, instead of the pests, of Upper Beadledom.

It is most neighbourly to get rid of your poor neighbour, by enabling him to get rid of his poverty, relieving rate-payers and paupers by the same act, and raising the dependant on charity to the dignity of self-support. Give a man new hope, you help him to a new character. Cultivating his own acres, he feels as if he belonged to somebody, and more than that, as if something belonged to him.

Then I would urge upon all classes : "Stay not on the order of your going : go at once."

Sire of a group of seven sons,
And daughters half a score,
There's room on the Canadian run
For all you are, and more.

Stout yeoman, quit that burthened field,
Perhaps mortgaged to thy neighbour,
For freehold lands whose generous yield
Tax nought but human labour.

Strong smith, whose stalwart hammers strike
Like a third arm of steel,
Wolf, bear, and buffalo alike
To British manhood kneel.

And, woodman, leave your hamlet folks,
To pipe their reeds in spring,
For centuries of virgin oaks
Await your axe's ring.

Re-echoing through the forest glades,
 Like nature's marriage bells,
 Yielding her richly-dowried maids
 To the stout hand that fells.

The poacher's sneaking gun and snare,
 That shun the eye of time,
 Boldly pursue their quarry, where
 No game laws make it crime.

Soldier, whose last campaign is fought,
 Camp out and fight again,
 With the true battle-axe whose slaught
 Is trees—not blood of men.

You loafer, running life to waste,
 A thief, a beggar man,
 Blot out the scandal of your past,
 Redeem it while you can.

Old beards grow young in new-cropped soil,
 Bad habitudes reverse,
 Beyond the lure of cities' wiles
 To tempt them back to worse.

Young 'prentice lad just out of time,
 Perhaps also out of trade,
 Start journeyman in a thrifty clime
 That sharpens English blades.

There first the blades, and then the ears,
 And then full shocks of corn.
 Yourselves the seed—perhaps sown in tears—
 With troops of sheaves return.

Quill-driver perched on counting stool,
 Like a poor rogue in pillory,
 Pelted, snubbed and played the fool,
 From Eastertide to Hilary,

Pen no more sheepskins—pen in lieu
 The live sheep by the brook,
 A lot, no shepherd needs to rue
 More crooked than his crook.

But bide behind old stiff fourscore,
 When age asthmatic throttles,
 It's ill-spiced thrift too late to pour
 New wine into old bottles.

Thus old world sires too old to roam
 Should spare their sons abroad,
 To found another, better home,
 And trust themselves to God.

So Barzillai the aged, bid
 King David's boon adieu,
 Too old himself—he pledged instead
 "Chimham, my son, shall go."

Dr. Hayward's paper read before "The Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool," showed that its Parish authorities were bringing up 2000 Orphans, at a charge for maintenance and education, including interest on cost of land and buildings, of £18 a year each, giving a total of £36,000. The Parish keeps them from until 14 to 16 years of age. Miss Rye's recent exportation of 50 Orphans to Canada, at the

average age of 8 years, saved the £5,200 which these orphans would have cost from the age of 8 to 16 years. If all their parish orphans were disposed of at the same age it would save £208,000. There are also 1,100 orphans of a class above paupers, brought up in institutions supported by voluntary benevolence, at the cost of £15,000 a year: not to mention 3,300 of the same class, left without aid. The results of this immense sum are that 140 orphans are admitted, and 120 provided for each year. Whereas if these orphans were disposed of at an average of 8 years, by this means 275, instead of 120, would be provided for each year; and if induced to emigrate would be better provided for than they now are. He further maintained, it was the result of experience, that to be acceptable to the colonies, and successful there, emigrants not more than 8 years old were desirable.

Liverpool alone could supply the colonies about 775 each year. Taking the same proportion for the whole kingdom, would give about 42,900 children, *i.e.*, more than one-third of the total number of British emigrants, thereby saving to the country at least one-third of the skilled and robust adult artizans who now emigrate to the United States.

Reckoning the maintenance of a man, wife, and two children, at £30, and the charge for their transit to Canada at £40: at a little over one year's purchase you provide for the family, and release the rates. Before the Law of Settlement was altered the litigation of pauper's removals cost in England

and Wales more than the whole expense of the Established Kirk of Scotland, and enough to have removed the annual surplus of population not to parochial, but colonial settlements, where for the first time in their lives they would have found themselves really settled.

The Sydney Gazette, May 22nd, argues:

"The great want of England is employment, the great want of New South Wales is labour. England has more mouths than food—New South Wales more food than mouths. England would be the gainer by lopping off one of her superfluous millions—New South Wales would be the gainer by their being planted on her ample plains. In England the capitalist is glad to make his 3 per cent.: in New South Wales he looks for 20.

"In England capital is a drug, the lender can scarcely find a borrower, and the borrower can scarcely repay the lender: in New South Wales capital is the one thing needful: it would bring a goodly interest to the lender, and make the fortune of the borrower." Then don't lend on paper securities when you can have land—have a colony for your investment, instead of a company, with a liability limited only by the loss of the last shilling invested. Liability on no kind of share is so really limited as on the ploughshare.

Put our increase of population at 200,000 a year, it is argued that emigration to be effectual must really reach that number. But no such amount is

needed. For example: in the House of Commons the votes of a small clique in a close balance of parties may be enough to swamp a ministry; so a small overplus of hands in a given industry is enough to straiten the whole trade. But simply remove the small overplus, you restore the general equilibrium. So an emigration of 30,000 a year would materially adjust the relations between work and wages. Capital and population are advancing in a certain ratio, the object of emigration is not to hinder any increase of population, but so to lessen its ratio that the balance may incline in favour of capital. In other words, that it may disentangle the relations between supply and demand. The mischiefs of present social conditions can be trifled with no longer. Anodynes and soporifics must give place to constitutional medications. The people must be taught their interest in co-operating with practical measures for their welfare, and no longer waste their pence on revolutionary papers, whose editors sell themselves, as well as their readers and papers. A publican is fined who adulterates the people's beer; the printer vends a more pernicious article who drugs the people's news. The foundations of real security are beyond and above the law. They depend on the morals of the people, who to an increasing extent make the law. Hence popular education is more important than legislation, because no good laws will be made, or obeyed, without good law-makers.

The protest of the Australians against any part of

their colony being used as a penal settlement, was a mistake on their own account as well as ours. There were greater inducements for convicts to earn the high wages of labour, than to return to the straits and perils of robbery. Men impenetrable to decent motives here, have yielded to them there.

ENOCH SANDAL.

I had a boy in my National School, above thirty years ago, whom I'll call Sandal, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. A lazier, more mischievous, quarrelsome urchin, never raised a school barricade. There was scarcely a boy of his size whom Sandal had not fought, few whom he had not robbed, no species of punishment he had not undergone, whom no discipline soft or smart could mould, he was the plague of his mother, and nuisance of the school. At length Sandal absconded—fell among thieves—was repeatedly convicted—and at last sentenced to seven years transportation. I visited him in custody on his final charge—his legs chained to the bars of the parish constable's grate. He was then in his eighteenth year. He was ashamed, or else too sullen, to speak to me. He seemed like a bad boy at bay. I had once, at his mother's entreaty, soundly caned him, and perhaps the poor lad sulked on the reminiscence. On his being removed to the county jail, his mother clung to him praying aloud, "Lord, have mercy on him—mercy on my poor lad!"

Pitying her misery, I took her by the hand, and to comfort her, said, "God be with you, widow,—she shall not want!" The latter words were meant for her son's ear, as well as her own, and so the boy took them.

He now for the first time turned a look on me—a hard look, yet not so hard, as when he had looked away from me—but not a word passed. The cart moved off,—many eyes were fixed on the prisoner but only one voice cried—"Mercy on him!" It was his mother's cry—Sandal bent his long last gaze, not on her, he couldn't bear to meet her eye, but on me. His eye looked into mine as if to stare and stamp into my memory the pledge which had involuntarily escaped me, to wit, "She shall not want."

On his return from the county prison, the burly constable stated: 'That young Sandal shut himself up the whole ground to jail—never giv' tong good or bad till such times, as Warder at Stafford axed his na'am, whereby he mithered out:—

"Hershannawhant!"

"Herrwhatten?" says warder, "bin you a furrin Jarmin blaggerd?"

"But mind ye, mums the word—never another'un could they twist out on him, barrin' 'Hershanna-whant.'"

"What mought be his meanin'," says Warder, "He's shammin' saft, ain't he?"

"No, says I, thinkin'ly the safts meanin' ain't his

name, but his mother—bein' as hershanna—want. Our Wicar said so." "

So Sandal was shipped abroad, away over seas to the far end of the world. No more was heard of him, year by year, except in heaven, where his mother's intercessions kept his name before God! His ignominy, deep as it was, had not sunk deeper than the wistful depths of a mother's heart. With the gallant faith that storms forlorn hopes, and worketh by love, she never despaired of the bad boy, whose last thought at all events was of her—"her shanna want." The words had quivered on his lips like signals of distress from a sinking ship, but indicated some hope of rescue to the last!

At the first year's end I wrote for tidings of Sandal through the usual channel, and the reply from Van Dieman's Land announced that he and another convict had escaped, and were both lost in crossing the sea to the opposite coast.

Four years elapsed. I was sitting in my study one night in November, when my servant said a man was waiting to see me.

"What is his business?"

"He says—he must tell you alone, Sir."

"What is his name?"

"He says you don't know it."

"Tell him to come in the morning."

"I did—and he says he only wants ten minutes, bein' bound for Liverpool by to-night's mail."

"Show him in."

A tall hairy fellow above six feet entered—closed the door after him, then turned on me and said,

“Belike ye don’t mind me?”

“Not a bit, why should I mind you?”

“Ye don’t take me, Sir.”

“Take you, why should I take you for? may be you’d rather not—”

“May be, ye won’t take my meanin’, bein’ what I be,” said the man gloomily.

“What are you, then?”

I looked hard at him, but his features, ambushed under cover of a thick confluent coppice of shaggy whisker, moustache and beard, were undiscoverable. He looked more like a bush than a brother. I repeated my question:

“Who are you?”

“Who be I? Dost mind, reverend, a froctious ungain rodney lad, as thee used for to whop above a bit, only none more nor he’d arned, one Anoch Sandal by name?”

“Are you Sandal?”

“I be; leastways I’m the chap as was him till such times as sorrow and jye tarned me another mon. Both on ’em had a hond in it, rev’rend, dreary fettlin’ and frettin’, death a starrin’ ye in face, look where ye would—hunger grippin’ yer bowels, sea and land clammin’ worse nor one another; and then again at long last the jyful upshot on it all. That’s me, Sir, leastways that’s both of us, me as

was, and me as I be, and neither on us nothin' to boast on."

"Didn't you break your ticket-of-leave?"

"You known that?" he exclaimed, surprised and half alarmed.

"I did. I wonder you risk being seen."

"No risk, Sir, I come by the coach this last night, and lay a-bed at the Blue Pig, till such times it was that dark, I dar' venture out to your reverence. I'm going' back by the mail; but dost call to mind what yer said that day as I was nabbed?"

"I remember what you said; you said nothing."

"Nay, but I did, Sir, I said amen clerk to what your Reverence said, word for word, only I said it in-wards like."

"What did I say?"

"Ye took my mother's hond, Sir: you stud to her in her trooble—says you, your Reverence says, looking straight on end at me—face to face like, such times as you said it, you says; Her—shanna—want."

"Neither has she, Sandal: the Lord provided for her."

"So he has, Sir, and done it like a Lord: He's been and made my old mother a lady."

"What do you mean?"

"My meanin' is, £1200."

Then he told me a long story of his wearisome weary life, as a ticket-of-leave man, in Van Dieman's Land—how he and the other convict hearing of

the gold-fields on the mainland—stole a boat, and storing her with such provisions as they could procure—ventured the long passage across the sea—their hardships on the waters, and privations through the bush, finally reaching Brisbane. Being both miners, they plied their skill in digging for gold, dividing between them at the end of eighteen months nearly £3000.

“Then,” said he, “the Lord called back them words o’ your’n, ‘Her shanna want.’”

“No more her shanna, I says, whereby I cried a bit, and swears by them words as I’d make ’em come true to moother, payin’ her back all the trooble I’d been and done her. I told Jim my mate on it.”

“Spoke up like a man, Anoch,” says Jim.

“Amen, Jim,” says I, “I will arise and go to my moother, and say unto her, Moother, I’ve sinned against Heaven and before thee, I ain’t no more worthy to be called thy son; but mak’ thee mind easy, and here’s the materials to do it with. By that I fatched away the blunt, and here’s the lot.”

Sandal produced £1200 in notes, and pushed them over to me.

“Now how do you propose to deal with the money?”

“No how—dursent—must slip back mum as may be—what could a convict do with such paper? Take it off me, Sir, for the poor old woman as you said her shanna want!”

I saw his difficulty, but also felt my own. As a justice of the peace it was my duty to give him into custody, but I could not. There was a law pleading for him, higher than human statutes. To seize him in the act of filial piety seemed forbidden by the words, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." I couldn't do it, and did not. I consented to invest the money for the widow, and then Sandal asked: "Where does moother live now, Sir? I dursent ask in the street."

"It will be safer for me to show you," so we set out together. I opened the widow's door. She was knitting. I only heard two words:

"Moother!"

"Moi lad!"

I shut them in, and left them.

I never heard of Sandal again: but the widow's life was blessed, and her prayers were answered by the fruits of his filial repentance.

Every emigrant need be neither convict nor gold-digger, but every digger will dig gold in some shape, meal or malt. The author of "Virginia's Verger," upwards of 200 years ago, strikingly observed: "What mines have they in Brazil, and in the Islands? Their ginger, sugar, hides, tobacco, and other wares yield far more profit than the mines. Who gave gold and silver the monopoly of wealth? or made them the Almighty's favourites? That is the richest land which feeds most men. The silks, calicoes, drugs, and spices of the East, swallow up all

the mines of the West. The very word, colony (from *colo* to till) imports a reasonable and seasonable culture and planting, before harvest and vintage can be expected."

The old fable of a dying man who bequeathed a field to his sons, stating he had hidden his treasures in it, is realised in Canada. The sons dug and drained, levelled, sowed, and planted the soil, and they found the treasure; but it was in the shape of crops of golden corn.

Before emigration was understood, English adventure consisted in intercepting the rich Spanish galleons at sea. Their depredations were a piratical version of Jason's Golden Fleece: they fleeced the Spaniards of their gold. Raleigh was the first leader in honest, yet not less daring, voyages, in quest of lands to cultivate, instead of ships to destroy. In the prophetic spirit of Christianity, he changed the pirate's "sword" into the colonist's "ploughshare," converting the enterprising spirits of the country into settlers instead of rovers. Emigration still often turns those who have been, or might be, felons, into honest colonists. The convict by a kind of inverted patriotism, like a philanthropist against his will, leaves his country for his country's good, and often for his own too. His "room was better than his company," but that's equally true of honest men, who only seek room abroad to make more for the rest at home. The patriotic exodus benefits both himself and others. Like the quality of mercy twice blessed to donor and

receiver, emigration is a two-fold boon, alike to him who goes, and him who stays.

The climate of the Canadas, particularly of the Dysart Settlement, is no alternation of intolerable extremes of scorch or freeze, it differs not materially from our own. The soil is of varied quality, not more so than other parts of the earth, or of the men upon it, but there is abundance of the best land, and the worse can bide its turn.

Stock of all kinds is cheap enough within reach of limited means, and followers of Nimrod and ramrod find inexhaustible supplies of game. The Canadian forests, like the sheet in the Apostle's vision, full of all manner of beast and fowl, seem vocal with the bidding: "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." He must be a bad shot, and a worse scrat, who starves in Canada. Then it is our own—it is old England abroad—ourselves, only further afield. We are not scattering our strength on foreign territories, who are competitors, and may be adversaries. Let Germans who possess no colonies, and Irishmen who envy us, whether at home or abroad, cast in their lot with America; a Briton carrying with him his love of Britain, will prefer a settlement which entails only a geographical, but no political, separation from his citizenship in the Fatherland. At the distance of a summer tour of ten days, £10 will land you in Quebec. Join an emigration instead of a goose club. Save £20 in two years, and have £10 to start with on the Canadian sides.

Middle-aged man, with a large bevy of little folks relying on your industry, you sometimes find life and the loaf far apart. In a time of straitness the common sense of the four lepers in Samaria reasoned :

“ Why sit we here until we die? if we say we will enter into the city,—then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. So they went forth to the Syrians, saying; If they save us we shall live, and if they kill us we shall but die.” They could not be worse off, and might be better than they were; so they went forth, and verified the predicted tariff of Elijah, “ A measure of fine flour for a shekel.” Canada realises such a promise. There the food rots for want of consumers—here consumers starve for want of food. Go then, and add a fresh life in your own person to the expiring years of your mortal lease. Be no longer content with a hand-to-mouth subsistence. Nothing secures constant employment like being your own employer. Canada bids you turn on to your own land—to come it strong in your own favour, herd your own flocks, fatten your own hogs, groom your own horse, build your own barns, and store your own crops.

You will never find too little to do, always enough to spare, the power to return to the old country soon as you are tired of the new, and if you never do it till then you’ll never return at all, except to show your

old neighbours a thriven man who bids them "Go and do likewise."

I know a journeyman japanner who went to Australia, and within twenty years visited England as Mayor (I think) of Adelaide.

I remember a clerk who was always in low water at home, assisted by his brother to emigrate, one of whose sons I lately met as a Colonial M.P.

A mason began building shantees—rose to taking contracts for chateaus—has since built halls and institutions, and now sits in one of them, like a social thermometer, by which to guage the steady rise of the colony, whose capabilities he illustrates.

A carpenter starting with packing cases, went in for the higher walk of cabinet making, and ended by making himself a Cabinet Minister.

A blacksmith put up a smithy in which to utilize his leisure from farming, and found his forge made a mint of money without forgery. Striking the iron while it was hot, he grew rich by its golden sparks.

A barber took to shearing sheep instead of men, and made infinitely more off the backs of his flocks than the beards of his customers, "charge, shearing for nothing, except the wool."

A national schoolmaster tired of the slow promotion at home, tried his gifts in the dominion, and in a few years was chosen joint pastor and master of a thriving church and school.

A medical student who didn't study medicine—

whose youth and strength, which were his only substance, he wasted in riotous living, turned into a cabin which he mistook for a cab, left England in drink, and drunk or sober it was the first sensible thing he'd ever done. Out there on the boundless plains of Tasmania, away from evil courses and companions, he came under the law: "And if any do not work, neither shall he eat." The doctor became his own patient, and cured himself with no other medicine than the simple operation in nature's surgery, performed with his own hands, when he set them to work.

As a rule out there, sheep are fleeced instead of men—everybody is too busy with their own affairs to tamper with other people's, and find planting and getting on, far better jobs than plundering and making off.

Down to the poorest labourer, in ordinary health, the colony offers a community of privilege in a country, not as Raleigh described Ireland—"a commonwealth of common woe"—but an impartial brotherhood of chance and opportunity, open to every man of common industry. Every new comer is welcomed as a coadjutor, instead of being resented as a rival, because the general interests are advanced by individual success.

Thirty years ago I presided at an emigration meeting at Wolverhampton. Its object was to form a club to facilitate the periodical emigration of its members, at their own charge. Many however at

that meeting were interested in continuing the wretched deceptions of other kinds of clubs, and they raised a dissentient murmur, which swelled to a noise, and culminated in an uproar of abuse and contradiction of our statements, which eventually upset the meeting.

Three years after I was sitting in my study at Bilston one morning, when an old man upwards of seventy was shown in, desiring to speak with me. He was a thin, grey-haired, wiry elder, dressed in a quaint suit of decent black. He abruptly opened his business by saying :

“I’ve been.”

“What do you say ? ”

“I’ve been.”

“Your name, friend ? ”

“Oh, you know me—Caleb Tonks be my na’am—dost thee mind the man as stud by thee concernin’ Austrelia, that ’ere night a ruck o’ wastrells swore as thee words was no better nor a pack o’ lies ? ”

“You mean the Wolverhampton meeting ? ”

“Yes, sure : I told ’em, I says, ‘I’ll goo over, and see if it ain’t—you mind if I don’t.’ ”

“I remember it now.”

“In course thee dost. Waal, I’ve been.”

“To Australia, Caleb ? ”

“Yes, sure.”

“Why did you come back again ? ”

“’Cause why—I never did go for to stay—I’m over old, yer see—but there’s such a passil o’ lads and

wenches at our house, as they're in one another's way. So I worked my road out, over sea—worked it across country—and worked it back again, wi' a tidy bit o' money in pocket to help our chaps to 'goo and do likewise.' ”

Caleb's report of the land—like his Old Testament namesake's account of Canaan—few believed. I did, and so should you.

There is no reason, but plenty of folly, in any man's objecting to better himself—whether here, or there. There's no likelier district than the Dysart Settlement of the Canadian Land and Emigration Company, consisting of 450,000 acres, of which 1800 acres are cleared, with a yearly increasing population of 500 souls, settled on 90 farms and about 90 houses already erected. The settlers are happy and thriving. They have the advantage of the ample capital of the Company to co-operate with the improvements of the district and develop its resources. They already contemplate the construction of a railway. Haliburton Town—named after the father of the settlement, the creator of the renowned Sam Slick—is admirably chosen as the site of the future capital of the Province. Sitting at the head of Lake Kushog, like a queen of the waters, embellished by undulating woods sloping down to the water's edge, alternating with broad strips of land, like variegated ribbons trimming the picturesque landscape, a series of villas interspersed here and there, separated from each other's domestic privacy by lofty shrubberies, Haliburton indicates the groupings of a

hand of taste, working up the luxuriant materials of nature.

The town already boasts of its inn, of several stores for the sale or purchase of all commodities required for colonial life, grist and saw mills, averaging £200 a year profit, residence for a clergyman whose salary is partly paid by the Company, and a large portion of the funds for building a church has been raised solely by the subscriptions of the settlers, who also support a large school sufficient for all the children of the Settlement, and where the Bible is not a proscribed book.

A letter received from a settler, dated March 29th, 1869, states: "The soil varies....the best of the lands would give crops sufficient for the stock and our own use; and, above all, the nature of the ground being in hills and valleys makes fine shelter for cattle. Sheep do remarkably well here....Dysart can boast of better roads than any township in the backwoods. I have seen heavy crops of wheat and potatoes, such as I never saw in England. Indian corn, and all kinds of roots or grain, will do first-rate here, and all kinds of melons grow in the open air. There are more than a hundred families in Dysart, most of whom are doing well. All of them might, but whisky is the fault. We worked hard, chopped and cleared five acres, and put it into full wheat. We put up our shanty ourselves. Tom made thirty dollars by working on the road, and the other boys about twelve dollars; and I worked at my trade all the winter, in Minden village, at twenty dollars a month with board

and lodging. Practice will soon teach a man the way to farm and chop. It's the most free and independent life a man can enjoy. There's plenty of game, deer, partridges, hares, and other kinds. We killed a bear, and, more than that, we boys ate what we could of him. I never wish better meat. We have to work hard and stick to it,—but a man works with a will when he works for himself."

To a young farmer who could command a little capital the Company offers for £31 5s. cash, or £14 13s. payable in five annual instalments, 100 acres of good freehold, well suited, when cleared, for corn, hay, or potatoes in a district already provided with roads, mills, market, church and school, with a thriving circle of 500 neighbours to lend a hand and cheer the hearts of new comers who are always welcome, and the more the merrier. If a loafer means a man without a loaf, there are no loafers in Canada. No man there wants more weapons with which to fight the battle of life, than a spade in his hand, and the will to dig in his heart.

When Nelson on the eve of one of his victories heard of two of his officers having arranged a duel, he pointed to the French fleet in the offing, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, don't waste your shot upon each other, there is your enemy!"

To the internecine wrestlers with excessive competition in the crowded lanes of England, we say, "Fellow citizens, don't waste your toil against each other. There's your friend, across the sea yonder.

Carry your wares to a better market. Go where men are wanted, more than you want money. Strike, but not the foolish strikes which hurt everybody, and and yourselves worst of all. Strike out a new path in a new country. March into the woods primitive axe in hand, and come out of its prostrate clearings lords of vanquished acres. The world's earliest heroes were its woodman ; Ps. 74 says, " A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." A clearing was the oldest title to property, and the first page in the annals of civilization, so much so, that the lawyers talk of a "clear title" to this day: and a "field" or feld means a space of ground whose trees are felled. "He who fells a field is a 'good feller,' a much better fellow than he who fells his neighbour."

Every country began in its colony, every peerage first followed the plough. Go and plough in your names among the earliest to be found in the future histories of the New World.

We close with the sketch of a lady whose name is a household word in the Colonies, nor less so at home, Maria Rye. Miss Rye lately conveyed 120 babies to Canada, and their reception on arriving at the old Goal of Niagara, which Miss Rye's friends had bought for £600, and converted into a Home for 100 girls, is thus described in the *Niagara Mail* for November 17th, 1869.

"The children were conveyed to the home provided for them, and seemed lively as squirrels, notwithstanding their rough passage across the Atlantic, and the fatigue of a long journey from Quebec to Niagara.

The sight of so many little orphans move all hearts with sympathy. After singing a short grace, they took what was prepared for them, and their modest quiet behaviour at table was very pleasing. The confidence and trust of these children in Miss Rye is unbounded. They regard her with the strongest affection, which they show in a thousand artless ways—fondling round her, kissing her hands, and the like; and when that good lady arrived at the home, an hour or two after the children's arrival, the way they ran clustering round her with exclamations of joy, was a pleasing sight. Still more affecting to see them all kneeling round her in the attitude of profound devotion while she read a portion of the evening service, and put up a prayer of thankfulness to Almighty God for having brought them safely to the end of their long journey. The children joined in the prayers, and sang beautifully a little hymn; after which they all retired for the night, perfectly confident and happy in the knowledge that Miss Rye was with them, and that God watched over them all."

Contrasted with the infanticidal baby-farming at home, happy are the wee creatures whose otherwise forlorn destinies are nestled in the bosom of a wise philanthropy, which buries their sense of orphanhood and sets their young hearts

Singing a song of sixpence,
With a pocket full of Rye.

Miss Rye has been my personal friend for years. I

bless God for the unfeigned faith which is in her. While others expend their zeal on pamphlets, paragraphs, or platforms, Maria Rye "goes and does it:" doing the mother to hundreds of babies, instead of playing the mouther to hundreds of boobies. The emigration of little girls is a novelty originating with her feminine sympathy. Her conversion of the Canadian Jail into a Home is an intrinsic symbol of the natural issues of such enterprise as hers. More homes, less rogues: more work, less want: no want, no crime. Canadian history will number her among the mothers of the Dominion. There is no English lady whose name carries such weight with it, alike in Australia, New Zealand and the Canadas. Not a colonist would hesitate to accept a child or servant of her guarantee. They endorse her drafts of young living bills ~~with no~~ fear of their being dishonoured. The confidence in her character and judgment, like credit in commercial transactions, facilitates the business of emigration, the public on either side the seas, relying on their honorary mediatrix, "Gin a body meet a body comin' through the Rye."

Her quiet thoughtful face, gloaming in a subdued daybreak of self-oblivion for others' weal, hallowed by faith in her work, through Him whose "little ones these are," brightening with streaks of Christian hope, and enhanced by the graceful light of charity, constitutes a practical embodiment of the three abiding graces of the Gospel, endowed with no common transitory charm, which is the secret of her influence.

Howard's voluntary mission to home and foreign prisons is a companion picture to the Lady who turned a prison into a home, and inaugurated a system which prevents homes from being turned into prisons. That old criminal building at Niagara is the first instance of a Jail converted into a Nursery, sacred to social virtue, instead of a hot-bed for forcing the growth of social vice. Canada inscribes its portal "Rye's Home!" Consigns her memory to perpetual imprisonment for being found the last prisoner, and the only thing that was away there; and consequently the only name which will never escape the echo of its wee inmates' grateful love. If these held their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out, "This is the Rye House plot for 'entertaining little strangers, who may turn out to be angels unawares'"—the half-way home for children, between the mother country, and the hospitable colony of which they will be the future mothers, through the instrumentality of a mother in Israel, and who, unhappily for the race, was a mother nowhere else.

Sermons.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

1843.

ST. GEORGE'S, WOLVERHAMPTON.

“But the Lord was not in the fire.”—1 KINGS xix. 12.

TO-DAY I have to call your attention to an affecting anniversary; consecrated by the gratitude of Parliament, and by the piety of the Church, to the memory of an event in which both were deeply interested; and I pray to be directed into such reflections as may be calculated to excite a deep feeling of unfeigned thankfulness in our hearts towards the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whose undeserved mercy it is that we receive “every good and perfect gift.”

This one feeling ALONE is enough to render the discussion of any particular Providence most profitable to us, viz., that we are indebted for every gift and every grace to the sovereign love of Christ—that it is the Father’s good pleasure to give us all things through the channel of His Son, and without Him nothing; so that in every remembrance of our national or individual blessings, the believer finds only so many more reasons for additional love to the Lord his Saviour.

This makes gratitude become the handmaid of piety, and this view of the use of national commemorations, as national means of grace, justifies the wisdom of their appointment and the duty of their observance. I cannot doubt but that God would be more gracious to us, if we were more grateful to Him. It is one of the crying sins of the world, and too much so of the Church, to forbear the thankful acknowledgment of our undeserved mercies. Ingratitude and self-seeking are so unbecoming a man, that God made the King of Babylon a beast on its account; but a lower degradation awaits the thankless soul, in a lower world. The Lord forbid it should be the fault or fall of any soul among us! Let the opposite sentiment pervade our hearts, while I proceed to remind you, we are called upon this day to keep the passover of our spared Church and commonwealth, saved by the sprinkled blood of truth upon her door-posts, from the most bloody and Satanic conspiracy that ever blackened a page of sacred or profane history.

Far be it from me to associate matters of polity with discourses of piety—the pulpit is not a hustings, and I desire never to confound them; and therefore in the following reflections I hope to be understood to refer to the event, connected with this day's solemnity, solely in its religious bearings; and let me not be judged deficient in charity towards our Romish brethren, if their Church should be attainted of this charge, and if the Gospel I have to preach should lay

its fearful ban upon all such modes of advancing an ecclesiastical communion.

The words of our text refer to an incident in the life of Elijah. The Prophet, flying from the threatened enmity of Jezebel, had secreted himself during a fast of forty days in the wilderness, and on the strength of that meat which God had miraculously provided him (in verse 8) had travelled 150 miles into the desert, until he reached the same Mount Horeb upon which Moses, after an equal fast, had received the law. Here it now pleased the Lord to deliver to him the special spirit of *prophecy*, under similar manifestations of His holiness and terror and majesty as accompanied the giving of the law. Hidden in the same typical cave with Moses,—the glory of the Lord passed by him; there was 1st, (see ver. 11), the strong wind rending the mountains, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake.

This is a sublime allegory, or acted parable of the future dispensation of grace by means of the Gospel, which was to be preached to man, not like the law—through the ministry of terror; not by the wind—the earthquake and the fire; though as Paul saith: “*He maketh the winds His angels, and the flaming fire His ministers;*” yet it was by the still small voice that the Gospel should be administered to man, a *still* voice, as opposed to the fury of the wind; and *small*, as opposed to the terror of the earthquake and a *voice* of words, as opposed to letters of fire.

In this doctrinal emblem God was teaching His prophet that through him His Church might be taught, that henceforth the *ministry* of grace should be carried on by gracious means, becoming a covenant of grace; that hereafter the Church should preach the truth of God, not by violence, and terror, and alarm, but by the still small voice of welcome invitation and winning entreaty.

In reference to all other modes of proselytism, the Lord gives not the sanction of His presence and blessing. The Lord is not in the wind, the earthquake, nor the fire. There is none of the same mind, "which was also in Christ Jesus," in the fierce spirit that would rend the rock of every other Church in pieces, or in the all-absorbing ambition that would swallow up into its insatiate bosom every other prerogative, power, and immunity of Christendom, or in the unheavenly Church that should borrow a furnace from Nebuchadnezzar, in which to cast the faithful few who should refuse to bow down and worship at its altar. The Lord is not in *that* fire.

It was the spirit of Christ to pluck the brand *from* the burning, whose spirit therefore can that be which would cast it back again? Certainly not the gentle spirit of the Lamb of God, who never carried, like Samson's fox, a firebrand to consume the bread even of his enemies; *that* fire, which he said he came to "bring upon earth," was not the fire of Moloch, but like the fire from Heaven that took back the persons of the patriarch and prophet,

and consumed while it purified their sacrifices ; so Jesus was to burn the HEARTS of His disciples, as He talked with them by the way of His quick and powerful word, and to inflame them with that heavenly ardour of affection which should *translate their hearts* as a whole burnt-offering up to God !

That which our Lord condemned in His Apostles He must condemn in all ages of His Church ; and if He shall blame the Boanerges (those sons of thunder, whose spirits seemed in tune with the dread music of Sinai), for their wishing to call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritan villages for their rejecting Christ ; how much more shall He condemn those angry disciples who call themselves Jesuits by the name of Jesus, who would not call down from *heaven*, but call *up* from hell, fire to consume a whole church and kingdom.

The disciples asked—" Shall we call fire as *Elias* did ? but this day's solemnity commemorates an intended sacrifice without precedent or parallel. The disciples of Rome shall find no name in Scripture to ask—" Shall we do as they did ? There is in Scripture, it is true, an Adrammelech and a Zimri, who killed a prince, but spared the people ; and there is a Haman, who would have slain a people, but spared the prince ; but that both prince and people, church and state, peers and judges, root and branch, should be altogether slaughtered at their duties, as Jehu did the priests and people of Baal—was a conspiracy, unheard of and unknown, and only to be named in

company with the plot of Satan, for the fall of man!

The Sicilian vespers, or the matins of St. Bartholomew, were but petty treasons and infant tragedies when compared to this infamous conspiracy. Herod's slaughter of the pretty babes of Rachel, that he might drown in their bloody deluge the infant Jesus; and Pilate's more fatal blow, that smote the salvation of Israel to the tomb, were neither of them *more* fierce and devilish, against the body of Christ which is His Church, than was the plot of this day's memorial; for had not the Lord, who *was not* in the fire (except indeed in the sense in which He walked in the furnace with the youths at Babylon, to stop the mouths of the flames), had not the *same* Lord put it into the heart of His Anointed Prince to inspect and make a discovery of the Papal machinations; the orphan kingdom had been at once bereft of the fatherhood of its royalty, the glory of its peerage, the support of its magistracy, and the ministry of its Church.

Had the cruel scheme been permitted to succeed, the multiplied spirit of the cellared traitor had introduced into the bosom of every family, through the inquisitorial agency of the Confessional, a domestic Faux, invested by his office with the secret elements to explode at any time its household peace and harmony.

Had the views of the conspirators been accomplished to the full, the crown of England had been

beaten into the form and pressure of the tiara of Rome—the monarch converted into a lay legate of the Pope—the imperial Church reduced into a province of an Italian bishopric, the open arms of the Protestant Bible would have been folded in despair, and handcuffed and locked up from the laity by the key of St. Peter's, instead of your vernacular prayers, Mother Church, like the poor possessed demoniac in the Gospel, would have her mother tongue torn out, and be suffered to communicate with her children only by dumb Latin sounds, and idolatrous tokens and genuflections. Instead of your plain Gospel preaching, “comparing Scriptural things with Scriptural,” you should have texts from tradition instead of revelation, the canons of councils instead of the decrees of Christ—“Thus saith the Church,” instead of “Thus saith the Lord”; and instead of that plain altar, a simple garrison of the Gospel, fortified by the tables of the law, and provisioned with the table of the Lamb, you should have an ark borrowed from the Jew, and an idol copied from the Gentile—and oh, fearful sacrilege! though the Jewish temple had no image of Moses, the Gentile Church *hath* had an image of Christ, and it would have been *there* too, the very image of that God, multiplied into so many molten gods, of that God who said: “Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, neither the likeness of anything *in heaven*, much less of *himself*, *making God himself an idol*! nor the likeness,” etc.

Then, my brethren, what a world of mercy, in this day's *deliverance*, *have we to commemorate!* not simply the providential escape of James and his family, his peers and bishops, judges and commons; but the rescue of a Protestant throne, and a Protestant senate, a Protestant Church, and a Protestant kingdom! And in this light our fathers of that day regarded the averted catastrophe; and shall any of us in this day pretend to be better informed upon their contemporary events than they themselves? It may suit the purposes of some to ridicule this day's solemnity; but so long as Protestant England hath English hearts to love and reverence her, this festival shall be observed as the Purim of the empire, and the Passover of the Church!

Surely we may take up the language of the Psalmist, and say: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say; If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us."

It is worthy of special observation, that with the exception of the event, which distinguishes this day, the chief imminent perils which the Protestant Church of these realms has been called upon to encounter, have occurred in the reigns of our *female* sovereigns.

I need not remind you of the rubric names of our English fathers, whom the bigotry of Mary baptized for Jesus, in the blood of martyrdom; neither does it belong to our subject to dwell upon Elizabeth's deliverance from the mighty Armada of Spain.

“Many a time have they fought against me from [my youth up.”

Those were the two periods when the Protestant Church of England was in its chief danger. Oh then, on this annual festival of thanksgiving, let it be a matter of special prayer with us, that the perils of our Church, in former female reigns, may not be repeated in the gracious days of her present Majesty, and that God may give her wisdom and grace to become as Deborah, a mother in Israel; that the exploded faction of Popish devoteism may not be encouraged, much less enabled to collect its scattered elements of civil and religious combustion, and have opportunity to devise again the dismemberment of the empire, and the subversion of the Church.

And, my dear brethren, unhappily there is some ground for apprehension. The ancient spirit of Faux is at work at the foundations and principles of our faith, especially in the sister kingdom. Oh, if you could compare the mutilated and reduced body of the Irish education Bible, that skeleton of Scripture, with the sacred canon which was written by the spirit of Christ, you would tremble for the stability of any Church that should be built upon it. You would find every passage that seemed to controvert the doctrines of Popery ruthlessly extracted—the very word of God bound over by act of Parliament to keep the peace with the Pope. In short, the poor earnest seeker after truth and salvation, if you bade him seek it, in the torn, crippled, and misrendered

Irish version, you would hear him after his fruitless search, casting the book from him with the *lamentation of Mary*—“*They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.*”

And yet this is the Scripture out of which the body of the nation, both Protestant and Catholic, is to be taught; and this, my brethren, is the practical miner, that like Faux, is laying its train of error at the foundations of truth, to explode it into eventual heresy; and therefore, for the discontinuance of such an unholy compromise of Protestant and Christian principle, every good man's influence and prayers should be daily taxed and engaged.

Surely in the flames that were suffered to burn out the special passages from the Irish Bible, we may take up our text and say, “The Lord was not in the fire!” and surely in the angry spirit that hath blazed among us at home of late, in opposition to the rights and privileges of the National Church, “The Lord is not in the fire.” And surely, in the fierce heart-burnings that so provoke us, one against another, in a honest difference of sentiments upon passing questions, “The Lord is not in the fire.”

No, dear brethren, we all require more earnest listening to that still small voice that speaketh “peace on earth, and good-will to man;” for as the Lord hath not blessed the fiery spirits of our religious adversaries, so will He not bless and prosper us, unless we set about the work of His Gospel in the spirit of the Gospel,—“The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.”

And though it be true, as in the case of this Jesuitical treason, the Lord, who was not in the fire, made it, like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to burn those men who would have cast His people into it, and thus overruled it to His Church's triumph. As David saith, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

Yet this overruling doth not absolve the conspirators from the guilt and penalty of their design. Brethren, let us be careful not to learn a spirit of retaliation from our violent adversaries, lest the destructive plot that failed upon the body of our Church be suffered to succeed against the spirit of it, by making us like-minded, and bigoted, and cruel, and persecuting. Let our only weapon be "the sword of the Spirit," and let our continued controversy be "a praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit," and let our Church's quarrel with the Papacy be like the angel's wrestling with Jacob, until she enable him to prevail to receive a blessing from her: "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal."

As grace triumphs in the individual heart, so will grace ever prevail in the Church and in the world, "Not by might nor by power," but *by the Spirit of "the still small voice,"* that Spirit which has its gentle testimony in the form of a Dove, and choose for its subject—"The Lamb!"

If as individuals and as a Church we persevere in the faith and fear of God to do what the Lord

requireth of us, by the mouth of Micah, "*To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God,*" then may we still write Samuel's Ebenezer on our altars, and be able to say—" *Hitherto the Lord hath helped us!*" and we have no FUTURE apprehensions, for "*underneath are the everlasting arms;*" and therefore, though the rains descend, and the winds blow, and the floods beat upon this house, it shall *stand*, not because of the building itself, but for its *foundation* sake—because it is built upon a rock, which neither earth nor hell have any power to destroy. So the prophet saith—Isaiah liv. 17,—“No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.”

In conclusion, brethren, if we have nothing to fear for the Church, yet have we nothing to fear for ourselves? The safety of the ark is not the safety of those who are out of it. The world of Noah's day was sunken, though the Church was afloat above the waves.

Brethren, to whether of the twain do we belong? To the world, or to the Church? Are we numbered among the children of God, or the sons of men?

We often hear the terms, good churchmen, and high churchmen, and low churchmen, and so forth; but we don't hear so much of CHRIST's churchmen;

these are the only true churchmen—and the crew of the ark is still but a little one. Christ's people are still as they ever were—a few and peculiar people; and by their fruits ye shall know them.

What are those distinguishing fruits? The Apostle tells us—"Love, joy, and peace in believing."

The Christian shews His love and zeal for Christ by rejecting and crucifying the world, which rejected and crucified Christ; and his only glory is in the Cross of Christ, "by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

It is a double—a mutual crucifixion, as he cannot love the world, so the world cannot love Him; but He does not therefore persecute the world, but persecutes Himself; and He avenges the world on himself; as the Apostle saith of the effect of repentance,—“What carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what revenge?” a holy vengeance, that leads the convicted sinner, like the publican, to smite upon his heart till it break, and cry out, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” He learns to endure the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and to rejoice with many a martyred saint, that he is counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ,” knowing that this economy of tribulation admits him into fellowship with holy patriarchs, and prophets, and priests, and apostles, fathers of the Church in all ages.

Enough for him to know that the Lord is not in the fire—that it is not the fearful visitation of *Divine* law, though it be the permis-

sion of His providence that befalls him in all his trials.

Christ is not in it, in the sense of agency, but He is in it, in the way of sympathy; for in "all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them. In his love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

But there is none of the Gospel spirit in a persecuting communion. It is the world that always persecuted the Church, not the Church the world. Wherever, then, we see the spirit of persecution we may be sure that there is a carnal, secular, and devilish spirit—" *The Lord is not in the fire!* "

Then, brethren, let us never entertain this spirit in our own bosoms—it is not the Spirit of Christ. And let us strive and pray to have no other spirit a welcome tenant of our hearts, except His indwelling and abiding Spirit, who in reference to *individual* grace, and to the general ministration of it, is at once "*the way, the truth, and the life!* "

If this be our policy, this shall be our preservative; and when other hierarchies, which against the law of Christ have become *kingdoms* of this world, *shall be weighed with Babylon and found wanting*; and when, in the true Catholic triumph of prophecy, "*the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ*;" then shall we as a Church, and as individuals, "*receive a kingdom which cannot be moved*," which shall survive the succession

of dispensations—the change of ministries—the diversities of Providence—the fulfilments of prophecy—the consummation of grace—the dissolution of time, and the duration of eternity!

“THE HOUSES OF IVORY:”

A FUNERAL SERMON,

Occasioned by the Death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

1861.

ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

“And I will smite the winter house with the summer house; and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord.”—Amos iii. 15.

THERE is a solemn lesson to teach, which the course of nature—which is the course of providence—gives us, “*line upon line and precept upon precept*,” with a variety commensurate with the diversities of minds to be impressed. As we have all to die, each one in his turn has to teach the melancholy doctrine—death. Every death has its interest, but some deaths strike with deeper emphasis and more general effect than others. Some men seem to be uplifted to life’s highest pinnacle, to render their fall into the common destiny a more impressive lesson. The destroying angel still smites down coronets and crowns, that, as with Herod at Cæsarea, they and their people “*should give God the glory*.” Thus when events occur of such general interest as to command general attention, the

preacher's admonitory voice, however "*still and small*," is at such times apt, by the Divine blessing, to be "*a word in season*," i.e., "*a word on the wheels*," as the original signifies, a word easily and rapidly rolled into the heart. On such occasions, a chief difficulty of speakers is obviated to their hand; for public attention is already caught, ordinary insensibility roused, and the subdued audience with one voice respond to the humblest echo of God's word,—"*Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth*." A devout attention to the passing operations of Providence is repaid abundantly in our increased knowledge of God; as a *man's* character is discerned by his deeds, and as we are wont to say, "*Actions speak louder than words*," so the character of God is learned from His providence; His works are even a more impressive and engaging revelation of Him than His word. Indeed the Scripture itself is chiefly a revelation of acts; it is a chronicle of Providence. History occupies a greater proportion of the sacred page than precept, insomuch that the Old Testament might be as justly entitled "*The Acts of God*," as a portion of the New is called "*The Acts of the Apostles*." A due attention to both revelations of God—in His word and in His works—will be found of essential service to the better understanding and *embrace* of both. God's *works* are the dramatic parable; the practical commentary upon His *Word*—they reflect light severally upon each other.

The obscurities of Providence are elucidated by

Scripture, and the declarations of Scripture are verified by Providence. Hence God's Word denounces the disregard of His works as the blindness of impiety. Job said, "*He striketh them as wicked men in the open sight of others, because they turned back from Him, and would not consider any of His ways.*" Isaiah adds, "*The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.*" The application of these premises to a recent mournful claim upon public sympathy is sufficiently obvious. An event has occurred among us which should evoke the unanimous exclamation, "*Lo, God is here!*" His hand should be recognised writing upon the palace walls of our beloved Queen, "*The husband of thy youth departed from thee.*" Though I trust and believe, through the merits of Christ, the rest of that Scripture need not be cited: "*He was weighed in the balances and found wanting.*"

To-morrow the mortal remains of the truly amiable and beloved Consort of Her Gracious Majesty will be laid in the royal tomb at Windsor, ranked among kings in his death, though a royal prince only in life. Scarcely two and twenty years ago her then youthful Majesty stood at the altar holding her young bridegroom's hand in her own, as she solemnly repeated the same simple words uttered by the lowliest village maiden at her wedding. *I, Victoria, take thee, Albert, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forth, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in*

health, to love, cherish and obey, till death us do part." And now the event they little dreamt of then has severed the tie—death hath parted them, the Queen of England is a widow, and all her loyal and attached subjects weep with her, tear for tear. The mournful associations of the bereaved home hide the stricken pomp of royalty, and we think of the wife and mother left to the tender mercies of "*the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow.*" You have not forgotten, and you will not forget—especially to-morrow—our Sovereign Lady in your prayers. Entreat God to comfort and support her; to show her larger measures than ever of *His* sovereign love, to give her His Holy Spirit, to reveal to her soul the fulness of the sympathizing Saviour, who "*in all our afflictions was Himself afflicted.*" Pray that God may sanctify this great sorrow to every member of the Royal Family, and bring them all, by His grace, to become members of the family of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. As we omit the title of "the Prince Consort" in our familiar prayers, we feel there is a name we loved put out in Israel; and yet we trust, though death's obliterating finger has blotted out the Royal Albert from the Book of Common Prayer, the mercy of God in Christ has intercepted its erasure from the Book of Life. On this point it was a hopeful statement of Mr. Baptist Noel on Sunday last, that the clergyman at whose church the Royal Family attended in the Isle of Wight is a singularly pious and truly evangelical

clergyman, and when he was more than usually plain and impressive in preaching the Gospel, he has been on more than one occasion thanked by the Prince. Such a testimony is peculiarly acceptable at the moment we are mourning over, what seems to us, his premature departure.

We are apt to be peculiarly affected at the spectacle of fallen greatness. We are so apt to imagine royalty the special favourite of what the world calls fortune, so endowed with every means of gratifying life, and prolonging its duration, that we almost reckon them superior to ordinary trials and crosses. Hence, when by calamity or death God calls upon *princes to remember they are but men*, we are proportionably affected at their visitation. A similar case befalling an ordinary individual, especially a stranger, attracts little interest, nor that little long. But just as from the fact of princes being removed above our envy their royal estate affects us with unmingled interest, so the sepulchral confiscation of these appendages, and their depression to the common lot of sorrow and mortality, attracts our present sympathies. Thus we condole with a David's loyal lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. The sentiment, "*It is the Lord's anointed,*" finds a natural echo in every unsophisticated heart. It is a *profitable* sentiment, not only in a civil, but a spiritual view, to reverence "*the powers that be, as ordained of God.*" The peace of society, and the stability of its institutions, as well as the inferred authority of God, are best respected and

secured upon the principle, "*Whoso resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.*" The habit of reverence for exalted rank is more than natural instinct—it is, in its origin, a Divine impulse. God appointed the power, and as He leaves none of His constitutions without their appropriate supports, God also appointed the reverence of the power. Thus, "*Fear God, and Honour the King,*" are kindred precepts of revelation. God, who made princes royal, makes subjects loyal. As the king, the head of all rank, is the source and fountain of all other ranks, so the maintenance of the royal order is the stability of the noble order, and of the middle order, and the order of property, of education, of office, of citizenship, and indeed of every gradation in the scale of society. God, the God of *order*, amid all His created *varieties*, makes them all contribute to the general harmony and beauty, and regards with complacency that distribution of men into divers degrees, which assimilates the social system to that variety which pervades the economy of nature.

The deceased Prince possessed a host of claims upon British affection and respect, whether as the munificent patron of popular education, of art, and science, the discriminating promoter of agriculture, and of every branch of industry conducive to the public welfare—as the representative of the Sovereign on many occasions of local and national interest and importance, and as her Majesty's sound and capable adviser nearest her royal person. His uniform abstinence from any collision with the asperities of

party politics, or unworthy collusion with the intrigues of courts and tortuous diplomacy; and this, not the result of a self-indulgent apathy, or neglect of the duties of his exalted station, which were always most effectively and conscientiously performed; these are some of the public losses our Queen and country have to deplore.

If we follow the Prince from the publicities of State to the unostentatious privacies of the fire-side, we contemplate a palace exhibiting the domestic felicities of an English hearth and home; a Prince adorned with the respectable virtues of the husband and of the father, and a royal person illustrating in himself the peculiar privileges and immunities of an English subject. No citizen of his illustrious lady's capital afforded a fairer specimen of the genial influence of the country's laws than the sovereign's Consort. But these are not the only points to which this occasion demands attention, though I trust this holy day is not unseasonably diverted from its sacred object in this passing tribute to the virtues of the illustrious deceased. Holy Scripture devotes considerable portions of *its* sacred chronicles to the record of civil acts done to Israel by her kings, and if we give God the glory of all He permits princes to minister to our welfare, it cannot but be good and edifying to review them.

We should be moved by these national bereavements to public humiliation and abasement before God, and to lowly confessions of our unworthiness of

our many signal blessings. While other lands—and we as unrighteous as they—are ruled with rods of iron, and with sceptres unused alike to judgment or mercy, we in our privileged fatherland have enjoyed a succession of princes who were *fathers of the people*. Indeed, we are not adequately grateful to God for our British birthright. Look at Britain, if on the map of Europe you can find her, and ask what has made that little one so great among the nations. Why was it, when other territories were deluged with revolutionary tumult and blood, that the ark of Europe's salvation, tossed about in the tempest of states and empires, rested on the little isle of England and promised peace to the world? It was "*not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.*" God has done much for England for the sake of the praying men—for the Noahs, Jobs, and Abrahams who are in her. Look at our country, a little island which the mighty ocean defends, and surrounds, as it were, with one arm, shielding all her coasts, and commanding the nations in the language of her God, "*to destroy her not, for a blessing is in her.*" A climate mild and temperate as the spirit of her national religion, and whose occasional winds and storms have hitherto served but to purify the air she breathes; a soil, like her national language, filled with abundant fruits and flowers, imported from every region under heaven which her commerce visits; a government for which the science of legislation has hitherto found no name—too wonderfully wise to be

the device of man—the great idea of three prerogatives, virtually equal, and really constituting one power, seems to be borrowed, to speak it with reverence, from the revelation of the Triune government of heaven. And above all, have we not a theology, too little studied or practically regarded, yet pure as the source of its immediate inspiration, the hallowing influence of which has raised our nation and polity to the loftiest zenith of power and greatness which any people ever attained? *“The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places: we have a goodly heritage.”* We have much to be thankful for, much more than some of us in our disloyal, malcontent hearts appear to admit. Brethren, let us take heed lest we tempt the long-suffering love and mercy of God to take away our social and religious vineyard from us, and *“give it to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.”* Let the conversion of the public heart be a frequent subject of prayer. God has promised that “a nation should be born in a day,”—let our religious, no less than civil regeneration, be the crying supplication, as the want of public grace among us is our crying sin; that England may have her spiritual birthday,—her day of public penitence and return to God, *“lest He return and visit for these things.”*

Let each of us do our part, and resolve this day over the ashes of our deceased prince, to pray for more personal grace to reign in our own hearts, that we may have more zeal for His glory, and more love for our brethren's souls; and if this prayer

and seeking after God be the general effect of the bereavement, the mournful occasion will be converted into a means of blessing, and the departed prince, like Samson, shall do even more for Israel in his death than he was permitted to do in his life. It is not for me to speculate on the effect with which this event may bear upon the political prospects of the country. It is my duty to point out to you the influence which these visitations of Providence should exert upon our moral views and feelings. They should teach us that for any national blessing we can "*put no trust in princes, nor in any son of man*;" nor princes put their trust in their exalted rank, or privileges of birth, or asylums of retreat from ordinary troubles. "*I will smite*," saith the text, "*the winter house and the summer house*;" though royalty may retire to the one to escape the rough blasts of wintry inclemency, and to the other to seek in pleasant shades refuge from the sultry heats of the sun; though "*the houses of ivory*," shall be furnished with every expedient of luxury and provision against discomfort and want, which subtlest art can invent, or sumptuous affluence supply; though "*the great houses*" in the hosts of servitors and appliances of state possess a seeming exemption from ordinary peril and disquietude; let the broken bow of the mighty warn us, there is no escape—no refuge—no ransom and no defence from the arm of the Almighty One—no fleeing away from His power and presence—wherever we move,

death follows, like our shadow, at every step, and will fulfil the covenant of the serpent, "to bruise our heel" at last! The prince has become a *subject* of death; we too shall follow him soon, and be only *fellow-subjects* there—with no distinctions, save those of a moral nature; many a hoary head will wear a crown of righteousness *there*, and many a poor servant of Christ, despised in this state, will be found reigning with Him there on thrones of immortality. If it were possible to follow the deceased Prince into the world of spirits, and read the secret reminiscences of his disembodied spirit, we should find him thoroughly dispossessed of the associations of his royal estate; and as far as memory may be supposed to be exercised in a spiritual state, dwelling upon the remembrance, not of his exalted rank, nor on the important services he rendered the State, but rather on those instances of charity, with which the Lord inclined him to visit the poor, those promotions of the claims of patient and forgotten merit, the opportunities which he embraced of advancing the interests of Christianity in his adopted country, and that measure of faith in the Lord Jesus as the Sovereign Mediator of sinners, and the degree of grace given him of the Holy Spirit, to enable him "*to lay hold of the hope set before him.*" Such recollections are the abiding thoughts which survive the body; and when the pomp of majesty is perished, regal power forgotten, and the royal estate reduced to the narrow chamber of the tomb, these are the imperishable survivors,

"the works," as St. John saith, which "do follow them." "We brought nothing into this world, and can carry nothing out," yet such works follow us to that dread assize where "we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to give account of the things done in the body, whether they have been good or evil."

And now, brethren, let us earnestly pray that the Lord may make this voice of departed royalty a proclamation of warning to all our souls, that so the bereavement which has clothed the nation in the form of mourning, may be the means of bringing real sorrow after a godly sort into our hearts; it ought to do so—it is designed to do so—it is strange that it should not do so. I would not unreasonably magnify this death above the multitude of other deaths daily reminding us, *"This is not our rest;"* yet the great mass of mankind live on as if immortality were a thing of this world, and death, judgment, eternity, and God, but solemn fables! When I remark the practical sadduceeism which stamps our public life with vice, profaneness, sabbath-breaking, prayerlessness and contempt of God, and all this in the face of the dread certainty of death at no distant period, the final issue of it all, I cannot choose but wonder! The insensibility we exhibit is so different from our conduct under other circumstances. If we were equally sure that after awhile we should be called upon to leave our mother-country to emigrate to some remote colony, with what anxiety we should

adopt every means of informing ourselves concerning the land, its inhabitants, its produce, its manners and customs ! with what eagerness we should convert our goods and property into such moveables and implements as might be of use to us whither we were going ! Yet with what strange indifference we let slip our lives, without reflection or sign of preparation for that world where we have to spend an eternity, and be housed in everlastingness ! It is so opposite to our ordinary forethought in other things, that its solution must be sought in some moral cause. If this criminal insensibility be confined to spiritual things and the exact reverse be the case in all other things, is it no proof of something wrong in our moral temperament ? When the glories of Heaven, the terrors of hell, the majesty of God, and the grace of Christ, the immortality of souls, the solemnities of judgment, and the realities of eternity fail of their dread impression upon our minds, and awake no kindred sympathy in our hearts, is it no evidence that man is degenerate and fallen from his first estate,—naturally dead to the high and generous ambitions of a soul,—and wofully insensible to his abject and debased condition ?

Our lives confirm the Scriptures which represent us as shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin, and gone astray from the womb ; that the love and power of sin grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength ; that nothing short of the omnipotent interpositions of Divine grace in making us new

creatures, converting the old Adam of the heart, and mortifying the old serpent of the life, can ever place our souls within the possibility of salvation.

Oh, do not, dear brethren, go away and banish from your memories any serious impression which this event may have suggested. Cherish any symptoms of conviction which may be stirring in your hearts; carry them home, and pray over them at your closet altars. Bury yourselves awhile in communion with God; shut out the world and the flesh, come into the secret temple of the heart, and pray that "*the Lord whom ye seek may suddenly come into it.*" Pray, too, for your impenitent countrymen, that this death of an amiable Prince in the prime of life, may be the means of giving that solemn impulse to the public mind, which shall lead to many a *burial* of the old man of the heart, that the new man may be raised up in them, that the smiting of "*the winter house*" may strike trembling into the hearts of the aged, the smiting of "*the summer house*" be felt in the joyous spirits of the gay and youthful, and the "*perishing house of ivory*" shake these clay tenements which insepulchre our living souls, that all of us may be roused, savingly affected, and through grace effectually prepared to quit the great house of Adam, which will shortly reach its end, and the children of the ruined tabernacle be summoned to "*that other house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

THE ULTIMATE GLORIES OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

A SERMON AFTER A VISIT TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

“Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.”—

PSALM lxxxvii. 3.

THE operations of God in providence have all an ultimate or immediate bearing upon the promotion of His eternal purpose in the world. Recognising the prominency which revelation everywhere ascribes to the final glory and establishment of the church and kingdom of Christ, we should expect to find in any event of sufficient magnitude and importance to attract general attention, some significant and didactic symbols of the code and constitution of that Church. Those future triumphs of redemption, in suberviency to which “all things were and are created,” in a mighty machinery of co-operation with which empires have risen and fallen, battles have been lost and won, civilisation has progressed, and the discoveries of science, the achievements of philosophy, and the inventions and arts of life have been multiplied; that crisis for the accomplishment of which “the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain

together," would naturally levy tribute of suggestion and illustration from every incident which transpires, in proportion to its importance.

Thus this second Exhibition of the costly and cunning workmanship of all nations; the brilliant and the beautiful gems of kings' houses; the heir-looms of their dynasties; the rival fabrics, whether in cloths, metals, or other materials; the gorgeous inlay sculptures, paintings, cameos, and mosaics; the diamond, the pearl, and every precious stone that glistens with the latent majesty of Him whose creative hand scattered their petrified sparks of beauty, as if to decorate the bosom of "the earth, His footstool;" the congregated forms of simpler and more useful kinds of handicraft, devoted, like our daily mercies, to the comfort and convenience of all men: such an exhibition may reasonably impart to any mind susceptible of serious impression some higher order of reflections than such as naturally belong to itself, tending to improve the magnificent spectacle to the use of edifying, and that, too, in subordination to "the glory which excelleth;" the grandeur, riches, power, extent, and blessedness of His kingdom, "who in all things hath the pre-eminence," and in connection with which the text affirms, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

Let me remind you, as a starting point of analogy, that it was the *material* splendours of the Hebrew temple—its beautiful gates, its capacious courts, its

brazen laver and molten sea, its hallowed cups of pomegranate and vessels of gold, its marble altars, its graven ark and images of cherubim, together with the palaces, towers, and muniments of Jerusalem, which constitute the Old and New Testament types of the Church and reign of the Saviour. But, now that "the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it," types are open questions with the rest, and all things become spiritually emblematic of Messiah's glorious economy. Thus we need no forced construction of passages—no special pleading in the way of application—no equivocal analogies to discern, in this great International Mart of 1862, some useful evangelical suggestions. This huge bazaar, which becomes a second historical epoch from which to date the interchange of greater liberality and fraternity, alike in political, moral and commercial relations, among the great families of man, as well as a gauge by which to test their reciprocal improvements since their former competition in 1851, cannot but involve some instructive similitudes of that Church, which David celebrates in the stanza—"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." Among the leading points of general interest that may be predicated of this cosmopolitan gathering, observe—

I. *First, the origin of the great conception in the mind of royalty.*

True, the profound intellect which conceived the idea has ceased to think after earthly modes. The

building he projected has become his untimely cenotaph, and the national sorrow for his loss converts the visit of the million into a posthumous pilgrimage to the good Albert's shrine; they appreciate the patriotic wisdom and consummate tact of the illustrious deceased, whose dignified neutrality, in the difficult position he sustained, at the right hand of a throne occupied by his royal wife, reserved the prestige of its parenthetical suspension for the necessary publicity which his lofty patronage—indeed, parentage—bestowed upon these gatherings of the nations, to stimulate and improve each other by a central exhibition of their products. The Prince only emerged from his august privacy to make an effort for the good of mankind, worthy of his illustrious interposition.

In like manner, the final glory of the Church, to whose Divine Head and Mediator "shall the gathering of the people be," and of which assemblage it is written, "The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honour into it," owes its origin to the sovereign Mind of Him, "who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords:" it arose in the eternal purpose of the same Divine love which determined the means and period of its fulfilment. The Lord is the Patron-Priest, the mightily efficient Cause and Promoter of the interests and welfare of His people; He is at once their Alpha and Omega, Author and Finisher,

First and Last. He is so, moreover, because no other being could have originated nor accomplished the mighty work of man's redemption—none other, short of a Divine Person, could have collected the resources, quickened the agencies, nor grappled with the ponderous exigencies of such an undertaking.

The work of reconciliation between the Most High God and fallen man could have been effected only through the medium of the Prince of Peace. In any other hands the great enterprise must have failed. If an equivalent be essential to the quality of an atonement, none but God could satisfy the God-head: hence the Son of God's assumption of man's nature, in order to discharge the office of his Mediator, and construct a platform for the legitimate display of the high perfections and tender mercies of Deity, is the first among the "glorious things" that "are spoken of thee, O city of God."

II. A second obvious symbol in the Exhibition is suggested by *the vast dimensions of the structure which constitute the building itself, the greatest marvel of all the marvels it contains.*

Its allocations of space to the several countries of the globe, labelled with the names of China, Turkey, India, Persia, the territories of Europe and of the East and West, like an epitome of the world, is an arrangement itself implying some idea of the expansive area required for the accommodation of their chattels. History has never registered a build-

ing roofed over so many acres, and yet harmonising, as a whole, in so much unity, simplicity, and symmetry with its constituent parts. There are said to be above twenty miles of tables spread for its goodly things. Large as the world's requirements for space are, "yet there is room;" even more than the national vanity of some exhibitors could occupy—opportunity enough is afforded to all.

We are obviously reminded here of those unlimited expansions of the visible Church of the Second Advent, when the Mediator shall receive the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession; when "the people" shall be "gathered together, and the kingdoms to serve the Lord;" when "the kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts;" when "princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God;" when "the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall intreat Thy favour;" when "the king's daughter" shall be revealed, as "all glorious within"—"the shields of the earth belong unto God," and "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign" "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same!"

Then will amplest opportunity be furnished for the exercise of every consecrated faculty; time and space be afforded for every work; grace and strength

for every spiritual worker; the inexhaustibleness of the Church's Divine resources will resemble that river—

“ Whose streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all—enough for each—
 Enough for evermore.”

These “glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God !”

III. A third distinguishing mark of the Exhibition is the large catholic spirit of its design—to stimulate the industrial energies of all nations, by the comparison of each others' models, and the competition with each others' skill.

It is not a great selfish advertisement of the commercial products of England only; it is the “clear stage and no favour” to all. It is no inconsiderable tribute to the national integrity, that the most strange and distant nations so readily, and in such profusion of value, entrust us with their goods. It is no mean indication of a high-minded willingness, either to be humbled as learners, or to be liberal as teachers, or both, that we thus challenge the world to compare articles with us. We shall not be allowed to lose by it. The course of generosity, which, in the long run, answers best for individuals, by the same law of enlightened policy, succeeds ultimately with nations. The example England set in these exhibitions is as unparalleled in its sublimity as it is magnificent in its associations, and presents a

glorious protest against the ordinary selfishness and cupidity of the mere trading spirit which commercial annals afford. Unquestionably, our success hitherto may be ascribed to the collateral influence of that national Christianity to which we indirectly owe all our national blessings.

The point of spiritual analogy here appears to be, that as men of all nations and of all gifts and callings contribute to the aggregate wealth and beauty of the programme, and all are necessary to its completeness; so the open, Catholic proclamation of the Church of Christ is "to them that are afar off, and to them that are nigh;" to Jew and Greek, barbarian and Scythian, bond or free; high and low, rich and poor, one with another—all are invited to contribute their hearts and lives and souls to the Redeemer's seals, to be "built up as lively stones unto a holy temple in the Lord." "In every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." Every justified man's place is ready for him, in the capacious aisles of that Church, "which is Christ's body; the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." And if any man's place be not occupied, on his own head be the sin and penalty. None of us, with any show of reason or truth, can affirm that we have not been invited, or have nothing that we can do for the Church of God, and for our own souls. There were some little pots from Tunis of the homeliest earthenware among the costlier products of the exposition; and if our gifts or

opportunities pretend to no higher contribution, let us bring just "such things as we have," and He who signalised among the wealthier oblations which were cast into the temple treasury the lowly widow's mites, will deign to accept our humble offerings, whatever they be. Even "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise!" Having regard to the fact that no man has anything better to offer his Lord than the poor sacrifice of a broken heart; that this should be acceptable through the Saviour's mercies, is not the least among the "glorious things spoken of thee, O city of God!"

IV. A fourth topic of reflection is the *combined display at once of the splendid and of the useful arts of life*, affording objects of special interest to every class of society, from the highest to the humblest.

The success of this second effort has already distanced the most sanguine expectations. It is a hopeful sign—the prominent recognitions of God in the mottoes lettered on the domes, and the sentiments uttered in the inaugural prayers. The general impression seems like the Queen of Sheba's visit to the magnificence of the court of Solomon—"That the half of it had not been told." So, whatever splendour and nobleness of constitution and properties are imagined as characteristic of the Church, the future will be infinitely eclipsed by its ineffable reality—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." There,

too, will be the confession as concerning the believer—
 “We fools counted his life madness, and his end to be without honour: but now is he numbered with the children of God, and his lot is among the saints.” True, “there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.” Only the names which are written in the Lamb’s book of life will be admitted; but their number will surpass human arithmetic.

St. John, in the beatific vision of the celestial territory, after the sealing of “the thousands of Israel” by their tribes, adds—“After this, I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.” Theirs will be an abiding glory. Pass a few months, and all the specimens of earthly pomp, costliness and beauty, which have lent their transitory hues, like the fleeting colours of a rainbow, to the British Exhibition, will have faded away, dispersed over all the world, to be never assembled again. England herself incurs some peril of abusing the distinction which God has conferred upon her, in the temptation to ascribe to the commercial spirit that moral amelioration of the state of mankind, which is to bid wars to cease in all the world! This end is to be achieved, “not by might, nor by power”—not by

military dominations, as in the successive failures of the four great monarchies of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome; nor by ecclesiastical systems, as the Papal, or Mahommedan; least of all by a catholicon of trade; "but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

We are on our guard against the iron sceptre of the despot, or the heavier crozier of the Pontiff, whose "iron entereth into the soul;" but commerce seems to approach us with the olive-leaf of peace in her mouth, and the cornucopia of plenty in her hands. The weary sons of destitution, like Sisera, ask for water, and she gives them milk; she brings them butter in a lordly dish; but if they should fall asleep in her treacherous tent, she may nail them to the ground before they wake to the fatal hospitality in which they trusted. If England make trade and capital her idols, "the idols will be a burden to the weary beast:" if, by her popular formularies of the mercantile interest, and the manufacturing interest, the moneyed interest, the Indian interest, and such like, be meant so many proclamations of the golden calf—"These be thy gods, O Israel!"—then this great gathering of mankind will result in the monstrous abortion of another Babel. The giant ruins of England will realise Zechariah's "Ephah, in the land of Shinar"—the geographical site of the *original* Babel, where the prophet represents the setting up of the commercial spirit, symbolised in the "Ephah," as obviously doomed to repeat the fate of its preposterous forerunner. God-forgetting and trade-

adoring England would be the "Ephah that goeth forth;" that "was lifted up between the earth and the heaven;" that was built in the land of Shinar, and was "set there upon her own base." If, as a great mercantile people, we postpone Jehovah to the spurious omnipotence of mammon—if we exalt commerce to a fifth monarchy, which is to consolidate civilization, and absorb mankind in a vulgar tyranny of chains of gold—if we really mean to sing our hallelujahs to the supremacy of merchandize, and despise and set aside the religion of poor apostles, who rather gloried in, than were ashamed of, the confession, "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have *give* we unto thee:" not sell it, nor barter it, but "give" it "to him that needeth;"—if the exchange should displace the Church—commercial credit supersede the catholic faith, and trade be the only arbiter, aristocracy, and Gospel of the world—if, in one awful word, the capitalist is to be the Christ of the new system of social regeneration, then among the historical cursed things of the nations, these Great Exhibitions will stand alone in their colossal malignity as the most accursed; and on our beloved fatherland would fall the weight and infamy of the Divine anathema, with the crushings of the angel's "millstone!" If England be false to the heraldic prayer on her chief city's arms—"Lord, direct us!"—if she be not warned, urged, and entreated to acknowledge with her whole heart the gracious, long-suffering God, who promoted her to this honour—if she be insensible

to His glory, who raised her to a pinnacle of unapproachable elevation among the kingdoms of the world, standing out alone in history—should she, by her national impiety or unbelief, defy the God of heaven, her's will inevitably be the fate of the apocalyptic city—"The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth her merchandise any more; the merchandise of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyme wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours . . . and all things which were dainty and goodly, are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all!"

V. There were, fifthly, some singular analogies in details which struck me.

The groups of beautiful statuary, the elaborate representations of historical or mythical events and beings, recalled to mind the ancient Church's "chambers of imagery," where Ezekiel blames the men of Israel, because they made idolatrous imitations of the cherubim, the shekinah, and heathen deities,

"When wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah!"

PARADISE LOST, B.i., p. 446.

The endless *variety* of the things exhibited forcibly recalled Ezekiel's elaborate description of the fairs of Tyrus—(chapter xxvii. verses 3—28). Situate, like London, "at the entry of the sea . . . a merchant of the people for many isles," "Tarshish" (or India), the prophet says, "was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches, with silver, iron, tin and lead; Javan, Tubal, and Mesheck with slaves and vessels of brass; Togarmah with horses and mules; Dedan in horns of ivory and ebony; Syria with emeralds, purple, brodered work, fine linen, coral and agate; Judah and Israel with wheat and honey, oil and balm; Damascus in the wine of Helbon, and white wool; Dan and Javan in bright iron (or steel), cassia and calamus; Sheba and Raamah with the chief of all spices, all precious stones and gold; Haran, Canneh and Eden in blue cloths of brodered work, and in chests of rich apparel:" and the prophet sums up his inventory with the proclamation—"The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas!" What a prophetic parallel of London!

The glory of Tyrus has passed away; the great mistress city of the commerce of nations, to which the world contributed its stores, is indebted to an obscure Hebrew prophet's mention for the rescue of her name from mere oblivion. Tyrus, or Tyre, is now the habitation of, perhaps, fifty fishermen, and has not a shoestring at the great modern gathering.

In the various contributions here enumerated, we are reminded of the diversities of character, gifts, graces, and operations among men, that work together for God. The Lord of the Church receives and demands our "tythes of *all*;" "the firstfruits of all our increase;" and a man is "accepted according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not." As this Exhibition is equally open to the homeliest or the costliest contribution, so the Lord vouchsafes to employ and sanctify, to the furtherance of His evangelical designs on earth, the feeblest and the mightiest intellects—the simplest and the most brilliant talents. Various and diversified as they are, like the harmonized colours of the rainbow, they all combine to form the covenant arch, which spans the gulph of those tears which the penitents of Jesus shed, as they pass over from their sins to their Saviour—from "Bochim, the place of weeping," to the "glorious things" that "are spoken of thee, O city of God!"

Again: these consummate triumphs of human handicraft exhibit, in a more striking, and I trust, humiliating shape, the infinite superiority of the works of God. The most delicately-pointed and polished needle of Redditch, inspected under a microscope, is a rugged bar of iron compared with the sting of a bee, or the proboscis of a fly. The latter display an exquisite material and workmanship, as if, as Paley observed, "the Creator had nothing else to finish." The unapproachable supremacy of the God of nature is as marked and manifest as the insuperable

sovereignty of the God of grace. At the same time, the progress of improvements in arts and science discovered in the collation of ancient with more recent specimens, affords interesting evidence of the advanced and unlimited capabilities of the human mind. Comparing that building and its amassed treasures of art and handicraft with the naked aborigines of the soil on which it stands, and with the rude barbarous outset of every nation, whose representative insignia lie in rich profusion on the counters, who can assign bounds to the possible advancement of the mind of man? All that civilization, under the benign and elevating influence of Christianity, has already achieved, with men's minds, manners and mansions, is but a thermometer by which to gauge the higher degrees of cultivation yet to be attained. Viewed in their spiritual aspect, all present attainments are but symbolical of the future. It is the omnipotent energy of the religion of the God-Man, which will restore His covenant fellows to their similitude with Himself; to more than their primæval perfection; to all their promised glory.

This Exhibition verifies the social capacity of human kind. The great oecumenical congress of delegates from all nations contradict the anti-social prejudices so long entertained—that geographical distance, diversities of language, race, climate, creed or colour make men natural enemies to one another. Their assemblage at such an Exhibition proves the possibility of combining men for higher and holier

purposes. It demonstrates the feasibility of that great hope of religion and philosophy—"the unity of the human race;" it permits us to indulge in faith the glowing expectation, that the day may be drawing nearer than we imagined, when "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation," but the long estranged fraternity of mankind be joyously and universally restored, and the Spirit of Him, who spake the touching parable of the home-coming prodigal breathe into every heart, as concerning its evangelized brother—"It is meet we should be merry; for this our brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The Church is the great teacher and enforcer of the doctrine of man's essential unity and equality in the sight of God; that "we be all one man's children;" all "members of one body, even Christ, and every one members one of another"—that He who "made of one blood all the families of men that dwell upon the earth," has redeemed by One blood all that believe, out of every nation under heaven—that the function and philosophy of the Church will never be understood till its catholic brotherhood be fully realised, and "men and brethren" be the universal formula of Christian faith. The increasing facilities of intercourse between cities and nations; the rise and progress of an improved diplomacy to which to refer international disputes, in lieu of the trial by combat, which men, wiser in their individual than in

their national capacity, have already discountenanced; these are signs of the times, which indicate an auspicious hope of better days at hand,

Nor is such a hope impaired by the exemplification which the Exhibition involves of the competitive faculty in man. Hitherto the only field of international competition has been the battle-field, where the success of the competitors, instead of being nobly shared by their antagonists, in their mutual improvement, has been obtained only by their destruction! Such exhibitions are a colossal intimation to mankind of a better way to emulate each other than by the bayonet and the ball—that fighting has been a folly which civilization should have abandoned with the war-paint of her savage infancy; and that, “to provoke one another to love and to good works” is more conformable to the growing intelligence and morality of an adult world.

It may not be immediately visible, nor distinctly traceable, but the effect of these amicable contests among the nations will not be restricted to their occasion, or to the kingdom in which they originated. As every ship which launches on the sea its freight of merchandise and visitors to our shores, cannot limit its influence to the waters that are displaced by its prow, nor to the apparent wake that follows its helm, but actually, though imperceptibly, raises the ocean water-mark throughout the globe, so some positive, though indiscernable impression of an elevating tendency will thrill, like a social electricity, throughout

the tribes of human kind from the great central impetus imparted by the British gathering.

It might almost seem as if the instinctive consciousness of some such presentiment had exerted its influence upon exhibitors; for the proportion of models of ordnance and implements of warfare is scanty, as compared with other departments of art or manufacture.

I understand it was at first resolved to exclude implements of warfare, but for the arrival of specimens from Belgium; consequently, the new artillery was introduced, but sparingly. Here and there a little circle, formed by converging radii of swords and rifles, are thrown into the shade by the more pacific symbols in their neighbourhood, as if the halo of "glorious war," that blushed in blood, were to be eclipsed by the brighter, more loving dawn of happier omens. Equally significant, we trust, is the contrast between the long, dark, frowning wall of the adjacent barracks of the military with the still longer line of skylight and pacific architecture in its crystal-domed neighbourhood.

In the reign of George III., the grass could not grow near the spot where the International Palace stands, from the incessant tramp of the regiments on drill for the protracted campaigns on the Continent. Its verdure now refreshes the eye, and heart too, of the citizens of the same nations with whom those

troops waged bloody warfare. Now, soldier and citizen, Briton and foreigner, may mingle in peaceful groups of delighted visitors, inaugurating hand in hand the triumph of a series of efforts, destined I trust to exercise a happy influence, in His hands "of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named," in hastening that day when "nation shall not rise up against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" when the grandeur and affecting sublimity of the National Anthem, accompanied by the pealing harmonies of many organs, by the blast of innumerable trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music beyond the pomp of Nebuchadnezzar, and chanted by ten thousand voices of every nation, people, kindred, and tongue, shall have become a prophetic prelude to the infinitely more glorious anthem of complete redemption; when the whole earth shall hail the royal Saviour, coming again to "open the kingdom of heaven to all believers," and the new apocalyptic song shall be sung to the grateful words—"Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;" and the angels, and beasts, and elders, "and every creature in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea" shall chant with more than seraphic rapture, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and

power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!" These
are the "glorious things spoken of thee, O city of
God!"

LEGAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

A SERMON ON THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTAINING HIS
MAJORITY, NOV. 9, 1862.

ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

"He is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself."

JOHN ix. 21.

THESE words were uttered by the parents of a blind young Jew, whose eyes were mercifully opened by our blessed Lord. The Pharisees taxed his parents with captious and ensnaring questions concerning their son's infirmity, and concerning the person of the gracious One who had healed it. Afraid of committing themselves to any dangerous commendation of the Nazarene in the presence of His avowed enemies, they waived their reply by referring them to their son, on whom the miracle had been performed, stating, in the terms of the text, that he was arrived at years of discretion and legal responsibility, and consequently it was no longer reasonable that his parents should be held in any way liable on his account. It was as if they had said, "Any information you require you may obtain from him. We are absolved from further obligation on his account. Any judgment you may think proper to pass upon the premises concerns *him*, not *us*;

‘he is of age, ask him, he shall speak for himself.’” The whole chapter is affluent in instruction and suggestion, radiating from the central figure of the grateful enlightened youth. Perhaps the main lesson implied in the text is personal responsibility to God and man, its period, modes, and extensive implications. The Lord command His blessing! Let us gather the teachings of the incident in the order of the narrative.

I. *He did as Jesus bid him.* He was blind from his birth, and Jesus (verse 7) said unto him, “Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, which is by interpretation Sent,” that is, Messiah, Jesus Himself. He went, he washed, and came seeing. That pool was one of the inanimate types of Jesus. The natural man, till he hears the gracious “Ephphatha,” which opens his mental eye to spiritual things, is born blind, stone-blind; a fatal cataract obscures his vision, which no power or skill on earth, short of the grace of God’s Holy Spirit, can couch; “for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” But let him only do as this blind youth did, simply what Jesus bids him, wash in the “fountain open for sin and uncleanness,” and, like Naaman, “his flesh,” subdued in its carnal lusts, appetites, and tastes, “returns as the flesh of a little child.” Then, in that lowly form and impressionable spirit, he can do what he never has done before, “enter into the kingdom of heaven;”

not stooping and doubting and groping his way in the dark, like the timidity of the blind, but "with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Obedience is the way to knowledge—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

II. *He was not afterwards ashamed nor afraid of what he did for Jesus, nor of what Jesus did for him.* When the neighbours asked him (in verse 10), "How were thine eyes opened?" he answered at once, stating the true and simple account of a transaction so deeply interesting and important to himself, affecting all his after life, revealing an outer world to him, hitherto a blank, and, so far as his defect obscured it, as "without form and void" as it was before "the Spirit of God moved upon its waters," and lit up its darkness with the light of heaven. He said, "A man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed my eyes, and said to me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." When they brought him to the Pharisees, he adhered to the same story, boldly insisted on the same testimony, and that, too, in the face of all their subtle attempts to disparage the morality of Jesus, on the score of His working the miracle on the Sabbath. There was something specious in this religious insinuation. Failing of their malicious purpose on any other ground, like the Babylonish


courtiers who, envious of the fame and royal favour of Daniel, admitted, "We shall find no cause against this Daniel, except it be concerning his God;" the Pharisees attacked Jesus on the ground of His alleged violation of the Sabbath: "This man is not of God, because He keepeth not the Sabbath-day." But when they put their objection to the relieved man, how grateful and loyal was his immediate reply to their insidious question! (In verse 17), "What sayest thou of Him, that He hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet." Not extorting the poor patient's denial of the skill of his Physician, they next affected to discredit the genuineness of the miracle, with a view to denounce both patient and Physician as impostors, acting in collusion with each other, to deceive the public. Hence it states, (verse 18) "The Jews did not believe concerning him that he *had* been blind," until his parents confirmed their son's testimony, at least in the fact of the native defect. But even their witness is sarcastically disparaged before it was uttered. Before they knew, indeed, what their witness would be, they betrayed their disingenuous conviction of what it must be and ought to be, and therefore blew contempt and doubt upon it beforehand; (in verse 19), "Is this your son, who ye SAY was born blind? How then doth he see?" Like honest, but timid witnesses, they asserted the fact of which they were sure, and which indeed had been the sore trial and sympathy of their lives, a blind child; but as to the means by which, and the

person by whom, their son's infirmity had been healed, they declined expressing any opinion; not because they had none, nor because they were not secretly grateful for the miraculous interposition, but as verse 22 states, "because they feared the Jews, for the Jews had agreed already that if any man did confess that He was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue."

Thus the pusillanimity of his parents' imperfect faith was a hindrance to the youth. They did what probably they had never done before, left him to walk alone on a path which he could now see and judge for himself, and for maintaining which the light which he had received made him and not them responsible to the gracious Lord who had opened his eyes.

Dear brethren, if your eyes have been opened to see what the world is, and what its Maker and Redeemer is, and "what great things God has done for you," you must look to encounter sneers and scepticism, and insinuated doubts of the reality of any work of grace in you, on their part who do not know grace when they see it, and therefore cannot recognise it, neither in you nor in others. You may be vexed and tried by many an infidel aspersion on the character of Christ, especially of His miracles, the scope of His doctrines, and the value and authority of His Gospel. Wherever the world meets a Simon of Cyrene, or any other disciple of Jesus, "him they compel to bear His cross." They

will be at you immediately they hear you have been with Jesus. They did not let the poor young Jew rest an hour after he had received his sight; they pressed him without a particle of consideration or sympathy for the long painful infirmity so recently removed, and which wanted time to accustom itself to the new world of vision to which it had been for its life-long a stranger. The world gives no quarter to decided Christians, for it secretly expects none. Your old companions and neighbours, like the Philistines, will "be upon you," with their green withs and strong cords to bind you down their captives, and if they can will blind you, and make sport of you as they did with the strong man who trifled with his strength. Be on your guard, therefore. Let not the shield of the mighty be vilely cast away. You have received a great, unspeakable mercy, if the long-suffering Jesus has touched your eyes to see Him who "was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man." "Let no man beguile you of your humility," and faith, with sophistry and carnality, "with doubtful disputations and opposition of science, falsely so called." "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." For all the grave responsibilities of the life that now is, and of that which is to come, "you are of age." So soon as you know and have received the truth, God will require it of you, for then your



eyes are opened to "see that you walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." No doubt for many a stumble, many a run against his neighbours, many a false step, many a wandering out of the way and wide of the mark, the poor young Jew had formerly pleaded, and could fairly and pathetically plead at that time, "Bear with me, stranger, whoever thou art; forgive me, I am blind!" But no such excuse could be ever *afterwards* preferred. He was now a seeing man, and society held him henceforth responsible, so far as its rights and equities, its courtesies and charities, were involved, for walking according to the sight of his eyes, and no longer stumbling as one who had been born blind. God and the world, though in different ways, expect the same things from *you*, who know the truth. No pleas will be admissible for sinning against light and knowledge, against the memory of mercies received, and the reversion of promises guaranteed on the word and oath of God. Even the world that tempts you with its manifold bribes and corruptions, will turn savagely on you, if you yield, like the priests did the remorseful Judas, thrusting you from them with the bitter sneer, "What is that to us? see thou to that!" Alas for the backsliding soul that does *not* "see to it," till his eyes are for ever blinded with the incurable film of eternal death.

III. Christ's patient boldly confessed his physician by repeating the testimony, which had been already

rejected and himself abused for it. His opened eyes began to look beyond the limited acknowledgment of Christ as a prophet only. His convictions deepened with his sense of light. If the Pharisees, with a hypocritical assumption of exclusive orthodoxy, urged him in verse 24, "Give God the praise, we know that this man is a sinner," neutralising the truth floating on their surface by the treacherous lie which dived under it, and stabbed it to the heart, the young enquirer boldly re-asserted the mercy vouchsafed to him, "One thing I know: whereas I was blind, now I see." Then he repeated the story of his illumination a third time, as if he could never tire of acknowledging how much he owed to his blessed Benefactor. In spite of their reviling him as "this Man's disciple," and in spite of their arrogant self-complacency as "Moses' disciples," nothing could dislodge the fixed conclusion in his grateful mind. How much more common sense and conclusiveness in his reasoning than in theirs! "If this man were not of God, He could do nothing!" But "He giveth more grace," where grace has been put out to usury, and the talent gaining. He heeded not his intemperate excommunication from the synagogue,—no ordinary test of principle in those days, when it meant total outlawry from all old connections, memories, affections, sympathies, and interests; the young martyr met his gracious Benefactor in the temple, as if he had forgotten his excommunication, and in that public spot, before the eyes of all, or any

of the worshippers then present, and even Pharisees were there, and saw and heard what passed, he proclaimed to Jesus his stedfast faith, attesting his Lord's divinity by the brief and beautiful confession, "Lord, I believe! and he worshipped Him." Perseverance in well-doing, in loving and obeying, confessing and adoring Christ, always expands the young Christian's mind. In Christ's light he sees light. He grows in grace, and in celestial erudition. His mind, like an inner eye, dilates with his expanding views, and he looks upon all things, visible and invisible, in other and broader aspects, with his anointed eye. His soul, ascending to her Lord, becomes "high and lifted up," as it approaches His throne. His sentiments become large and lofty. They pervade his daily life, in the closet and in the family, in his studies and in his business, in the church and in the world. To the new man He that sitteth upon the throne saith, "Behold I make all things new." He is less liable to mistakes than those whose moral survey is taken from a lower standard. The views of the man of the world are taken *in* the world, not above it or beyond it; *but the young Christian's views* are like the ordnance map of London, which was taken from the city's highest accessible point of view, and that happened to be from the summit of the cross upon St. Paul's; so is it still true, as Coleridge profoundly said, "*Terrestrial charts cannot be constructed scientifically, without celestial observations.*" The laws of heaven are the

rules on earth: there is no polar light to navigate the youthful heart except the Star of Bethlehem—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ!" All experience which is not referred to principles above experience and before experience, which consists in mere detail of facts and collections of particulars, is the empirical pharmacopœia of a herbalist, a charlatan, not the generalised philosophy of a physician. Only the spirit raised above the world can rightly delineate the moral geography of the world. Only that Divine eye that looked down from heaven, can safely guide men upon earth. But having access to that all-sufficient Guide, the Christian goes astray at his peril. He need not do so. He has every means and every motive *not* to do so; and if he *does* it, tremendous responsibility to the consequences will rest upon his own soul. The principle of the text will be applied to him, in all its terribleness of moral accountability to grace received and abused—"He is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself."

IV. The young Jews's fidelity to light received was recompensed by larger communications of the doctrine of Christ. Jesus said, "For judgment, I am come into this world, that they which see not," (do not pretend to see, and admit they cannot see,) "might see; and that they which see," (or suppose they see, insisting upon it that they do see, and that all are blind who do not see with them, and refuse to have their eyes washed in the true Siloam of the blood and

righteousness of Jesus, and anointed with the unction of the Holy One) that they "might be made blind!" "The Ephraim joined to his idols is let alone," till the idols become a burden to the weary beast, and he cry aloud to be released and delivered with the humiliating self-accusing acknowledgment, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Thus the Lord Jesus touchingly expounded His mission in a metaphor which could not but come home with singular force to a blind man's associations. Great as the loss of natural sight is, the healed man was taught the greater evil of spiritual blindness, how alone it could be relieved; and yet the ingratitude and danger of again relapsing into the misery and helplessness of judicial darkness, when "the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ who is the image of God, should shine unto them." The Pharisees felt the strong reflection of this luminous truth on their own dogmas. They indirectly admitted its force by instinctively taxing Jesus with its intestinal application to them, and to all analogous sentiments. And it was well they did so, for their bigoted jealousy subserved the cause of truth, by pointing its teaching with a notorious example. "If ye had been blind," said Jesus, that is, if you had never received light which you have ruthlessly quenched, warnings which you have stubbornly despised, reproofs which you have impiously resented, messengers whom you have cruelly slaughtered in hatred of their messages, pro-

phacies which you have grossly misapplied, promises which you have profligately ignored, and doctrines of God which you have distorted, or substituted by commandments of men—if you had not done all this, if your present condition was the honest unintentional result of untaught, unavoidable ignorance, then “ye should have no sin; but now ye say we see,” that is, we *will* see only with our own eyes, unopened, unanointed, blind as the mole and the bat, whose natural functions are in the dark; if you will persist in retaining the thick wretched bandage of heresies, observances, false doctrines, and traditions, by which you have falsified and obscured the truth of God, and as “blind leaders of the blind have both fallen into the ditch together,” then your blood be upon your own heads—“your sin remaineth.” This was the grand step onward in the Divine life to which Jesus led the ingenuous youth, in order to disembarass his mind of preconceived submissiveness even to the influence of authoritative teachings, wherever they impugned the higher authority of the inspired Word of God. It was transplanting him from the standard of the Rabbis to the rule of Jehovah. Inducing him to “call no man master on earth, because one was his Master in heaven, even God,” whose Holy Spirit was promised to guide him, and to guide us, into all truth. We dare not devolve upon any man or any order of men our own personal responsibilities “to search the Scriptures daily,” like those nobler Bereans who brought even a living apostle to book, to see if

these things were so. Modern hierarchies can assert no exemption from a test to which the primitive Church subjected an inspired teacher, much less when present painful samples of the most pernicious forms of speculative unbelief emanate from her ruling elders.

To look to any man, or to any system of men's teaching, as a substitute for the direct personal teaching of the Holy Ghost, habitually sought for in believing prayer, and communion with God in His Word and ordinances, is at variance with the philosophy of the text which implies a responsibility incident to the conditions of individual cases, and to which God and man will apply the sentiment in its due relations severally to both, "He is of age, ask him, he shall speak for himself." That is, he has the means of forming a judgment, let him judge for himself. He has a free and open Bible, let him read for himself. He has a pure and reformed Church, let him worship for himself. He has a conscience, he has some light and may have more, has reason, has had sufficient time and experience for having arrived at moral discretion. He is answerable to God and man, whether he feels it, realises it, or not; he must speak for himself, for "every one of us must give an account of himself to God."

Dear brethren, let me entreat you to consider how the customs of society, that is, your own convictions, along with those of others, agree to fix upon a period in each one's life, when man's own law holds the

individual accountable for his acts, trespasses and debts. He may be less qualified than his contemporaries wisely and safely to exercise his liberty of action. He may abuse it to his ruin, or employ it to his advancement, but at the age of twenty-one, the three times seven—the old Hebrew number of perfection thrice repeated, as if in instinctive recognition of the triune God of providence, whose goodness has spared and brought the young man to his epoch of personal accountability—the experience of man has affirmed the principle of each one's distinct, individual responsibility for all he does, and says, and even thinks. Man has fixed a period when his fellow-man shall be legally responsible to him, and is there no such period, no analogous condition of circumstances, when man becomes legally accountable to God? Man's law of majority affirms the principle, and God's law of individual answerableness to imparted light, privilege and opportunity, is its most solemn commentary. A time comes in the life of every man when he can no longer shift on others the responsibility of his actions, and such a time there is in his responsibility to God. That time is so soon as the man has been taught he is a sinner, and been told that Christ is the alone Saviour. In Divine liabilities Christ is the only substitute corresponding to the parental charge in human liabilities. Jesus, His atoning blood and sanctifying righteousness, for ever stands between the sinner and his minority, or insolvency, as the case may be. We are always minors

in the sight of God, but Christ is always the all-sufficient Daysman and Surety. The poor sinner may always, by believing, transfer *his* answer to the perfect manhood of the Saviour, with the plea, "Alas, I have nothing to say, nothing to plead, nothing to add to my Redeemer's competent response for me. He, my Lord, is of age; He is the Rock of ages. Do not challenge me, ask Him; let Him speak for Himself; for even He has nothing else to speak for me, and He will tell you as He told His prophet, 'This is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.' I stand or fall in Him. He is all my salvation, and all my desire!"

We have no space to recapitulate the points: their best peroration is summed up in prayer, that God's Holy Spirit would reproduce them on our knees and in our lives.

Finally, the subject naturally suggests the passing tribute of a loyal and affectionate allusion to an event which has ripened itself this day, of the utmost interest and importance to the future welfare, moral and political, of the British empire, to wit, the attainment of the legal majority of our future sovereign, the Prince of Wales. In the full and comprehensive view of the great educational and moral privileges which have befallen his illustrious destiny, as the first-born son of a beloved Christian Queen—in the view of all that his future loving subjects expect from him, in the way of filial tenderness and duty to his royal mother, the honoured widow of England—in

the view of all we have lovingly and earnestly prayed for him these many years in the churches and homes of Britain—in the view of the bright example, more precious than ancestral diadems, bequeathed to him in the pathetic memory of a father whose premature loss precludes other celebration of this princely birthday, lest the royal widow and orphan's tears be not yet dry—in the view of the great responsibility which rests on him, as the confidential counsellor and first subject of a crown, to be one day (and with no disloyalty to the son, on his mother's behalf, we trust a distant one) his own—in the view of all the influence of his personal example, so far and wide, for good or evil, not only on the moral character of the Court and realm, but on the general principle of constitutional monarchy in these restive days of jealousy of kings and princes—and, finally, in the full conviction he will be, "by the grace of God," acknowledged publicly in the royal style and title, all we have prayed for, all we hope, and all we can right loyally welcome to the national heart—in the full, happy view of all these weighty and affecting premises, we bless God to be permitted to congratulate both Prince and people on his being spared to see the day when the unanimous loyalty of England utters "God bless the Prince," with no dark presentiment nor irreverent mistrust of any kind. He is of age, henceforth master of his actions; ask him; he shall speak for himself!

If his precious life be prolonged, and his hopeful character be developed in accordance with his parental

antecedents, the people will look back with gratitude on this day, when the dear Prince came of age. All of us, in one shape or other, shall have much to ask him, and to depend upon from him, and to ask of God for him, and the one issue may greatly depend upon the doing our part in the other. All I would heartily deprecate and ignore is, any premature and ungenerous construction of his character; any disrespectful invasion of his individual privacy, which would provoke the resentment of the meanest subject of the realm; any sour, uncharitable insinuations, whether of motive or action. Let us fairly lay at the feet of our Prince, what we demand from one another, the right and liberty to *speak for himself*! Nor let us ever speak aught but well, and hopefully, and loyally of him, till the more developed Prince himself has spoken, as none *can* speak for another, but only every one for himself before God and man.

Let us remember he is no longer in the minority of childhood, and therefore to be approached, and if canvassed at all, with the amplest recognition of all the prerogative, as well as all the responsibility, involved in the proclamation, "He is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself." Nor let us ever forget to speak to God for him, that his young manhood may escape the snares and temptations to which, more than in a less exalted rank, it will be exposed; that the Holy Spirit would endue him with the early piety and zeal of an Edward the Sixth, and with the mature devotion and experience of an Edward the

Confessor; that so among the Royal Edwards of English history the honoured name of Albert Edward, like "the righteous, may be had in everlasting remembrance." With the prestige of so illustrious a parentage, and with his personal promise, so far as it has been hitherto developed, I see no unreasonable ground of hopefulness in the application of our text to His Royal Highness: "He is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself."

SPIRITUAL ESPOUSAL.

A SERMON ON OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. ALBERT
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, TO H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEX-
ANDRA OF DENMARK, MARCH 8, 1863.


ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

"But thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."—ISAIAH lxii. 4.

IN the days of the Venetian Republic, its chief state ceremonial was the Doge's marriage of the Adriatic. Probably the political truth symbolised by the custom was the dependence of the mercantile city on its waters, for the conveyance of its commerce and the increase of its wealth. Viewed in another aspect, it is an illustration of the inseparable connection between the welfare of states and the character and domestic life of their princes. In the language of the text, "the land is married" in the marriage of its prince. The cottage is interested in all that concerns the crown. An imminent memorable event should suggest this reflection, and induce a dutiful recognition of the claims of royalty upon our Christian felicitations and sympathies. Nor should the spiritual

instruction, figuratively implied in a royal espousal, be omitted, as the more sacred tribute to the Lord of all lords on such an occasion. The Venetians recognized God in His gift of the Adriatic as the ocean highway of their commerce. We, as a people, should implore His Divine benediction on the marriage of our Prince, that God would graciously make it a national sacrament of blessing to all the lawful interests of Great Britain.

I invite your attention this morning to some reflections on the Scriptural use of marriage, as a type of the mystical union betwixt Christ and His Church. The text may be cited as the fundamental symbol on which St. Paul based his image of the nuptial tie between Jesus and His people. Isaiah predicts the period of the second coming of the Lord Jesus as one of great blessedness and spiritual reunion between Him and Israel, His long-espoused, yet long-alienated Bride; that she should no more be reproached as one "forsaken and desolate," but be called Hephzibah, or, 'she whom the Lord delighteth in,' and her land Beulah, that is, the wedded one, "for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." Hephzibah and Beulah may indicate the common blessing on Church and State at once in spiritual and material prosperity. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "Righteousness exalteth a nation"—is the secret of national peace and progress; "for when a man's ways (and when a people's ways) please the



Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Only the order is, first Zion, then Jerusalem; that is, "First the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then "all other things are added;" so that the true patriotic, because pious, ejaculation is, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." "Happy is the people in such a case, yea, happy is the people who have the Lord for their God." The truth of this predicament has been proved in the personal experience of every child of God,—“The voice of joy and thanksgiving is in the dwellings of the righteous.” And the same result would follow on a larger public scale, if the masses of the people were brought under a direct religious influence. The symbol of the festivities and gladness of marriage would be realised and elaborated in the every-day life of evangelised society. Happy hearts, cheerful homes, loving parents, affectionate and filial children, and loyal subjects would be the rule, instead of, unhappily, the exception, and “In wisdom and knowledge should be the stability of our times.” How welcome, then, should any event be to the national heart, which seems, under God’s blessing, to afford promise of being instrumental in furthering the interests of true religion! What earnest prayers should besiege, in hosts of supplications, the throne of grace, that the Sovereign Disposer of all things would so vouchsafe to sanctify and overrule the marriage of our Prince, that should his precious life

be spared to wear, as we trust at a distant date, the crown of his royal mother, he and the illustrious lady of his choice may be numbered among the Church's nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers, and righteousness and peace flourish in their days.

God has from the beginning, and in various ways, specially honoured the holy estate of matrimony. Its institution in Paradise was an honour. The Lord's first miracle at a marriage was an honour. Of no other civil relation is it so distinctly proclaimed as of marriage, that it is honourable in all men. But its highest, most suggestive honour is its symbolical relation to the covenant union subsisting betwixt Christ and His Church. "This is a great mystery," says St. Paul, "but I speak concerning Christ and His Church."

The tender, beautiful image generally implies four points—choice, mutual devotion, inseparable union, and fruitfulness.

I. It implies choice. In all nations there has been the instinctive rule that the initiative choice is not with the bride, but with the bridegroom. Its spiritual parallel is in the declaration of Jesus to His disciples, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." "I am jealous over you," said Paul, "with godly jealousy: for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ."

God's electing love has chosen the spiritual bride, His Church, and He calls her, in His dear Son, "His

elect in whom His soul delighteth." His Hephzibah, that is to be His Beulah, when they shall meet in the consummation of glory at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Brethren, do you feel within yourselves the stirrings of "a godly sorrow working repentance"? of a spirit of faith leading you to look to Jesus as your alone and all-sufficient Saviour, and eventually finding peace, and even "joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also you have received the atonement?" This has been your seeking, but it was because God first sought you; it has been your choice, but it was because God had first chosen you. It was your will, but it was because it was first His—"For this is the will of God, even your sanctification."

Like a future bride, you could not open your mouth, nor show the secrets of your heart, till the Lord, the heavenly Bridegroom, had spoken, had offered you His hand, and set your enamoured soul to the confession, with the Church in the Canticles, "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

At the same time all are bound, because all are invited to "seek the Lord while He may be found," to "choose this day whom ye will serve," to "covet earnestly the best gifts," and "bring every thought and imagination of the heart into subjection to the obedience of Christ;" then the farther element in the marriage symbol will be verified—

II. In the mutual devotion existing between you

and your Lord. You will "love Him because He first loved you." You will appreciate the depth of tenderness implied in the statement, "I have loved you with an everlasting love." You will better appreciate the truth, "Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end," and sympathise with the exclamation of an old saint: "Lord, what is man that Thou shouldst magnify him, and that Thou shouldst set Thine heart upon him!"

It is often observed in ordinary married life, how the mutual love of husband and wife enables them to bear, not only without bitterness or mutual recriminations, but with a greater clinging to, and confidence in each other, the trials, sorrows, and burdens of life. Love lightens the load, when each one, for the other's sake, cheerfully takes his share.

The love of Christ endears Him to the believer, and the believer to Him. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," on both sides. On the part of the Redeemer, it argues, "Greater love than this can no man show, that a man lay down his life for his friends." On the part of the redeemed, it affirms, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" This love not only prompts to more devotion, but enables the believer to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" to bear without murmur or repining the reproaches of the wicked, their scorn and insult, their sneering imputations and hard speeches, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy

the pleasures of sin for a season. "The love of Christ constraineth us," to take joyfully these things for His sake. The sacrifice is welcome for the altar's sake. Believers with "the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit given to them," feel the beautiful import of the declaration, "To you it is given, not only to believe, but also to *suffer* for His name's sake." None but a soul far advanced in spiritual scholarship, and in the true sense of heavenly things, could reckon suffering of any kind a *gift*, or an evidence of Divine favour. Yet in nothing is the spiritual mark more obvious than in the power to sustain, with a loyal alacrity, and even thankfulness, tribulation for the cause of Christ. But He inspires the soul of His devoted bride with this holy heroism, which impels her to avow with Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."

No condition of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, or possibly only indifference to Him and to its own salvation, can submit to any kind of toll, privation, or oppression on the score of religion. The heart must be a whole burnt-offering on the altar of your faith, and then all minor sacrifices, even of years of labour and work for Christ, like Jacob's servitude for Rachel, "seem but as a few days for the love he had to her." But the gracious point for you to dwell on, is the reciprocity of covenant love.

"I love them that love Me," is the Lord's tender declaration to His people. He requites our imperfect affection by His own perfect love, and suffers us to know, and to rejoice in it. If you have never yet discovered Jesus loves you, it is because you have never yet confessed and felt your love for Him. Only yield, and obey His invitation, "My son, give me thine heart," and in the very act, you will realise the sweet exchange in His giving *His* heart to you. That's the day of your "espousals to another husband, even Christ," and then the indissoluble bond between you, as we observe, implies—

III. *Inseparable and eternal union.* Earthly ties of man and wife are liable to many incidents of severance. Necessities of particular callings in life sometimes separate them, lands and seas asunder. Guilt, aversion, insanity, disease, and death, often dissolve the union, which once bid fair to be fondly and firmly rivetted "till death them shall part." Probably the extent to which the dissolution of the marriage tie is now-a-days carried, is far beyond any former precedent, and exhibits a looseness of conviction as to the relative duties between man and wife, which constitutes a painful index of the state of public morality.

The believer's union with Christ is liable to no such disastrous issues. When Noah entered into the ark, "the Lord shut him in," and there was no more danger. When souls become one with Christ, the Lord has already declared of them, in anticipa-

tion of the plenteous redemption of the last day, "Of them whom Thou gavest Me, have I lost none." Standing on the assurance of an everlasting covenant, more immoveable than the mountains, higher than the heavens, and coeval with eternity, the believer challenges all and every conceivable cause of ordinary disruption between one being and another, and celebrates in the prophetic spirit of faith his triumph over them all. He exclaims, in the glorious confidence of love and faith in his Almighty Lord, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Not that this consolatory doctrine dispenses with the necessity of a faithful, obedient, careful, and devout course of effort to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life. A man may *say* he is in Christ without being so; and whoever is content with saying so, *betrays himself to be not so*. Judas might have said, "Am I not an apostle?" but he could not add, with the upright Paul—"Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you." "My little children," said

John, "let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him." The visible practical test of our love to Christ is an affectionate yearning after more and more Christianity, or conformity to Christ, and a kindred attachment to all true Christians, not expelling, at least from our sympathies and prayers, the most miserable and ignorant sinners. The brother love is so intrinsic a criterion, that St. John has laid it down as an axiom, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Hence the Divine and human affections are based upon the same injunction; "And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also."

If we honestly examine ourselves by these heart-searching guages, we shall readily ascertain in which direction our affections really tend, whether they are "set on things above, or things on the earth," and learn whether of the twain possesses our hearts, God or mammon, Christ or the world. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" which consideration reaches our final problem of the marriage symbol, its fruitfulness. In every nation where the marriage tie is held, even in a social sense, sacred and inalienable, there the happiest results are the golden rule. Its elevating and refining fruits are those domestic virtues, which, like the cherubim of the

family ark, spread their wings of moral beauty and protection over the holy place of home. The several relations of parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister, are recognised, and a channel formed for their kindred action ; while in other lands, where polygamy is the custom, men sacrifice at its animal shrine at least the best and likeliest arena for the exercise of domestic virtues, and open the door to manifold vices and miseries. The Divine idea of marriage is an united family, basing its bond of union on the unity of its parentage : "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife ; and they twain shall be one flesh."

True spiritual union with Christ involves a similar ascendancy of affection ; as it is written, "If any man love father and mother more than Me, he is not worthy of Me." In a deep experimental sense, it may be said of Christ and His disciples—they twain are one spirit. "The bride is adorned"—not for herself—but "for her husband." "The word of Christ dwells in her richly, in all wisdom ;" "the same mind is in her, which was also in Christ Jesus." She identifies herself with every phase and feature of her Divine Bridegroom ; step by step she follows on to know her Lord ; born again of the power of the Highest, circumcised in heart with Him, baptised with the baptism that He was baptised with, making increase with Him, unto the edifying of itself with love ; going about with Him doing good, through Him glorifying the Divine name on earth, bearing

His reproach, taking up His cross, sharing with Him in spiritual crucifixion, death, burial, resurrection, and final ascension, that "where He is, there she may be also." The immediate result, throughout the lovely parallel, is the bride's abounding in "the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made them free from the law of sin and death."

Dear brethren, let these reflections on the figurative marriage, in heart, mind, soul, and life, between Christ and His people, help you, as so many tests by which to estimate the facts of your own personal standing, both as it relates to God and to the world. Are you conscious of having made the Lord Jesus the supreme object of your choice, of your devoted attachment, of your inseparable union, and your spiritual fruitfulness? "The branch beareth no fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, neither can ye; except ye abide in Him, in whom is your fruit found, and all your fresh springs in Him." Look at your Christianity in a Christian light, be satisfied with nothing short of practical proofs of "whose you are, and whom you serve;" and may the grace of God's Holy Spirit sanctify and bless Isaiah's prediction to some real instalment of happy, holy experience, tending to its final and eternal fulfilment in your souls of the beautiful promise, "Thou shalt be

called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah ; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

In conclusion :—bearing in mind the sacred injunction which "exhorts supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, to be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority," I clearly do not exceed my duty as your minister, in inviting you to mention at your family, and in your private prayers, the names of the royal bride and bridegroom, whose august nuptials will probably be solemnised on Tuesday next. Loyalty is never lovelier, nor heartier, than when breathed at a throne of grace. Implore upon their union the benediction of the King of kings. Pay them the precious tribute of an earnest intercession. Their exalted rank places them beyond the reach of any other favour at our hands, but there is not a soul on earth independent of the charity of prayer. Give them the only benefit you have to give ; and remember, we and our children after us have a large interest in the answer to such petitions. Beseech God to give them the wisdom of the youthful Solomon, that the glory of their future reign, like that of the King of Israel, may be identified with the prosperity of Zion, and the establishment of the house of God. Ask for them the early piety of a Josiah, who found the sacred book of the law, and therein "rejoiced with trembling ;" that they may stand up for the inspired testimony, and humbly bow down and place their crowns on the

authority of Divine revelation. Pray for their reciprocal love, and domestic happiness, that no jarring element of estrangement may obstruct "the mutual help and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity." Living in peace and honour one with another, as heirs together of the crown of life: may their palace, like that of their illustrious mother, her widowed Majesty, be another model home of England, the rallying point of whatsoever things are lovely, true, and of good report; that theirs may be the more than royal inheritance of virtues more precious than jewelled diadems, whose crown of glory fadeth not away.

Thus may the text be fully verified in God's good time, in their joint happiness and godly example to the realm; and we and our children participate in the multiplied blessings, social and religious, of a pious monarchy, and the true sovereignty of Divine grace accomplish its own decree, "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

THE BACKSLIDER'S VOW.

A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN, MARCH 17, 1864.

PREACHED AT REQUEST OF THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,
AT ST. MARY, ALDERMANBURY.

"Then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight; yet I will look again toward Thy holy Temple."—JONAH ii. 4.

A PLAIN face may yet sufficiently resemble a beautiful one as to indicate a likeness. In this way Jonah, with all his defects, was a type of the "fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." He was a singular compound of the generous and yet the selfish—of the pusillanimous, and yet of a self-devotion scarcely short of heroism. The Lord sent him to prophesy against Nineveh, and fearing to encounter the indignation of a great city, he fled from the unpopular duty across the seas toward India, as some suppose. A storm detected the recreant who was on board; yet the rough, hearty shipmen were loth to sacrifice to the elements the truant messenger of Jehovah. They did their utmost to avoid the necessity of casting him overboard, but were ultimately compelled to it by the self-devoting offer of the prophet—"Cast *me* into the sea, and so it shall be calm unto you."

The leading feature in the story is that of one man

sacrificed for the rest of the crew ; it is the execution of the culprit, in arrest of judgment on the innocent. In this latter view, it is the reverse of Christ's atonement, who died the just for the unjust ; but the principle involved is the same, namely, *one* life instead of many. To complete the type, the life thus sacrificed is restored, and thus Jonah buried in the deep and re-appearing on the shore prefigures the Lord's resurrection. But resurrection involves foregone death. We could not speak of rising again apart from being first dead and buried. Hence our Lord's declaration to the evil and adulterous Jews, seeking after a sign, when so many signs had been already vouchsafed, namely, that "no sign should be given them except the sign of the prophet Jonas," was equivalent to saying, His death and resurrection should close the supernatural series of His ministrations. If their Lord's atonement failed to convince them of the sin which caused it, and of the mercy which absolved the sin, there was no other miracle ; there remaineth no more sacrifice, nor means of pardon and peace.

Furthermore, if all *their* signs are ours, it is equally true to *us* as it was to them—"An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign shall be given to it, except the sign of the prophet Jonah," that is, the sign of atoning mercy. In other words, we may expect no more miracles, except, indeed, the standing miracle of the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ,

reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, but making Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. "The temple" in the text I take to symbolise God's covenant of grace in Christ Jesus because Jesus Himself identified it with His mediatorial passion. "*Destroy this temple,*" He said, "*and in three days I will build it up.*" Hence Jonah as a backslider, fallen away from the grace of obedience, may be understood to say, 'On my own account, I am deservedly cast out of Thy sight, O God; yet I will look again to Thee through Thine ordained Mediator. In Him there is hope for the otherwise hopeless; there is a sure refuge in the deepest misery.' Thus Jonah was *disciplined*, but not destroyed, and but for the discipline would have been no more a disciple. It is the case with thousands, especially with young, unripened, inexperienced Christians, to whom the world's temptations to disobedience are at their strongest, and yet the anguish of whose sense of the guilt, ingratitude, and peril of personal apostasy, is deep and fearful as the stormy sea in which the prophet was cast, swallowing up every other sentiment, like the whale. I pray that God's Holy Spirit may suggest to me some thoughts on the backslidings of Christians, particularly of young Christians, and on their true and only remedy.

I select Jonah, because he was a prophet, whose story illustrates the words of Micah—"Rejoice not

against me, O mine enemy : when I fall, I shall arise again." We may resolve its lesson into these two propositions : first, the deepest remorse has its remedy in a return to duty, "I am cast out of thy sight, yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." Secondly, that "looking again" to the covenant of God in Christ is the way to be brought back to Him.

I. The deepest remorse has its remedy. I know not whether Jonah was young, or an elder in Israel. His truant flight from duty was no deliberate act, but a sudden impulse. Youth is apt to be precipitate. A cool man cannot make allowance enough for the springs of impulse in more ardent temperaments. In rash moments, pride and precipitation have prompted an injury to a neighbour which we never can repair. Under such impulsive acting, without sufficient *ground* of action, Christian men have sometimes done themselves a damage, of which, like the knife-cuts of the priests of Baal, they bear the scar till the end of their lives.

If I address a backslidden child of God on this occasion, I ask not whether the sin by which you have fallen away for a season was a sudden temptation, or a systematic self-delusion, by which, like the paralytic at Bethesda, the Lord knows you have been "a long time in that case." Be your moral disorder acute or chronic, He with whom you have to do "healeth *all* our infirmities." Only do not confer with flesh and blood, nor apply, like Saul, to familiar spirits, whether of men or devils, who will

only make your last state worse than the first. Are you unhappy? Paul said he rejoiced, not that some such at Corinth were made sorry, but that they sorrowed after a godly sort. Jonah bitterly felt the sin which had plunged him into the monster's power, and he states his self-accusing experience, his fainting spirit, and his rallying power.

I have met with similar instances of mental anguish and remorse, unaccompanied by any equal sense of God's reinstating mercy. I have known a man ruined by gambling; another wasted and lost by a course of profligacy; another degraded, and on the brink of temporal and eternal ruin by habits of intoxication; and in each case, in spite of conviction, of better light and godly training, I have seen the besetting sin acknowledged, condemned, yet not forsaken—wept over, but still indulged—solemnly pledged to be renounced and repented of, but the vow dashed to miserable shivers in its collision with the very next temptation. I have marked the poor reprobate's career, for, as Paul said, "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment;" losing the manly dignity of self-respect; obtusely abdicating the throne of self-control; forfeiting the esteem and confidence of friends; wearing out the hope, wearying the patience, and ultimately foreclosing the bond of affection between them and their parents, brothers and sisters, who mourn over the moral imposthume, whom they would have rather

followed, weeping far less bitter tears, to an honoured grave.

I have plainly told such a man, "My poor brother, it is no use disguising the truth: you are going headlong to hell; you are determined to be a castaway. If there be a verse of truth in the Bible, you are a lost man, if you continue as you are. You tell me you are as miserable as you can be, and your own immediate experience is the proof and earnest of the deeper, because more hopeless, misery that lies before you. Rouse yourself to one more effort. Be a man; be a slave to lusts no longer. There is, at least, one point of hope; one break in the dark cloud that hangs over you, ready to pour down the righteous vengeance of God; and that point is akin to what even Cain admitted—'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' "

Bad as any such case may be, it is a hopeful tear that weeps over the fruit of its misdoings; that gives glory to the God of Israel by confessing its guilt, acknowledging, 'O God, I have brought this on myself; I am perfectly wretched and hell-deserving, the food of the worm that dieth not; "yet (nevertheless) I will look again toward thy holy temple."' That little word "yet" is the pivot on which turns the issue, life eternal. There is the voice of the Lord tenderly echoing in your ears, "Turn again, ye backsliding children." We venture to bid *every* sinner, however depraved, "Turn ye to the Stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Much more to those who have once known

the Lord, but for awhile have forsaken Him—"Return unto the Lord, and He will return unto you."

One of the civic legends of this city represents a young citizen, in despair of any success in its callings, leaving its inhospitalities behind him, and plodding forth his lonely way to strange places, being suddenly arrested on the hill, whence he took a distant farewell of his birth-place, by the sound of dear old familiar bells, which seemed to sing to him, "Turn again, Whittington," and he took heart at the pathetic fancy, and turned back to try again. It is no doubtful legend, no freak of imagination, but the words of truth and soberness, which would win back the sinner to his Saviour by the loving, gracious, forgiving plea, "Turn again, ye backsliding children, for I have redeemed you."

In the days of the public lotteries, now happily no longer legal, a tradesman who, in desperate circumstances, had ventured his all upon the chance of a prize, inquired, after the drawing-day at the Post Office, whether his number were on the list of prizes, and was taken aghast at discovering it was a blank. Casting an eye of agony at the postmaster, he besought him "to look again," but the second look met with no better success—he was ruined. Alas! shall the ruined man "look *again*," to be assured of his ruin—to find this life a blank? And shall they who might be heirs of a crown and kingdom, not care to look again toward the holy temple, where cherubims

of glory overshadowing a mercy-seat seem beckoning them to come back to God?

II. Observe, secondly, looking again to the covenant of God in Christ is the appointed way to restoration.

“He restoreth my soul.” Not only saves, but restores, when sin had otherwise *unsaved* me. Is there anything too hard, any extremity too deep for Almighty power and providence, if we learn *how* to come to him? The Bible helps us here, by illustrating doctrine with instance. Thus, if its precept be—“Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die!” its example is the starving prodigal resolving, “I will arise, and go to my Father.”

If you go as a formal, mechanical seeker, with your vain philosophies and oppositions of science—your Socinian glosses, or your Pharisee spirit, you will not find God; but go to His temple as the publican, or as the blind man healed went, repenting of the past, and pleading mercy for the future, and He will fulfil His promise—“I never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye My face in vain.” In whatever department you feel defective, whether in the power of self-control, or in the vitality of religion—in the exercise or in the spirit of it, like Jonah, “look again.” Never let your self-abasement take an unbelieving turn, as if you should say, ‘After such a fall or repeated falls as mine, how shall I pray?’ A repenting backslider may look to Christ when he cannot look man in the face. Nay, the promise is—“To that man will *I* look who is of

an humble, contrite heart," as Christ turned and looked upon Peter, when Peter, unable to bear the pitying eye of his denied Master, "went out and wept bitterly."

Depend upon God's sanction. He directed Moses—"Thou shalt make a mercy-seat: there will I meet thee and commune with thee." Trust Him, then, wait for Him, and call upon His name. If you have turned aside, like Jonah; like Jonah, turn to Him again. In God's own way expect to meet Him. Refer all difficulties to Him, who alone can solve them. "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." This may have been your fruitless experience. Unlike Paul, you *did* "confer with flesh and blood," and found "the Egyptians were horses, and not men;" that "no man could deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him." Perhaps you tried this man's doctrine, or that man's interpretation, and could only cry with Job, "Miserable comforters are they all!" It is not the province of Commentaries to convert men's hearts, nor in the eloquence of preachers to save men's souls. The Lord's way to bring sinners to Himself is through that mercy-seat, where faith sees "Jesus sitting at the right hand of God." Then the poor, unhappy backslider finds the secret of peace in the plea—"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."

Finally, it is useful to consider what it was that cast you out of God's sight, in order to cast that out

of your own sight. Put it from you henceforth, together with all those habits of thought, word, and deed, by which you were led astray. Break off thy sins by a holy violence, that smites upon the breast, and beats the vile heart within that did them. Separate yourself from old, ungodly companions; have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Cease visiting those houses where you met anything but what helped you in the way of peace. Burn the curious books; give up the wedge of gold and the Babylonish garment. If there be a Delilah in the case, break off the snare of the connexion. If you are in earnest as to being "built up in your most holy faith," build up afresh from the foundation. In order to this, the old building must come down, like the Temple, till not one stone is left upon another. When the necessities of the Athenians compelled them to recall their exiled general, Themistocles said to his children, "We should have been undone if we had not been undone;" the shame of the banishment being the foil to the glory of the recall. The returning backslider may say so too: only he learns his *weakness* in the kind of calamity which taught Themistocles his strength. But "the body of sin must be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." "The earthly house of this tabernacle" must be laid in ruins, to make way for "the building of God, the house not made with hands."

You will do nothing effectual in the way of patching and repairing the old premises. "Down with it,

down with it, even to the ground." It may cost you some sacrifice to part with old feelings, personal fancies, hereditary traditions, and long cherished views of religion, all of which, more or less, served to lead you astray; but there must be a whole burnt offering of these things, leaving no bleating of sheep nor lowing of oxen—all must go; for "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and all things are become new." There are your compliances with the will of man; your concessions to the shifting sands of public opinion; carnal theories of Christian liberty; irreligious intimacies, substitutions of Christian activities for more immediate personal devotion, and closet communion with God; habits of pious gossiping with fellow-Christians, to the prejudice of "our conversation in heaven;" your study of what are called liberal treatises, calling in question the old standards and sanctions of the faith, such as the Divine inspiration of Scripture, and the eternity of future rewards and punishments. "Touch not, taste not, handle not: which things perish in the using," and exert a prejudicial influence in them who are exercised thereby. At least, postpone the bad books till you have read the good ones, and then, by the blessing of the Spirit on your researches after truth, you will by that time have spoiled your taste for carnal, or merely intellectual novelties; for, "No man having tasted old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better."

Be on your guard against the plausibility which insinuates the moderation and impartiality of holding the mean between high Church and low Church, in the shape of broad Church sentiments. Neither apostles nor primitive Christians proposed any such adjustment of the discrepant theories of Judaism on the one hand, with simple abstract Christianity on the other. Enlightened decision was never more necessary than in these days of doubt, contradiction, and going to law before unbelievers on points of doctrine, where other Pilates inquire, What is truth? and virtually deliver up its Divine Teacher to be "crucified afresh, and put to an open shame." Never was the challenge more pathetically echoed in our ears—"Who is on the Lord's side"? Many disciples are daily falling away in high places and low places alike, priests and people; and the plaintive voice of the forsaken Galilean asks, as of old, "Will ye also go away?"

Dear brethren, are you ready with the old, hearty, loving and believing answer—"Lord, to whom *should* we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life"? Never was it more necessary than now to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, lest we be entangled again in old yokes of bondage," whether of Papal superstition, which abdicates God's throne of reason in man, or of infidel scepticism, which usurps the dread prerogative of Revelation, and sets up an idolatrous reason in its stead. These are the two phases of the fashionable theology of the day—

despotism in one extreme, and doubt in the other, as if there were no alternative between Popish absolutism and rejection of Divine authority. To one or other of these fallacies deceived hearts are now-a-days turned aside.

Dear brethren, "take heed, lest any man deceive *you*." Be more on the alert against spiritual wickedness assailing the strongholds of your faith "with profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." It is "while men *sleep*, tares are sown among the wheat," Oh! "awake, arise! or be for ever fallen!" Be more than ever loyal in your earnest, jealous affection, and contest for the truth. Let a holy chivalry for Christ animate your hearts, stimulate your minds, strengthen your hands, and pervade your lives, that "men may take knowledge of you," and you may not be ashamed nor afraid that they should say of you, "Thou also wast with Jesus. Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech bewrayeth thee."

Miscellaneous.

SPEECH AT NOMINATION OF LORD LEWISHAM FOR THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

DELIVERED AT LICHFIELD, FEBRUARY 1849.

I HOPE what I have to say in responding to this toast will be taken in good part. It is sometimes the office of the clergy to reprove, and when the occasion demands it, it is a want of moral courage to omit it. I must very respectfully, and, I hope, very gently, express my regret that in a great Conservative meeting the toast "The Bishop and Clergy" should by some accident have been the penultimate toast of the day; in its usual order (and, looking at the principle involved), in its proper and legitimate order, it would have been proposed at a much earlier stage of our proceedings. It is so highly important that Conservatives should act con-

sistently with their professions of attachment to "Church and Queen," and set an example of order, decorum, and reverence for things to be revered, that I trust my observations will be received in the same kindly spirit in which they are addressed to you, and will not be ascribed to any personal feeling in the matter. (Applause.) It seems to me, my lord, there are occasions on which a minister of religion should remember that he is a citizen as well as a priest, and should endeavour to exemplify the duties of the former as well as of the latter character. I have possessed the elective franchise many years, but never yet voted. I came prepared to vote to-day, because I had learned your lordship's return was to be opposed by a party from Birmingham. What have the Birmingham people to do with the representation of Staffordshire? Is there no man among all our ancient and honourable families of the county, nor among its wealthy and intelligent merchants, men fit to be entrusted with our interests and destinies, that we must needs embrace the first adventurer who, with a coy and pretty pout of affected reluctance, seemed to think it a political "leap year," and was about to ask us to have him? (Laughter.) I congratulate the county on their choice of a member born and bred amid its associations and sympathies, and linked with us by honoured ties of ancestral recollections, family interests and prospective connections—(applause)—and I can dismiss with a smile the precocious idea of a candidate of that epicene gender,

neither clerical nor laic, whose only claim upon our suffrages would have been a theological lecture room or Sunday Athenæum in Birmingham, and the reputed editorship of a weekly newspaper. (Applause.) The one has candidly avowed a certain, tangible, and understood line of political principles; the other habitually admits, with the candour of a forecasting spinster, that he is "not engaged" to any particular set of opinions, religious or political, and is therefore open to any eligible conviction. (Laughter and applause.) The one, with a seriousness highly becoming the sacredness of the subject, and with an openness highly indicative of the family character, announces himself a conscientious member and supporter of the Church of England; the other has not ventured to confess his negative or equivocal creed (even with the shocking ingenuousness of an infidel), lest there should be little dependence upon the pledges of a man to men, who had given no pledge to God. The one has at least the trifling reversion of an earldom and estate in the country at stake; the other, like the "poor gentleman who had seen better days," that waited on the money-lender, would have offered to pledge—his honour! (Loud laughter and applause.) My lord, this age is prolific in persons having a gift that glitters like a talent, which enables them so to naturalise eccentricity, and amalgamate the quaint with the startling, and costume the sceptic with an air of ingenuous inquiry, that the gaping multitude listen without a shock to their

daring and dashing speculators, like a field of cattle by the side of a railway to the dash and smoke and whistle and row of an express train : but is that the kind of impression that it is desirable to make upon the public mind ? Is that the style of qualification for a British senator ? Is this "go-a-head" policy that which has kept the national income a-head of the national expenditure ?—has increased the country's capital in a promising and grateful ratio beyond the increase of its population ? and that fairly carried out shall insure to England, *in her own "offices" too*, that high and honourable standing among commercial nations which enables her to "owe no man anything, but to love one another !" My lord, I hope no man that calls himself a Conservative is ashamed or afraid to call himself a Christian—if there be one, let us know what he is *not* ashamed to call himself. (Applause.) I, for one, believe Christianity to be the best religion, and not hero worship, whether the particular hero be alive or dead a reverend or an esquire, a Scotch M.A. or an English M.P., bearded or shaved. I for one believe Christianity to be the best politics, and not propaganda, nor newspaper legislation, nor *mercurial* statesmen, whose quicksilver principles slip through your fingers whenever you try to hold them, and whose only use, like the mercury imprisoned in the barometer, is to indicate a political temperature by *whose unsteady degrees they were themselves raised*, but which temperature they have no power nor influence

to regulate or to control. (Applause.) I for one believe Christianity to be the best patriotism; it is because the common sense and religious instinct of the nation has eschewed the muddled neology of the German student school—the melodramatic democracy of France—the spurious Liberalism of Italy, and the profligate disquiet of Spain, that at this moment the ark of European hope, tossed about in the tempest of states and empires, rests upon the little Isle of England, and the national faith paints a rainbow on the spray of our seabound frontier, that covenants for peace and safety to the whole world! (Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.) Because I am persuaded that Lord Lewisham has been bred and nurtured in sentiments that harmonise with these associations, I congratulate the electors that they have preferred his virtuous inexperience to the hackneyed knowingness of any man that might have been opposed to him. You have chosen rightly between one young man you don't know, but will know soon, and another young man an equal stranger to you, and who, on his own admission, doesn't know himself! (Laughter.) To the farmers I say the great state coach wants not a leader just now, but to supply a vacancy in the national team; and you have broken in a promising young colt, whose breed and blood you are sure of, rather than a shy horse who may have already kicked out of traces, and bolted his course. (Applause.) To the ironmen I say you have well chosen between the new metal, ready

to be converted into what use you think best suited to the country's interests, and the old cast iron, essentially brittle from the process through which it has passed, depreciated by oxydization, and liable to be broken in the first attempt to bend it into the form the times may require. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I beg most respectfully to acknowledge the honour you have done our Right Reverend Diocesan and his clergy, in the toast you have just so kindly received. I am quite prepared to believe that it is—though nearly the last as a toast—not the least in your affections and sympathies.

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CHOLERA AT BILSTON, 1849.

PICTURE OF THE TOWN AT THE TIME.

I SHALL not state more of its whereabouts, than that an eminent physician described it in one of his official reports, as "the epidemic centre" of the Midland coal-field. He might have uttered the epithet prophetically, for since he wrote it, this poor town has verified its title by distancing all its neighbouring competitors in the fatal race of death. The emotion, even of strangers, would have been painfully quickened by the spectacle in our churches of the unusual frequency of the widow's cap, and of the considerable proportion of worshippers in mourning, augmenting each successive Sabbath the sombre hue and gloom of the congregation, like a gradual increase of the shades of an approaching "night of death." Many of the leading tradesmen, some of whom were suffering under diarrhoea, fled from the town, and the number of shop windows with their shutters closed, and in some instances with the notice posted, "closed during the cholera," diffused an air of obvious mourning

and dispirited apprehension through our streets. Instances came to our knowledge of the futility of retreating to other parts of the kingdom, from the difficulty of finding a neighbourhood wholly free from the disease, some of which will be found in the narrative: instances of parties who removed to distant towns and even country places, and either carried the disease seminally with them, and so imported it into those places, or else imbibed the indigenous venom.

We lost in little more than seven weeks 700 souls! 1 in every 32 of our population (now amounting to 22,000), fell a victim; that is, *the average mortality of twelve months was condensed into two*, and our ratio of fatality being 3 per cent. upon the population, has exceeded that of London, which was only two-thirds per cent., and even that of Paris, hitherto the worst in Europe, which was only two and a-half! These figures represent some painfully impressive facts. They have already effected the adoption of extensive proposals of sanatory reform; they have created a large amount of serious, and I trust, religious impression, which I heartily pray may be solid, scriptural, and abiding. As the autumnal gales that strew the ground with leaves, lay bare the trees that bore them, the violence of the pestilence has left behind it a melancholy mass of destitution as the effect of its bereavements. "*The clouds return after the rain!*" The cry of some three hundred orphans prolongs the posthumous bitterness of death,—the want and the woe of above a hundred widows touch-

ingly appeal to Christian sympathy. A considerable sum has been already realised to aid the judicious efforts of the Local Relief Committee, in meeting the immediate necessities of the desolate creatures, who crowd around our houses praying—if not in the words, in the pathetic spirit of our Saviour's litany—“*Give us this day our daily bread!*” And surely He who so tenderly involved, in the next clause, mercy to others as its conditional receipt to ourselves—“Forgive us our trespasses *as we* forgive,” implies in its antecedent canon, an equal obligation on our charity.

To ask bread—mere bread—no more than bread—is to ask life, and there are crises in the extremes of penury when the refusal of that last and least request, is equivalent to bidding a brother die! For the hereditary pauper there is the abused but impartial asylum of the Poor Law;—for the habitual mendicant there is the mischievous resource of indiscriminate alms-givers—but for the upright decent widow, who “does not know her late husband's parish, for he never troubled 'em,”—for the old parent, who had been hitherto a welcome pensioner at the filial hearth of the stout operative whose life had been a daily exposition of the commandment, “Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land,”—for the crippled brother or sister, who though they could not earn their share, yet always had “the Benjamin's mess” with the family, “and had it welcome too,”—for the crazy lad, whose after lot was the last bitter thought of his expiring father,—or for that

little host of orphans—both fatherless and motherless—whom a poor weeping aunt, perhaps yearns to adopt, only she has another little host of her own, and her house is not so large as her heart,—what's to become of these, and such as these? Are they not entitled for their father's sake, (who, had he lived, *would* have kept them free of “the Union,”) to some effort being made to spare them from the blight and blot of pauper associations?

Have not the widows, children, and other relatives of such citizens, a claim upon their fellow-citizens, which is not to be discharged by a poor-rate?

If we support with a pension, and decorate with a medal, the mutilated trunk of what is left of the man who lost a limb in his country's service, there is some analogous claim for the living relicts of the citizen, who lost his life in his country's misfortune. Alike a victim whether to war, or to the epidemic, in the order of Providence, he took what might have been the place of others, and in turn he looks to others to supply the place he left.

The very mystery that constitutes the essential awe attending the cholera, is a *pro tanto* demonstration of an agency more intrinsically Divine, and as such, God appeals to us alike in the judgment, and in the charity it has rendered necessary; and it seems to me to be an equal insensibility to His voice, to turn a deaf ear to either plea.

PASTORAL DUTIES.

When an extensively fatal epidemic visits a parish, it of course devolves a corresponding amount of personal risk and painful labour on the local clergy; and it was no small comfort to us to feel that we had the sympathy and prayers of our Christian brethren.

When I regard the fact that for several days we had thirty funerals, and for some weeks twenty and twelve a-day,—with hundreds sick, and scores dying at the same time of this mysterious malady; and mothers, wives, children, husbands, brothers and sisters, besieging my house, with entreaties that I would come and pray with their suffering and dying relatives, and that the pestilence was permitted to enter my own family, by snatching away, after a few hours' agony, the young, interesting, accomplished, and what was more important, the pious young lady, who was my children's governess, what could I have done had I stood alone upon the heap of so much trying difficulty and labour, had I not been privileged with the prompt, efficient, and zealous help of a fellow-labourer, furnished by the good Samaritans of Falconcourt? Both myself and Curate were twice severely attacked with diarrhœa, but neither of us were laid aside for more than a few hours from our incessant duties. Our Scripture-reader took the disease at an early period, and narrowly escaped through mercy, and I did not think it prudent he should return to the

parish till the plague abated. When the mortality was at its height, with a view to obviate the panic which was multiplying the havoc, and almost eclipsing the legitimate ravages of the disease, "*we buried them darkly by dead of night,*" and yet on more than a few occasions the stillness and lonesomeness of the churchyard has been broken by the sob of husband or a wife, stealing softly behind me in the churchyard, to implore me as soon as I had done with the dead, to follow them to the chambers of the dying, where, so rapid was the course of the plague, that the few grains of Collin's Disinfecting Powder I used to sprinkle at these visits on the bosoms of the cramped or collapsed sufferers, were too often a kind of parabolic prediction of the dust, which a few hours after was cast upon their coffins !

The interments which took place in a particular spot in my churchyard were mostly performed by the Curate, to whose constant toil and intrepidity I am thankful to bear the highest testimony ; as indeed to all the other Clergy in the town, whom it is impossible to individualize, so uniform, hearty and devoted were the services they rendered night and day to the dying and the dead, and to the destitute and afflicted survivors. I am, however, bound to make more than a general allusion, however emphatic, to the services of the amiable and devoted Incumbent of the Parish Church. We write no names in this narrative, though every incident in it is real and recent, but *because* they are real and recent, for obvious

reasons the feelings of survivors are spared the gratuitous infliction of publicity. We have no need to write the name of the tender-hearted excellent man, then, as now, at the head of the Parish, as it would be superfluous in the scene of his labours, and he seeks no acknowledgment beyond them, except the gracious approval of One above them : his name is written, as with a quill from angel's wings, on his people's hearts, and he would rather read it there, than in a harder though loftier monument of brass or stone. There was scarcely a more painful scene to visit, than

THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.

We often passed from pallet to pallet in the large wooden hospital "a moveable tabernacle" of death on the road, and spoke a word of such cheerful hope and encouragement as we could venture upon to the several sufferers. Male and female, young and old, cramped or collapsed, reviving or dying, there they lay, insensible for the most part, to each others' grim neighbourhood, and at one end of the bare planked ward the unspeculative eye of a corpse, too recently expired to have been closed for the first and last time by another's hand, seemed fixed in apathy upon the stranger. The feeble cry of a griped infant, which had perhaps sucked in the venomous disease from its dead mother, startled the sympathy of the visitor by its plaintive infraction of the flat weary silence of the aisles, but with this exception, the stillness was mysterious as the disease that solemnized it. *We felt*

ourselves on the more immediate precincts of death : it was like a levee of the King of Terrors, where each pallid shrivelled cheek and excavated eye seemed invested with the sad credentials of admission into "the presence." It was unlike any other hospital; the disease itself has no parallel—even the convalescent were too exhausted to smile, and the fresh cases too terrified to hope—we could only pray, in deep submission to His will—the Lord in His mercy soon withdraw His chastening hand !

THE PLAGUE SPOT.

The transition from apparently robust health, to the suddenly shattered dilapidations of cholera, that felled a strong man like an explosion, was often and awfully realized before our eyes. We have met men whistling their way to work in the morning, carried home on a stretcher at noon, and buried in the trenches at night. The light-hearted banks-girl has passed the window singing with her work lasses in the morning, returned alone and sighing with strange pains that frightened her at noon, and at night the dead-cart has called at her door with a coffin, and brought her away in it to where none asked whence she came or who she was : —the perils of the living with a shuddering and reluctant selfishness abridged the obsequies of the dead! Many on being attacked, sank at once into a kind of apathetic fatalism, that seemed to fascinate them into the arms of death by the very terror of his presence, as if the catastrophe were more tolerable than the sus-

pense ; and such patients seemed partly crazed, like the mental paralysis of a severe sea-sickness, when the passive invalid is alike insensible to comfort, counsel, food, medicine, or life itself. Such patients in a kind of sullen horror would not choose but die ;—religion, friendship, science, affection, authority, example, reason, duty, animal instinct, all alike pled in vain—they would die, and they did. I humbly venture to think and hope, that I saved more than one life, by being permitted to persuade the patient merely to hope—simply to believe himself not actually moribund.

THE MYSTERY KING.

AN ENIGMA PROPOSED AT THE SOIREE, BILSTON, 1854.

THERE was a certain Prince and Ruler of his tribe in Israel, whose analogical portrait is here presented as an exercise for your Scriptural acquaintance and remembrances. To sketch his memoir from the beginning of his family, I may refer to a symbolical incident in the life of our hero's paternal ancestor, which seemed at an early period of his history to afford some constructive intimation of that superiority over the elder brethren of his race, which he ultimately realized. The incident was on this wise:— A venerable patriarch, at that time unchronicled and unknown among the few heroes whose names had been hitherto emblazoned on the virgin page of history, dwelt as a stranger and a lowly husbandman in the land which the Lord God had long purposed to give unto his race. He had some time previous to the incident referred to, been left to mourn and vex himself over the loss of certain members of his homestead, some of whom he dreaded were no more, or that some evil beast had devoured them. Alarmed

lest he should lose one son, now dearer to him than ever, he trembled lest in losing him also it should bring down his hairs with sorrow to the grave. Induced by the want of himself and family, he consented to send his son, with a chosen company, to a distant country to seek those means of support of which they stood in need, but when they reached that land, they were loath to appear before the Ruler, for to say nothing of presents, they had no bread to eat. But the Ruler put aside their fears, spake kindly unto them, bade them eat with him and make merry, and take no thought for their stuff, for that the good of all the land was theirs, by virtue of a secret he should tell them. Then revealing himself to them who he was, he gladdened them with the discovery that the lost were found, and that they should find indeed more than they came to seek, in that they beheld the shadow of a crown upon their brother's brow, who stood there in the midst of them, in a height of personal grandeur and prophetic glory, second only to the King. Great was the family joy and gladness at the spectacle of a Prince from among their brethren, and gladsome when he learned it, was the patriarch's heart to receive him whom he had mourned and loved, in so much power and glory; and plenteous was the feast, sacred as a sacrament of family love, which they ate in memory of the past trials and future triumphs of their house, now made one again in peace and unity under their divinely chosen head. And when their inspired brother lifted up his voice

and prophesied like a seer or a dreamer of dreams of things to come concerning them, they saw and humbly owned the hand of the God of Abraham in the midst of them, and learned to bend the knee before their brother, even as it had been foretold they should do, to wit, "that his father and mother and his brethren should bow down themselves to him to the earth."—(Gen. xxxviii. 10.) It was at this feast of holy celebration the parabolic incident transpired which seemed to predict the future greatness and distinction of the immediate hero of our story. His ancestor, of whom we spoke, had marks of pre-eminence laid on him in the midst of them, that raised him above them all. Acting it may be on some mysterious impulse from above, the hands of a stranger, the Prince and Ruler of the land, whom till then they knew not, though he knew them, conferred upon their brother, as if in earnest of his ascendancy above his race, the significant token that naturally pertains to primogeniture, the more than double portion of the heavenly blessing which is that man's lot whom the Lord delighteth to honour. Be it so. Years rolled on before that prophetic symbol, whose tradition lingered in the hazy halo of remembrance, like the shadow of a diadem round the head of their house, culminated to its fulfilment. But destiny is the shade of a descending doom, and sure and inevitable as twilight deepening into night, it came at last, and in a manner as unexpected and mysterious as the ancient symbol was obscure. The father of

our hero obtained the throne which he was to hand down to his son, whose name is the secret of our story. Adopted by the stranger, who was the Prince and Ruler of the land, as his successor in the kingdom, a glorious destiny waved like the wings of the Cherubim above the Divine Covenant with his house, betokening the presence and election of the Holy One in the midst of them.

The last prophet of Israel's most illustrious order, to wit, even that Prophet whose buried bones long after death (2 Kings xiii. 21) like a dread God of sepulchres smote the fugitive breath of life a blow that staggered her, but beat her truant pulses back again—that prophet, who in keeping with the marvels of his life, wrought thus wondrously on the man who was cast upon his grave for refuge, when a band of enemies scared away his supporters: that prophet, I say, had forewarned the King alike of his royal destinies and duties, charging him in the name of the Lord to execute the wrath of God upon his enemies, and upon His people who had rebelled against the Lord's anointed whom He had set over them, even that King to whose might and wisdom they owed more than to any other Sovereign who had ever swayed the sceptre of the tribes of Jacob. Howbeit the King harkened not unto all the Prophet's words, but “put forth his hand to lay hold upon the man of God (1 Kings xiii. 4), and behold it withered like a blast of the invisible, as if jealous Death, indignant at the officious interference of his future victim,

inflicted upon the trespasser an instalment of his destined penalty. Nevertheless, he, the father of our hero, did many things which fulfilled in some degree his heavenly mission. He avenged the cry of the Gileadites upon the children of Ammon, whereupon the people made him head and captain over them. (Judges xi. 11.) But a rash vow uttered on the eve of battle sacrificed unwittingly his innocent child to the great sorrow of the sons and daughters of Israel, who lamented and bewailed as for a sister of Zion, while the sad tears that fell on Judah's sorrow reflected no bow in the cloud to gild her hope for the future. The word went forth:—Write ye this man childless (Jer. xxii. 20), and even so it came to pass, as it is written, "In the generation following let their name be blotted out. (Psalm cix. 13.) Meanwhile he became in turn a scourge upon Israel and her enemies, at once the object and punishment of her sin. He fought and conquered, and wrought great deliverances for Jacob, but dying like Samson, in the betrayal of the secret of his strength, his heirs cut off, he left the kingdom to his son, the hero of our story.

I dare not tell you more of our hero himself, whose name I now demand of you, except that he was not the first-born of his house, for he had divers many brethren, who though they survived him, did none of them succeed him, albeit they were highly exalted above their contemporaries, even beyond their ambition, to posts of eminence, as perilous to themselves as his own royal dignity became to their ill-fated

brother. For a time indeed they seemed to trample under foot the heads of their adversaries, but the struggle ended at last in the death and ruin of them all. An ancient law of Israel exhumed from the sepulchral dust of centuries was pled against them, and condemned them, though unjustly, to the death of the perjurer and the man-slayer. A voice from the confines of the desert, waking the slumbering echoes of a thousand ages, cried out the brand of Cain (Gen. iv. 15) against them, demanding vengeance against the seed of the truce-breaker. And when all men abandoned them to slaughter, and even cursed them to the gates of death, one faithful heart still beat in rebel sorrow for their fate—one tender hand still raised its feeble loyalty against their adversaries, whose ravenous assaults survived even the lives of their unhappy victims, triumphing over their bloody conquest, like the foul birds that flap their filthy wings over the prey they kill, and then devour. The fair daughter of Shem (Gen. xi. 10, 26), even of him whose filial piety spread a veil of mourning reverence over a father's nakedness (Gen. ix. 23), bare their funereal pall to the sepulchre, and she sat there like the Seraph at the closed gate of Eden, weeping for the fallen ones that should return no more! True she had been an innocent and unconscious link in the chain, that dragged them to destruction, but its iron forged "the sword that pierced through her own soul also" (Luke ii. 35) whetted on the tombstone of her lost ones! A trai-

tress unawares, yet a willing martyr, she shed the blood that would have spared her own, but risked her life to pay homage to their death, like the rich man of Arimathea, whose sins unwittingly exposed his Lord to die without a plea to save him, but who begged his body for burial. (Luke xxiii. 51, 52.) We multiply the family memoirs of our hero to increase the marks whereby it may be recognised. And now for his own identity. Whether he were King of Israel, or of Judah, or of both, or of neither, is the secret to be told. Wheresoever it was he reigned—in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, or Arabia, all these notes, exclusively Scriptural as they are, distinguished his real and personal identity, and no other man's that ever reigned or lived. No other individual need be conjectured to whom one single note of all that follow does not literally apply, for our hero was the true and only hero of each and every one of them, and yet no hero at all! He was the first king in *succession* to his throne, the second king of his dynasty, the third king of his native country, the *fourth* king of his capital city, the *fifth* king of the national constitution, the sixth king reckoning in the founder of his "Princely" house, the seventh king in the Hebrew sense as one in whom his line of royalty was completed, the *eighth* king, if he had succeeded the surviving princes of the seed royal, the ninth king, on the last assumption, including the coronation on the stone of Joshua (Judges ix. 6, compared with Joshua

xxiv. 25, 27), the tenth king of his natural subjects, the eleventh king but for the revolt of his priests, the twelfth king by the right of royal succession, the thirteenth king numbering—after the uncrowned ones of St. Paul—the nineteenth in the entire succession of the latter order, the twentieth including with these the directest personal type of the Saviour; the only king whose accession was at once consistent with the law of God, and of His people, and yet at variance with the will of both; the likeliest king, with at least ten chances against one in favour of his supremacy, but only one of the many kings who lost his diadem for a woman, the blood royal purpling his couch in birth, and life, and death, and as if blushing for his memory, sprinkling his grave, as the last king of his race! No unction of the Holy One consecrated his hereditary but confiscated throne—no priest nor prophet sanctified his crown—no honour nor glory gilds the troublous chronicles of his reign. Years after years he lived in warfare with the very people with whom it was his first interest to be at peace. A very ordinary son of a most extraordinary sire, whose subjects were the enemies of his line, whose crown with equal truth and justice was his own and yet another's, given yet withdrawn by the same prerogative—bequeathed yet cancelled by the same royal instrument under his own hand and seal—rebellious and apostate alike as prophet, priest, and king, it was no marvel that our

hero, the son of such a being, inheriting his sire's anomalies should reign a long dream of years, which as more ordinary dreams are said to do, should "go by contraries," and it was so. This was the paradox of his character. He was the tyrant of his people, yet their slave—the challenger of sin, yet a coward before the sinner, strengthening and uniting the kingdom by his death, which he had weakened and divided by his life, an involuntary martyr to his country, whose princes, though he left no seed, derived from his blood their acknowledged right of succession to their throne, notwithstanding he, after whom they claimed it, was an usurper of the crown, but still its legitimate heir, the foe of his successor's dynasty for a season, but their associate and ally for ever, at once the vindicator of his father, and his victim too, a transitory gleam of dying glory electrotyped on a tablet of immortality as it passed, the slayer, and at last the slain!

The history of his race may be summed up in the beautiful and prophetic epitaph of the innocents of Bethlehem. "In Ramah was there a voice heard, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." (Matt. ii. 18.)

THE MORAL.

Primogeniture the law for man, is no law for God. The order of nature is not uniformly the order of grace, lest the sovereignty of grace should seem to succumb to the accidents of nature. The will of God is the only invariable independent rule to which every subordinate relation of life must bend or break. Antagonism to Omnipotence involves the certainty of discomfiture, while the accomplishment of the Divine purposes is the mysterious instinct of creation, against which it is more useless as more impious to contend, than he who scourged the waves of the Hellespont, or than "one that beateth the air." (1 Cor. ix. 26.) The Divine proclamation is—not by the force of conquest—not by the succession of birth-right—not by the statutes of legislation—not by the choice of an oligarchy, nor by the suffrages of a people, but "by ME kings reign and princes decree justice." (Prov. viii. 15.) And as with sovereigns, so with their subjects, character is of more moment than ancestry, and principle is above prerogative. God lifts this golden rule on the tops of sceptres, and writes it in legible scriptures on the lofty crowns of kings, to make the great lessons of life more conspicuous and unexceptive—that He disposes all men according to the good pleasure of His will, and it is His will to bless and prosper those only, who seek it

practically in their obedience of His laws, and spiritually by faith in the atonement, and in imitation of the example of His Son. Society is the continual comment upon the Scripture: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

AN ENIGMA.

PROPOSED AT THE LECTURES, BILSTON, 1854.

“A PROPHET, YEA MORE THAN A PROPHET.”

THE first we hear of him in the holy Chronicle, is of a young man in the May-day bloom of youth, on whose unshaven beard enamoured nature breathed the maiden vow of “a Nazarite from his mother’s womb.” His Syrian features blushed with a conscious beauty, shadowed in the mountain brook that seemed to murmur its inarticulate admiration of the lovely image which reposed a moment on its bosom. It was as if the shadow, like a Shechinah, of the Heavenly Visitant who had announced the—perhaps un hoped-for—promise of a progeny to his Venerable Sire, had lingered in a mysterious yearning on his infant visage to indicate a child of God. Though from his swaddling clothes he was trained and bred up in a wilderness, with no better banquet hall than the manger of the cattle, amid scenery as chequered, strange and yet glorious as his destiny—the day soon drew nigh when the great and the wise men of his

generation took counsel with him, observed him, and even paid him homage. Youthful as he was, the whole public interest centered upon him. Multitudes were attracted to the desert places, where he dwelt in a wild august life of solitude, clothed perchance like the first Adam, in the skins of the beasts among whom indeed he dwelt, feeding on the wild honey, the sweet emblem of the pure and precious savour of the doctrine which dropped from his inspired and inspiring lips, scattering the sweet odour of redemption, penitence, and preparation for the kingdom of heaven that was at hand. The earliest incident in the story of his being, or ere the world had seen or heard of him, which came to pass in the hill country of his birth, stamped him from the beginning as a child of heavenly promise, as if inheriting from a divine lineage the secret energy and power of a superhuman ancestry. Born in his parents' old age (for both were well stricken in years) it seemed as if grace had only tarried till nature was exhausted, to illustrate the more obviously the sovereignty of its divine prerogative. It was manifest that God had chosen him from the womb, as the kindred type and harbinger of his own Son, whom he should by and by bring into the world. The mothers of both the prophet and the Son of God, whose predecessor he was, were near kinswomen, but though the prophet were the elder of the two according to the flesh, yet was he the inferior of them twain in office and dignity, and would not have had it otherwise. There

was no jealousy, or unholy rivalry between them twain, on the contrary, "I am nothing, he is all in all" was the kind of sentiment that ruled the prophet's life, yet was there never born of woman a greater than he, in all the essential elements of moral or political greatness, and there never lived but one of woman born whom he would own as his Lord, though that one was to take his place and power and function and anointing from him for ever. The Nazarene was to eclipse the Nazarite. The rumour of the prophet's marvellous gifts at length spread from the wilderness to the ears of the king, who sent messengers and brought him unto the palace. There for a short season he was dealt with, as a "man whom a king delighteth to honour." The king heard him gladly and seemed to fear him because he was a just man, and all the people knew that the Lord was with him. But brief as autumn's glory or wintry sunshine is the favour of man whose breath is in his nostrils. The memoirs of prophets and philosophers, and of the wise and good of every age, is summed up in the maxim that's writ like an epitaph to the memory of departed smiles and broken promises, "Put not your trust in princes." Trust alone in God and in yourselves.

Faithfully and sincerely as the honest vernacular of truth the prophet struck with a master hand at the royal weaknesses and infirmities, and for a while he was borne with; but when at length it came to pass, that he taxed the king with the unlawful

possession of another man's wife, the deserter of her husband abandoned the prophet to his fate, intriguing the king also into the loss of the prophet's head, who became the victor-victim, yet the victim-victor of the sword. Judah saw the spectacle of a great man smitten down with the sword at the feet of a dancing child, and his head borne in triumph into the presence of the chief captains and the king who could make merry with a hideous fate, so soon to be repeated and eclipsed by the greater horror of his own. But in the escape of this final catastrophe we rather anticipate the order of our story. The foregoing is a rough outline of the character to be filled in with its more exact historical lineaments as we proceed. A second scene in the life of the prophet and more than a prophet presents him in a land of the East, surrounded by a numerous family of children and menservants and maidservants, and multitudes of flocks and herds, and skin upon skin, and held in so great honour that "*When the young men saw him they hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up; the princes refrained from talking and laid their hands upon their mouths; and the nobles held their peace; when the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; he sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.*" (Job xxix. 8, 9, 10, 1 and 25.)

And his sons were feasting together in their houses, and all the brethren were gathered unto the banquet, and no sign of sorrow nor peril lowered upon their

revelry, even as a summer cloud. And while he offered sacrifice continually for himself and for them; lest in their mirth they should forget God, suddenly as the breath of a simoon sweeping its death-trail o'er the sandy desert, unexpectedly as infant woes, a band of fierce assassins rushed upon his sons' festival,—the whole of them were there,—and one of them did not escape to tell the bloody story.

“And sorrows came not singly, but in battalions.” Within awhile the desolating clouds of misfortune increased and gathered round the devoted Patriarch's head, and from the same enemies' hand he suffered the loss of servants, cattle, house and home; cast out bared and beggared to the storm. All, it is true, were restored to him, insomuch that the latter end was better than his beginning, and the Scriptures present him as a model to the Church of God.

The third scene opens on an earlier chapter of his life. “A prophet, and more than a prophet,” as he wandered in the wilderness where he abode, the straggling marauders of the vagrant wilds, threatened violence to the flocks and to the chieftain's maidens who led them to the water; whereupon the young Prophet rose up against the trespassers, so that the family and flock were indebted to his valour for their safety, and to his protection for their peace. In gratitude for his services, he received thereafter a daughter of the land to wife. True he had aforetime inspired a king's daughter with affection for him, and had bound her to him by ties of love beyond the links

of blood and birth-right, but though for no fault of his, nay but for his very virtues, he forfeited the royal one, which on this wise had come to pass. Rumours of the oppressions of his brethren reached his ear, and nobly choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than be longer hidden in the inglorious safety of his distant home, he suddenly appeared among the Hebrews, and slew an enemy whom he found smiting his brethren. But when he further beheld two Hebrews striving together, and when he said to him that did the wrong, "Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?" the slaying of the Gentile was cast in his teeth, and in fear of death on that account he fled from his unthankful countrymen. His life was in peril for having risked it for theirs, he forsook at once the home of his adoption, the love of the king's daughter, and the prospect that seemed to await him of a crown and kingdom, to share the lowlier lot of the sufferers for righteousness sake, for theirs was the kingdom of heaven. He verily thought his brethren should have known that God by his hand would deliver them, and thus he spake boldly and openly of their dangers and deliverances and of his own which had been encountered in his youth, hoping to encourage them. But his Hebrew brethren charged him with "taking too much upon him," not knowing the spirit by which he spake. They deemed the pretensions of his faith as pride and ambition, though he had only come among them to share their perils. Disgusted if not alarmed at their sneers, and lest they

should betray him to the king, he abandoned them for a season to their oppressors.

The prophet and more than a prophet appears in a fourth scene of sacred history.

Among strangers and aliens in a far country of the East, which was then peopled by one of the mightiest of the Gentile tribes, the prophet still young in years, though old in wisdom and experience, sought for an interval, that refuge which the envy of his Brethren denied him at home. The king of the country spake friendly with him, and nourished him, and gave him a place and land for a possession. Nevertheless he yearned after the land and people of his nativity. In the midst of favours as though he had been the king's son or as one of his chief princes, he sorrowed after his Brethren, preferring the lowly estate of the seed of Abraham, even to a royal portion with them that despised them. In touching lamentations which the traditions of the Rabbis still ascribe to him, the expatriated Seer mourned over his Brethren's blindness and hardness of heart, which had requited his predictions of deliverance, with envy, contempt, and betrayal of their deliverer.

The sons of Jacob now saw another King possessed of the region which God had promised their Fathers. Among them and around them dwelt the Gentiles, who knew not God. Their Prophet was gone, they knew not whither, and Israel mourned him as though he were dead. In the meanwhile, having resolved a trying and critical difficulty concerning the kingdom

wherein his lot was cast, which had baffled their wise and mighty men, the Prophet so commended himself to the King's favour, that in rapid strides he was promoted above the nobles of the State, the companions of his captivity sharing in his elevation, and owing to his wisdom and foresight the pledge of the very different prospects which awaiteth each of them in the King's pleasure. A cause of strife had arisen among the sons of Jacob, originating in the jealousy who among them should be the greatest. Judah and Benjamin were at issue with each other, and the rest of the sons of Jacob were at variance with them both. Israel was unwilling that Benjamin should go with Judah, and Judah was yet destined and determined to carry away Benjamin from Israel. The Lion of the tribe of Judah was to seize upon the lair of the wolf of Benjamin, but the time was coming when they would feed together. And it was the prophet's destiny to make them at one again, and to link them in a tender bond of brotherhood which was never to be broken more. The prophet was himself a true descendant of Jacob the supplanter, for in his youth it had been revealed to him that he should supplant the elder brethren of his father's house and that he and they should bow down before him. And even so it came to pass. For albeit his brethren were honourably bestowed in a province of the land, the prophet's office was nearest to the person of the King, and his brethren made obeisance before him, even as it had been foretold. Although at length his brethren

could not choose but submit themselves, the prophet's pretensions at the first occasioned grievous heart-burnings', conspiracies and murmurings, which finally all issued in his greater glory. But in the meantime, between the passing shadow of the Cross and the final glory of the Crown, many a thorn pierced his side, many an iron entered into his soul, and many and great were his vicissitudes. Now his life imperilled in his childhood, then indebted for his rescue to the hand that was to wield a sceptre. Now unjustly accused, then a fugitive from his accusers. Now a prisoner in the stronghold, then a chief in the palace. Now promised a reward for his merits, then every promise forgotten, and suffering persecution in their stead. Now sorrowing for the hunger and want of his kindred, then bringing them into a pavilion and filling them with bread. Now disguising the secret yearnings and affections of his heart, feigning himself an enemy and a stranger before the men who had aimed at his life, then throwing off the mask, and bidding them welcome to his arms. Now full of anxiety on behalf of his aged father, then receiving him in safety and lodging him in protection and honour in that country where the old man died, far away from the land of his fathers. Now dying himself remote from the ashes of his ancestors, then his bones carried thither, and buried in peace and faith and honour in a sepulchre, which stood till the days of the Messiah, imperishable as the memory of him who slept there, and vocal with the echo of an argu-

ment that pledged its posthumous and unconscious testimony to the faith of the Divine Redeemer.

Who was the prophet of these several scenes ? and how do you verify in his memory the various and apparently conflicting incidents of his life ? This is your problem, and when you have solved it you will have deduced this moral.

There is no victory without a battle—no road to triumph but through its corresponding trials. The sacrifice of personal ease and secular interests to the glory of God is a nobler moral oblation than hecatombs upon a material altar. There is no costlier sacrifice than that of self for the Saviour, and he who habitually and humbly makes it, appreciates in some lowly way the spirit of Him who sacrificed Himself for the saved.

SPEECH

AT THE FIRST MAYOR'S BANQUET.*

WOLVERHAMPTON, AUG. 1848.

"AFTER apologising for the early retirement of some of the clergy, whose evening services summoned them to their churches, he said he was requested to state this on their behalf, lest their retiring should seem discourteous to the Mayor and his respectable party. He then congratulated the at length adult town of Wolverhampton on its arrival at the age of self-government, at what in individuals was called attaining their majority, and in corporate bodies attaining their mayoralty, a term grammatically and historically synonymous; and if all their subsequent acts should be characterised by the same absence of party feeling—by the same public principle and recognition of private worth—the borough might never regret its municipal charter, nor Wolverhampton be ashamed of

" Its most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors—
Its very noble and approved good masters. (Cheers.)

He quoted the words of the swarthy Moor, and would say may every black-faced labourer in our mines ever

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have cause to re-echo the sentiment. If a toast were the title-page to a biography, and if in the presence of the personage concerned it were a fitting place to publish it, he could be tempted to make a respectful reference to an individual who had been the architect of his own fortune, besides finding-site and materials—at least nothing was found for him—an individual who commenced life where the majority of the middle classes began it, in a respectable obscurity—who had no patrimony except the noble institutions of his fatherland—no ancestry except the honourable precedents and examples of his fellow-citizens—(hear, hear)—no capital except his intelligence and industry—no connection except his sterling character—no advantages except his native talents and their legitimate usury—but with a principle which is the source and sanction of all patrimony, and ancestry, and capital, and connection, and standing in the world, a principle which teaches us that ‘denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.’ (Loud cheering.) Such a man carries with him the *prestige* of prosperity—the normal elements of success, and unlike the selfish success of the gambler which rises on the ruin of his rival, such a man’s success is the pattern which the next moulder buries in the sand from which to cast another fortune like it. I look around this civic board and recognise with a patriotic pride many such moulders; only let them beware of ‘the blue mould’—the too much hoarding up treasures on earth, where

the moth corrupts and thieves break through and steal; then our Chief Magistrate's example shall have been the matrix of character as well as fortune among his contemporaries. (Applause.) Men who have risen in the world, and they to whom it seemed to be appointed not to rise, are fully sensible of the trials and difficulties and despondency and mortification which fall upon the earlier struggles of commercial life, and which often drive the young future merchant into the idea of abandoning his prospects. If the citizens of London still point out the stone where the despairing Whittington in the legend sat to bid his last adieu to the city, and where the Bow bells seem to say, 'Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London,' there be many a stone, with the hard and cold iron in it too, where our worshipful host has sat on many a trying day, when his spirit would have been cheered, and a fresh energy put into his efforts, by such a recompence as this. Little did he think that day that the creaking chain and engine-bell and bluff-ball hammer were roaring above the blast of the furnaces,

" 'Turn again, Thorneycroft,
Mayor of Wolverhampton.' (Loud cheers.)

And there he is—your first Mayor, not only in the order of time, but in other points of precedence which his presence forbids me to enumerate. He is among us as one of our really English monuments—as one whose self-created dignity pleads its own patent and

gives the lie to the traducers of the commonwealth—a living statue erected by himself in honour of the British constitution, and in memory of an upright, well-spent life! If every man who has a statue erected for him were as worthy of one as he who thus erects it for himself, there would be less work for the sculptors, and more for the mechanic and labourer. (Cheers.) I feel myself wholly unable to do adequate justice to the toast which has been assigned to me. Mr. Thorneycroft's public services are before the world—his private charities are before the poor—his domestic virtues are before his family—his personal character is before his God! (Applause.) I could occupy more time in dilating upon the hearty, honest, and impressive tone in which he has uniformly delivered his sentiments, the cheerful spontaneous generosity with which he has contributed his large donations to the various institutions of this district—this county—this country, and the world at large; but he is not now sitting for his portrait; when he does so, some will recognise in the original—

“‘The fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.’

I must rather conclude the proposal of his health by a reference not to the past, but to his future intentions. He is determined, God helping him, to carry with him to his grave that respect and affection which will be his last disappointment, for he is sure to leave it behind him. Irish gratitude has been facetiously

defined 'as a lively sense of future favours.' (Hear, hear.) English gratitude is apt to be as warm in the same direction—at all events Mr. Thorneycroft is disposed to allow our gratitude for the past to be eclipsed by our anticipations for the future, as in the following determination which I will read to you from our respected host, premising that it is only at the urgent solicitations of his friends and neighbours that he has been induced to state at once what his intentions are."

Mr. Owen then read the following letter which he had received from the Mayor:—

" 'In order to commemorate the granting of the Charter of Incorporation for the town of Wolverhampton, and in gratitude for the honour conferred upon me upon my election as first Mayor, I propose to give the sum of £1,000 to be invested upon good security in the name of trustees, which shall consist of the principal resident minister of the Collegiate Church, the Mayor and Aldermen for the time being, with one other person to be named by me. The interest to be expended in the purchase of blankets and flannel, and distributed to poor widows and other poor persons, at the discretion of the trustees, without reference to the religious creed or political bias. All persons fearing God, and living in obedience to the powers that be, shall be considered proper objects of relief. The distribution to take place on or before the month of November in each year, so that the poor

may have the benefit of them at the commencement of the winter. The money I propose to settle by deed in a legal manner before I leave office, if it please God to spare my life to do so.

“ ‘ G. B. THORNEYCROFT,

“ ‘ First Mayor of Wolverhampton.

“ ‘ Chapel House, August 1, 1848.’ ”

